FEBRUARY

15 CENTS

Everybody's Magazine

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If we are to continue to do business with forty

Bon Ami

Ever Try It on Paint? It is

just powerful enough to take off the grime without hurting the paint. *Ordinary* scouring soap is too coarse and hard for paint—paint can't stand being scoured.

But Bon Ami is made of a softer mineral than scouring soaps and the mineral is ground as fine as flour—too fine to scratch anything, even paint or plate glass or porcelain.

Simply rub up a lather on the cake of Bon Ami with a wet cloth and apply the lather to the painted surface. The grime will loosen and dissolve. Wipe with damp cloth and see how clean and fresh the paint looks!

Bon Ami is also best for windows, tile, nickel, brass, bath tubs and marble —in fact for anything that needs to be made bright and shining.

Like the new-hatched chick, Bon Ami "Hasn't scratched yet!"

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

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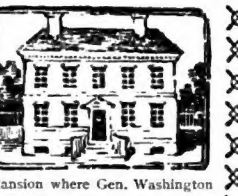
EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK *for* FEBRUARY

FEBRUARY *hath* 28 days — *By* FRANKLIN P. ADAMS — 1913

Mansion where Gen Washington slept—Three Corners, N. Y.

FOR THE FOURTEENTH

A valentine is due, love, to you, love, my true love;
But nothing that is new, love, invokes a valentine.
Yet all that I unfold, love, is gold, love, when sold, love—
So what though love be old, love, at eighty cents a line?



Mansion where Gen. Washington slept—Podunk, Va.

FASCINATING FACTS

Out of 287 persons in Brooklyn, N. Y., 264 pronounce this month Febuary.

Shoe-blacking was invented in 1750, but the Pullman porters continue to use the stuff they do.

The population of Waltham, Mass., is 27,833, while that of Sydney, N. S. W., Australia, is more than 18.2 times as great, or 508,501.

CONUNDRUM

What is the difference between an imperious, overbearing, tyrannical dandy and Mr. Cupid?

One is the beau, and arrogant; the other is the bow-and-arrow gent.

FORECAST FOR FEBRUARY, 1913

On February 28, Professor Willis L. Moore will announce that the prospects for fine weather on Inauguration Day, March 4, are excellent. Owner of factory employing girls at $4 a week will give $50,000 to found home for destitute children. Valentines will be more expensive than ever, advancing the cost of loving.

George Washington trying to tell a lie.

ANECDOTE (HUMOROUS)

On February 1, 1733, the first English settlers arrived in Georgia, which was a refuge for poor debtors. "Aha!" said James Oglethorpe, "although in England you were in debt, you seem to have settled here." This elicited prolonged laughter, as it was deemed a rare jest in those early days.

1—Su.—Victor Herbert born, 1859. *Please remit for Christmas bills.*
2—M.—CANDLEMASS DAY.

If Candlemass may see the sun,
There's but the half o' Winter done;
If Candlemass be dull and grey,
Then endeth Winter on this day.

3—Tu.—Beau Nash, inventor of spats, died, 1761. Horace Greeley, instigator of spats. born, 1811.
4—W.—Aguinaldo refuses to be assimilated and Philippine insurrection begins, 1899.
5—Th.—Dwight L. Moody born, 1837. *Look out for spring fever.*
6—Fr.—**St. Dorothy.** Aaron Burr born, 1756.
7—Sa.—Charles Dickens, whose books were once considered great, born, 1812.
8—Su.—Mary Queen of Scotts unbeaned, 1586. Wm. T. Sherman, whose definition of war has done more to promote peace than all the conferences and congresses that ever convened, born, 1820.
9—M.—Indiana discovers George Ade, 1866.
10—Tu.—Ira Remsen, whose text-book on chemistry was studied and forgotten by Editor EVERYBODY'S ALMANACK, born, 1846.
11—W.—Daniel Boone born, 1735. T. A. Edison, inventor of inventions, born, 1847.
12—Th.—Abraham Lincoln born, 1809. Bank-clerks freed, 1913.
13—Fr.—Cellini died, 1576. Japheth, seeing giraffe for first time, says "There ain't no such animal," B. C. 2217.
14—Sa.—ST. VALENTINE'S DAY. Eve receives baked apple anonymously, B. C. 3984.
15—Su.—Nelson Dingley, costofliving booster, born, 1832. Elihu Root born, 1845. Battleship *Maine* destroyed, 1898.
16—M.—Samoset greets Plymouth colonists with "Ugh!" 1621. Henry Watterson, Louisville's best editorial writer, born, 1840.
17—Tu.—New York Giants, confident of winning 1913 Pennant, leave for Marlin, Tex., 1913.
18—W.—Robert Burns discovers Jean Armour, 1788.
19—Th.—Copernicus born, 1473. Adelina Patti, greatest fareweller since Byron, born, 1843.
20—Fr.—David Garrick born, 1716. Joseph Jefferson born, 1829.
21—Sa.—Br&er Mathuze, spelling reformer, born, 1852.
22—Su.—George Washington born, 1732. Ali Baba forms oil trust, 267.
23—M.—Samuel Pepys, first diarist that ever stuck to it, born, 1632.
24—Tu.—Charles Lamb born, 1775.
25—W.—Vincennes, Ind., captured, 1779.*
26—Th.—W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," champion glass-ball shooter, born, 1845.
27—Fr.—Henry W. Longfellow born, 1807. Joe Weber first choked by Lew Fields, 1429.
28—Sa.—Montaigne born, 1533. FORWARD, MARCH!

*Editor Almanack: Captured by whom?—Editor EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.
Editor EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE: I don't know. Trouble enough to get the bare fact.—Editor Almanack.
Editor Almanack: Why didn't you take a trip out there and investigate?—Editor EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.
Editor EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE: On THIS salary?—Editor Everybody's Almanack.

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SHE FELT THAT HER ADVENTURE HAD BEEN A GREAT SUCCESS, PRACTICALLY AND ROMANTICALLY. —*The Iron Trail, Page 173.*

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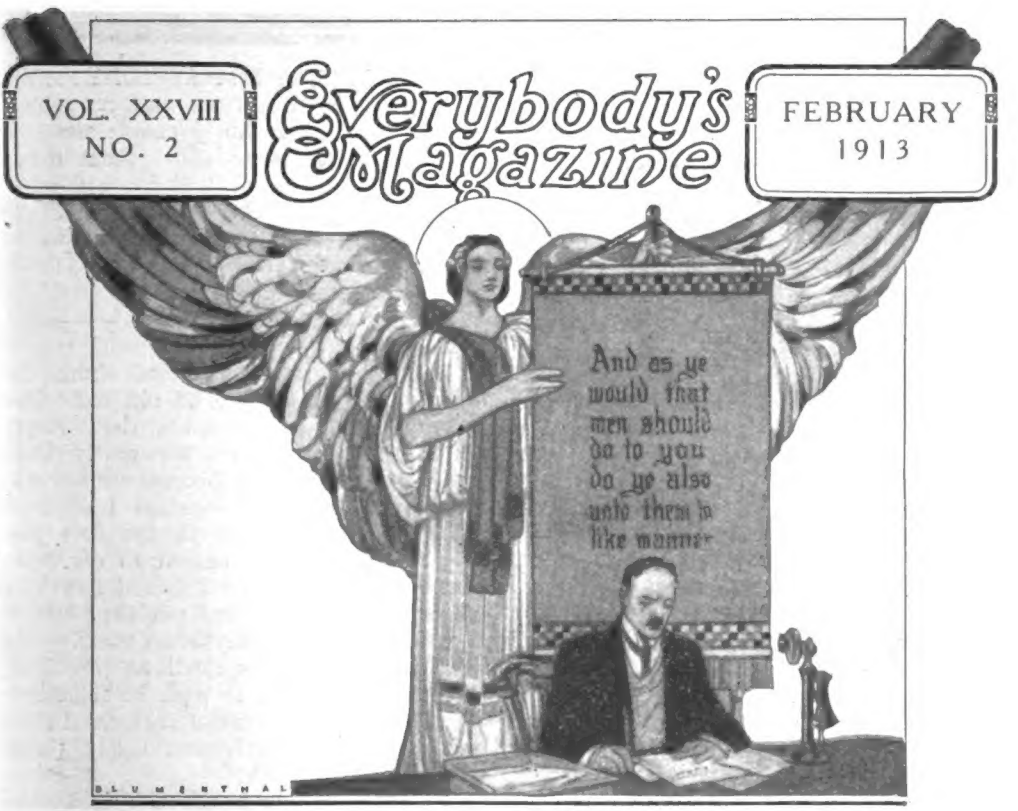

ADVERTISING GOODNESS

by

GERALD STANLEY LEE

AUTHOR OF "INSPIRED MILLIONAIRES," ETC.

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SPEAKING AS ONE OF THE CROWD

IT IS a little awkward to say what I am going to say now.

Probably it will be still more awkward afterward.

But I find, as I go up and down the world and look in the faces of the crowds in it, that it is true, and I can only tell it as it is.

I want to be good.

And I do not want to go up on a mountain to do it, or to slink off and live all alone on an island in the sea.

I go a step farther: I believe that the crowds want to be good.

But I can not prove that people want to be good in crowds; and so for the sake of the argument and to make the case as

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simple as possible, I am going to speak only for myself as one member of the crowd, and for Lim. Lim and I (and Lim is a business man and not a mere author) have had long talks in which we have confided to each other what we think this world, in spite of appearances, is really like; and we have come to a kind of provisional program and to a definite agreement on our two main points.

We want to be good.

We want other people to be good, partly as a matter of convenience for us, or for morally esthetic reasons, and partly because we want to be in a kind of world where what is good in us, works.

The next point in our confession follows from this. It is an awkward and exposed thing to say out loud to people in general, but

Lim and I want to make over the earth.

We want to take this heavy, inconvenient, cumbersome real planet that we have and see what can be done with it, and by the people on it; with Smith & Smith, gowns; with Clapp & Clapp, butchers; with W. H. Riley & Co., plumbers and gas-fitters; and with the other things that real people are really doing.

The things that real people are really doing, when one thinks of it, are: soap, tooth-brushes, subsoil pipe, wall-papers, razors, mattresses, suspenders, tiles, shoes, pots and kettles.

Of course the first thing that happened to Lim and to me (as any one might guess, in a little quiet job like making over the earth) was that we found we had to begin with ourselves.

We did.

We are obliged to admit that as a matter of fact we began, owing to circumstances, in a kind of rudimentary way, with the idea of getting people to take up goodness by talking about it. But we are reformed preachers now. We seldom backslide into talking to people about goodness. We have made up our minds to lie low and keep still and show them some.

Of course one ought to have some of one's own to show. But the trouble always is, if it is really good one is sure not to know it, or at least one does not know which it is. The best we can do with goodness, some of us, if we want it to show more quickly, or to hurry people along in goodness more, is to show them other people's.

If everybody in the world could know my plumber or pay a bill to him, the world would soon begin, slowly but surely, to be a very different place.

The first time I saw B—— I had asked him to come over to arrange with regard to putting in new water-pipes from the street to my house. The old ones had been put in years before, and the pressure of water in the house, apparently from rust in the pipes, had become very weak. After a minute's conversation I at once engaged B—— to put in the new and larger pipes, and he agreed to dig open the trench (about two hundred feet long and three feet deep) and put the pipes in the next day for thirty-five dollars. The next morning he appeared as promised; but instead of going to work he came into my study, stood there a moment before my eyes, and quietly but firmly threw himself out of his job!

There was no use in spending thirty-five dollars, he said. He had gone to the City Water Works Office and told them to look into the matter and see if the connection they had put in at the junction of my pipe with the main in the street did not need attention. They had found that a new connection was necessary. They would see that a new one was put in at once—they were obliged to do it for nothing, he said; and then, slipping (figuratively speaking) thirty-five dollars into my pocket, he bowed gravely and was gone.

Now B—— knew absolutely and conclusively (as any one would with a look) that I was not the sort of person who would ever have heard of that blessed little joint out in the street, or who ever would hear of it—or who would know what to do with it if he did. . . .

Sometimes I sit and think of B—— in church, or at least I used to, especially when his bill had just come in. It was always a pleasure to think of paying one of B——'s bills—even if it was sometimes a postponed one. You always knew, with

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B——, that he had made that bill out to you as if he had been making out a bill to himself.

Not such a bad thing to think about during a sermon.

I do not deny that I do lose a sentence now and then in sermons; and while the sermons I have been provided with in the old stone church have been of a rare and high order, there have, I do acknowledge, been bad moments—little sudden bare spots or streaks of abstraction; and I do not deny that there have been times when I could not help feeling, as I sat listening, like sending around Monday morning to the parsonage—my plumber. One could not help thinking what Dr. ———, if he once got started on a plumber like B——, could do with him.

I have a shoemaker, too, who would help most ministers. I imagine he would point up their sermons a good deal—if they had his shoes on.

When Governor Douglas of Massachusetts was up for governor it was because so many people had his shoes on, and knew all about him, and had heard how his factory hands were as well attended to as the shoes were—that he swung the state over into the Democratic column for that year and was elected by a huge majority.

Perhaps shoes and pipes and things like these will have to be looked upon soon as constituting the great, slow, modest, implacable spiritual forces of our time.

At all events, this is the most economical, sensible, thorough way, when one thinks of it, that goodness can be advertised.

II

IS IT WRONG FOR GOOD PEOPLE TO BE EFFICIENT?

Perhaps it will seem a pity to spoil an article—one that might have been really rather interesting—by putting the word "goodness" down flatly in this way in the middle of it.

I would not yield first place to any one in being tired of the word. But I have sometimes discovered that when I had thought I was tired of a word, what I was really tired of was somebody who was using it. I don't mind "goodness" when my plumber uses it. I have heard him use it (and swearing softly, I regret to say) when it affected me like a hymn tune.

And there is Non, too.

I first made Non's acquaintance as our train pulled out of New York and we found ourselves going down together on Friday afternoon to spend Sunday in North Carolina. The first thing he said when we were seated in the Pullman, comfortably watching that big, still world under glass roll by outside, was that he had broken an engagement with his wife, to come. She was giving a tea, he said, that afternoon, and he had faithfully promised to be there. But a week-end in North Carolina appealed to him, and afternoon tea—well, he explained to me, crossing his legs and beaming at me all over as if he were a whole genial, successful afternoon tea all by himself—afternoon tea did not appeal to him. He thought probably he was a non-gregarious person.

As he was the gusto of our little party and fairly reeked with sociability, and was in a kind of orgy of gregariousness every minute all the way to Wilmington (even when he was asleep we heard from him), we called him Non-Gregarious—Non for short.

This is the way I became acquainted with Non. It has been "Non" ever since.

I found in the course of the next three days that when Non was not being the life of the party or the party did not need any more life for a while and we had gone off by ourselves, he became, like most people who let themselves go, a very serious person. When he talked about his business, he was even religious. Not that he had any particular vocabulary for being religious, but there was something about him when he spoke of business—his own business—that almost startled me at first. He always seemed to be regarding his business as being, for all practical purposes, a kind of little religion by itself.

Now Non is a builder or contractor.

For many years the best way to make a pessimist or a confirmed infidel out of anybody has been to get him to build a house. No better arrangement for not

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believing in more people, and for not believing in more kinds of people at once and for life, has ever been invented, probably, than building a house. No man has been educated or has been really tested in this world until he has built a house.

There is not a single kind or type of man who sooner or later will not build himself, and nearly everything that is the matter with him, into your house. The house becomes a kind of miniature model (such as they have in expositions) of what is the matter with people. Everything you come upon —from the white cellar floor to the timbers you bump your head on in the roof— reminds you of something or of somebody, and of what is the matter with him. It's the new houses that are haunted now. If any man who is sensitive to houses and to people, would sit down in his house when it is finished and look about in it seriously and think of all the people that have been built into it, in solid wood and stone, he would get up softly and steal out of it and never enter that house again.

This is what Non saw. He saw how people felt about their houses, and how they lived in them helplessly and angrily, year after year, and felt hateful about the world.

I gradually drew out of him the way he felt about it. I found he was not as good as some people are at talking about himself, but the subject was interesting. He began his career building houses for people, much as nearly every contractor does. The general idea is

THERE ARE AT LEAST SIXTEEN VALUABLE BBANDS OF GOODNESS IN AMERICA THAT NO ONE IS REALLY USING.

that everybody is expected to exact commissions from everybody else, and the owner is expected to pay each man his own commission and then pay all the commissions that each man has charged the other man. Every house that got built in this way seemed to Non a kind of network of not doing as you would be done by.

Non did not see any way out at first, just for one man. He merely noticed how things were going, and he noticed that nearly every person that he had dealings with, from the bottom to the top of the house, seemed to make him feel that he either was or would be or ought to be a grafter. He could not so much as look at a house he had built, through the trees when he was going by, without wishing he could be a better man, and studying on how it could be managed. His own first houses made him see things. They proved to be the making of him; and if similar houses have not made similar men, it is their fault. The most striking thing about Non in his first stages as a business man was that *he hated his business.*

He made up his mind that he either would make the business the kind of business he liked or get out of it. He proposed to enjoy his business.

The first thing he thought of was that doing his work as he really wanted to, might pay. He almost had the belief that people might pay a man a little extra for enjoying his business. It can not be said that he believed this immediately. He merely

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wanted to, and worked toward it, and merely contrived new shrewd ways at first of being able to afford it. Gradually he began to notice that the more he enjoyed his business, the more people there were who stepped into his office and wanted him to enjoy his business on their houses. It was what they had been looking for for years—some builder who was really enjoying his business. And the more he enjoyed his business in his own particular way—that of building a house for a man in less time than he said he would, and for less money—not infrequently sending him a check at the end of it—the more his business grew.

I do not know that there would be any special harm in speaking of Non's idea—of just doing as you would be done by—in more moral or religious language; but it is not necessary. And I find I take an almost religious joy in looking at the Golden Rule at last as a plain business proposition. All that happened was that Non was original—saw something that everybody thought he knew, and acted as if it were so. Theoretically, one would not have said that it would be original to take an old platitudinous law like the law of supply and demand and act as if it were so; but it was. At the time Non was beginning his career, there was nothing in the building-market people found harder to hire than honesty. Here was something, he saw at last, that thousands of busy and important men who did not have time to be detectives, wanted. There did not seem to be any one very actively supplying the demand.

A big market, a small supply, and almost no competition.

Non stepped in and proposed to represent the interest of a man who is building a house as literally as the man would represent his interests himself, if he knew all about houses. Everything has followed from this.

There are many ways of resting back upon one's instincts and getting over to one's religion or perspective about the world. Mount Tom (which is in my front yard, in Massachusetts) helps sometimes—with a single look.

When I go down to New York I look at the Metropolitan Tower, the Pennsylvania Station, the McAdoo Tunnels, and at Non.

If I wanted to make anybody religious, I would try to get him to work in Non's office, or work with anybody who ever worked with him, or who ever saw him, or I would have him live in a house built by him, or pay a bill made out by him.

It has seemed to me that his succeeding and making himself succeed in this way is a great spiritual adventure, a pure religion, a difficult, fresh, and stupendous religion.

III

IS IT WRONG FOR GOOD PEOPLE TO BE INTERESTING?

People are acquiring automobiles, Oriental rugs, five-hundred-dollar gowns, more rapidly just now than they are acquiring goodness, because advertisements in this present generation are more readable than sermons, and because shop-windows on Fifth Avenue can attract more attention than the churches.

The shop-windows make people covetous.

If the goodness that one sees and hears about does not make other people covetous, does not make them wish they had it or some just like it, it must be because there is something the matter with it, or something the matter with the way it is displayed.

If the church shop-windows, for instance, were to make displays of goodness up and down the great Moral Fifth Avenue of the world—well, there are some of us who would rather expect to see the goodness display in the windows consisting largely of Not-Things—things for people not to be, and things for people not to do.

Goodness displayed in this way is not interesting.

Perhaps this is one of the reasons why the word "goodness" spoils things for so many people. Possibly it is because we are apt to think of the good people, and of the people who are being good, as largely keeping from doing something, or as keeping other people from doing something—as negative. Their goodness seems to consist in being morally accurate and in being very particular just in time, and in a kind of general holding-in.

We do not naturally or offhand—any of us—think of goodness as having much of a lunge to it. It is tired-looking and

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discouraged, and pulls back kindly and gently. Or it teases and says "please"—God knows how helpless it is!

I do not believe I am alone in thinking this. There must be thousands of others who have this same half-guilty, half-defiant feeling of suspiciousness toward what people seem to think should be called goodness. Not that we say anything. We merely keep wondering—we can not see what it is, exactly, about goodness that should make it so depressing.

In the meantime we hold on. We do not propose to give up believing in it. Perhaps, after all, all that is the matter with goodness in the United States is the people who have taken hold of it.

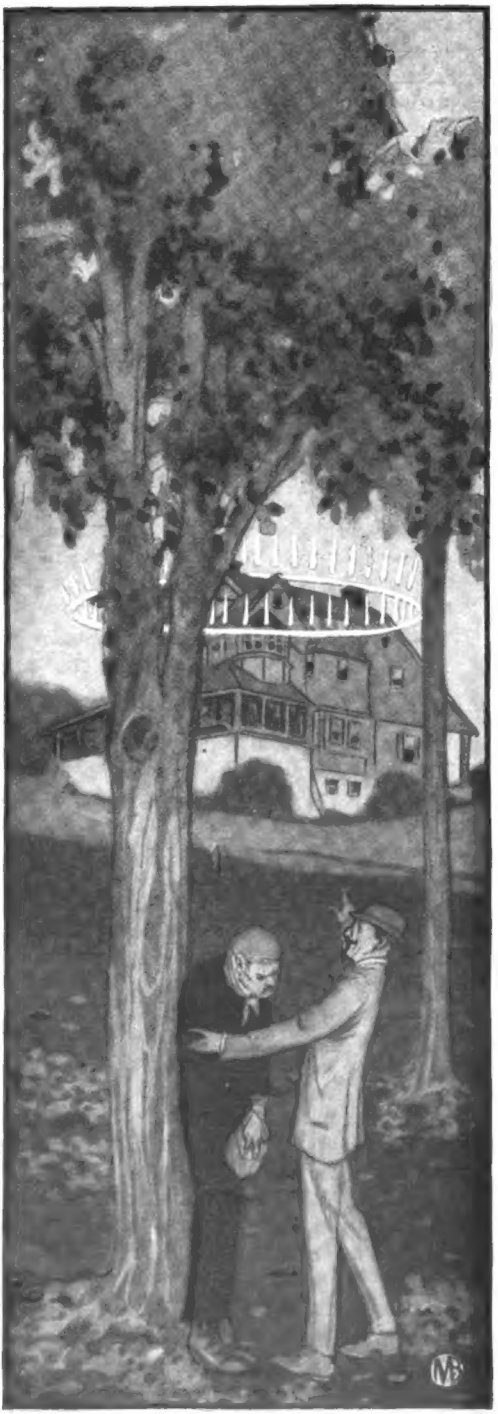
They do not seem to be the kind of people who can make it interesting. We can not help thinking if these same bad people about us, or people who are called bad, would only take up goodness a while, they would make it hum!

I can only speak for one, but I do not deny that when I have been sitting (in *some* churches) or associating with very good people a little longer than usual, and come out into the street, I sometimes feel like stepping up to the first fine, brisk, businesslike man I see going by, and saying: "My dear sir, I do wish that *you* would take up goodness a while and see if after all something can not really be done. I keep on trying to be hopeful, but these dear good people in here—it seems to me—are making a terrible mess of it!"

And to make a long story short, Lim happened to be going by one day and this, practically, is what I did. I had done it before, in spirit or in a general way, with other business men, but with him I was more particular. I went straight to the point.

"Here are at least sixteen valuable, efficient brands of goodness in America," I said, "all worth their weight in gold for a big business career, that no one is really using, that no one quite believes in or can get on the market; and yet I believe with my whole soul in them all, and I believe thousands of other men do, or are ready to, the moment some one makes a start."

I pulled out a little list of items which I had written down, handed it over to him, and said I wished he would take a few of them—the first five or six or so—and make them work.



IF I WANTED TO MAKE ANYBODY RELIGIOUS, I WOULD TRY TO GET HIM TO LIVE IN A HOUSE BUILT BY LIM.

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He already had, I found, made two or three of the harder ones work.

I would not have any one suppose for a moment that I am presenting Lim as a kind of business angel. No one who knows Lim thinks of him, or would let anybody else think of him, as being a Select Person, as being especially or egregiously what he ought to be. This is one reason I have picked him out. Being good in a small private way may be practicable, perhaps, without dragging in people who are not quite what they ought to be. But the moment one tries to make goodness *work*, one comes to the fact that it must be made to work with what we have.

We have a great crowd of unselected people, people both good and bad; and the first principle in making goodness work (instead of merely being good), seems to be to believe that goodness is not too good for anybody. Anybody who can make it work can have it; and what goodness seems to need especially in America and England just now is people who do not feel that they must at all hazards look good. Whatever happens, whatever else we do in any general investment or movement we may be making with goodness, we must let these people in.

Everything is left open and loose and unlabeled in Lim's moral nature. The only really sure way to tell when Lim is being good is that whenever he is being good he becomes suddenly and unexpectedly interesting. His goodness is daring, unexpected, and original. It is always doing things that everybody said could not be done. There is a certain element of news, of freshness, of gentle sensation, in his goodness. It leads to consequences. And there always seems to be something about Lim's goodness which attracts the attention of people, and makes people who see it want it.

So when I speak of goodness in this article and put it down as the basis of power of getting men to do as one likes, I do not deny that I am taking the word away and moving it over from its usual associations. I do not mean by a good act a good-looking act, but an act so constituted that it makes good. For the purpose of this article I would define goodness as efficiency. Goodness is the quality in a thing that makes the thing go, and that makes it go so that it will not run down, and so nothing can stop it.

IV

TOUCHING THE IMAGINATIONS OF CROWDS

Success in business in the last analysis turns upon touching the imagination of crowds. The reason why preachers in this present generation are less successful in getting people to want goodness than business men are in getting them to want motor-cars, hats, and pianolas, is that business men as a class are closer and more desperate students of human nature, and have boned down harder to the art of touching the imaginations of crowds.

There is a certain nation I have in mind as I write which has been determined in its national character for hundreds of years, and is being determined to-day, by a certain personal habit that the people have. I am persuaded that this habit of itself alone would have been enough to determine the fate of the nation as a third-rate power, would have made it always do things with small pullings and haulings, in short breaths, and from hand-to-mouth—a kind

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of national palavering and seesawing. And it is all because every man, woman, and child in the country—scores of generations of them for hundreds of years—have been taught that the great spiritual truth or principle at the bottom of correctly buying a turnip is to begin by saying that you do not want a turnip at all, that you never eat turnips, and none of your family does, and that they never would.

The other man begins by pointing out that he is never going to sell another turnip as long as he lives if he can help it. Gradually the facts are allowed to edge in, until at last when each man has taken off God knows how much from the value of his soul, and spent two shillings' worth of time on keeping a halfpenny in his pocket, the two parties separate courteously, only to carry out the same great spiritual truth with somebody on a radish, perhaps, or a house and lot, or a battle-ship, or a war, or a rumor of a war.

The United States, speaking broadly, is not like this. But it might have been.

SHOPPING—THE METER OF A NATION'S RELIGION

In the United States some forty years ago, when it was a new country, and a country where everybody felt democratic and independent, and as if he were making the laws of the universe just for himself as he went along, there was a period of ten years or so in which everything that people wore on their bodies or put in their mouths, and everything that they read, had to be considered as an original first proposition—as if there never had been a spool of thread before, as if each bit of dress goods was, or was capable of being, a fresh experiment, with an adventurous price on it. And before we knew it, a moral nagging and edging and hitching had set in, and was fast becoming an American trait.

The shopping of a country is, on the whole, from a psychologist's point of view, the most spiritual energy, the most irrevocable, most implacable meter there can ever be of the religion a country really has. What was there that could be done with an obstinate, pervasive, unceasing habit of the people like this—the habit of never doing what one would be done by? What was there that could be done to touch the imagination of the crowd?

Six thousand women a day were going in and out of A. T. Stewart's great store on Broadway.

A. T. Stewart announced to New York in huge letters, one day, that from that time forward there would be a fixed price for everything sold in his store, and that price would be paid for it by everybody.

The six thousand women became one thousand.

Then two thousand. Some of them had found that they finished their shopping sooner; the better class of women, those whose time was worth the most and whose custom was the largest, gradually found they did not want to shop anywhere else. The two thousand became three thousand, four thousand, six thousand, ten thousand, twelve thousand.

Other department stores wanted the twelve thousand to come to them. They announced the one price.

Hardware stores did it. Groceries announced one price. Then everybody.

Not all the clergymen in America, speaking together on the same Sunday for months, could have done very much in the way of seriously touching the imagination of the crowd on the moral unworthiness, the intellectual degradation, the national danger of picking out the one thing that nearly all the people do, and had to do all day, every day, and making that thing mean, incompetent, and small. No one had thought out what it would lead to, and how monstrous and absurd it was and would always be to have a nation taking every little thing, all day, every day, that they were buying or that they were selling, and packing it full of adulterated motives and of fresh and original ways of not doing as they would be done by—wreaking all their sins on a little innocent spool of thread, breaking every one of the ten commandments on it!

It was A. T. Stewart—a very ordinary-looking, practical man in a plain, every-day business, who arrested the attention of a nation and changed the habit of thought and trend of mind of a great people, and made them a candid, direct people, a people that went with great sunny prairies and high mountains, a yea-and-nay people, straightforward, and free from palavering for ever.

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PEOPLE ARE ACQUIRING AUTOMOBILES, ORIENTAL RUGS, FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR GOWNS, MORE RAPIDLY JUST NOW THAN THEY ARE ACQUIRING GOODNESS.

It is not likely that he was conscious of the long train of spiritual results he had set in motion, of the way he had taken the habit of mind, the daily, hourly psychology of a great people, and had wrought it through with his own spirit—or of the way he had saved up every-day religion in America, and set it where it could be used, and had freed the business genius of a nation for its most characteristic and most effective self-expression.

He merely was conscious that he could not endure palavering in doing business himself, and that he would not submit to being obliged to endure it, and he believed millions of people in America were as clean-cut and straightforward as he was.

And the millions of people stood by him.

Perhaps A. T. Stewart touched the imagination of the crowd because he had let the crowd touch his, had really seen what crowds—in spite of appearances—were really like.

The enterprise of touching the imagination of the crowd with goodness, which is being conducted every day on an enormous scale around us, has to be carried on, like all huge enterprises, by men who are in a large degree unconscious of it. There are very few department stores in England or America that would expect to be called pious; but with thousands of people flowing in and out of them all the week, and with hundreds of clerks to attend to it—eight hours a day—there would hardly seem to be any limit to what such a store could do in making the Golden Rule a direct, pointed, and personal thing.

One thinks of the same people all going in and out of department stores—vast congregations of them, eight hours a day, which ministers can get at only in small lots, twenty minutes a week, and can get at only with words even then; thinks of them all being convinced in terms they understand and in terms they keenly feel, convinced in hats that they will see over and over again, convinced in velvets that they are going to put on and off for years, in laces, waistcoats, shoes, in dining-room chairs; convinced in the very underclothes next to their skins, the clothes they sleep in all night, in the very plates on which they eat, while all the time they keep remembering just how the things were bought, and just what was claimed for them and what was not claimed for them, and thinking how the claims came true or how they did not!

I just saw, lying on the table as I came through the hall a moment ago, a hat which (out of all the long rows of hats I can see faintly reaching across the years) will always be to me a memorable hat. My great memory of that hat is now, and will always be as long as I live, the department store at which I bought it; and the things the department store managed to make the hat say.

I had been in the store the day before and selected in broad daylight, with a big mirror staring me out of countenance, a hat which was a quarter of a size too large. To clinch the matter, I had ordered four ventilating holes to be punched in it, and had it sent to my rooms to be my hat, implacably my hat, as I supposed, for better or worse, for richer or poorer. The next morning, after standing before a mirror and trying hopefully for a few minutes to see if I could not look more intelligent in the hat, I returned to the store, firmly. I

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had made up my mind that I would keep from looking the way that hat had made me look, at any cost. I would buy a new one.

I jumped into a cab, and a moment after I arrived I found myself before the clerk from whom I had bought it, with a new hat on my head, and was just reaching into my pocket for my purse when to my astonishment I heard, or seemed to hear, the great Department Store Itself (in the gentle accents of a young man with a yellow mustache) saying, "I'm sorry"—all seven stories of it, gathering itself up softly and saying, "I'm sorry!"

The young man explained that he was afraid the hat was wrong the day before, and thought he ought to have told me so, and that the store would not want me to pay for the mistake.

I came home a changed man. I had been hit by the Golden Rule before, in department stores, but always rather subtly; never with such a broad, beautiful flourish! I made some faint acknowledgment and rushed out of the store.

But I have never gone past the store since—on a 'bus, or in a taxi, or sliding through the walkers on the street—without looking up to it, to its big, quiet windows, its broad, honest pillars fronting a world. I take off my hat to It.

THE STORE WITH HUMAN CLERKS

I had found a department store that had absolutely identified itself with my interests—that could act about a hat the way a wife would. A department store that looked forward to a permanent relation with me—a great, live machine that could be glad and sorry, that really took me in, knew how I felt about things, cared how I looked as I walked down the street! Sometimes I think of the poor, wounded, useless thing I took back to them, with those pitiless holes punched in it—just where no one else would ever have had them. I always feel about the store, that great marble-and-glass Face, when I go by it, as if, in spite of all the difficulties, It wanted me to be beautiful. I at least feel and know that the people who were the brain, the daily moving consciousness behind the Face, wanted me to be a becoming customer to them. They did not want to see me coming in, if it could possibly be helped, in that hat!

I have told this little history of a gray hat because the same thing or something quite like it might have happened in any one of the best hundred department stores in the world.

Most people can remember a time—only a very little while ago—when clerks in huge department stores or selling-machines were not expected to be people who would think of things like this to do, or who would know how, or who would consider them good business if they did.

I used often to go into ——'s. Everybody remembers it. I went in, as a rule, in a helpless, waiting, married way and as a mere attaché of the truly wise and good. All I ever did or was expected to do was to stand by and look wise and discriminating a minute about dress goods, when spoken to. I used to put in my time looking behind the counters at all those busy, pale, yellow-lighted people in little holes or stalls, trying to be human and natural in that long, low, indoor street of theirs, with crowds of women staring by them and picking at things—always that moving sidewalk of questions, that dull, eager stream of consciousness sweeping by. No sunlight—just the crowds of covetousness and shrewdness.

I used to wonder about the clerks, many of them, and what they would be like at home or under an apple-tree or each with a bit of blue sky to go with them. They used to seem in those days, as I looked, mostly poor underground creatures living in a sort of subway of things in a hateful, hard, little world of clothes, each with his little study or trick or knack of appearances, standing there and selling people good looks, day after day, at so much a yard.

To-day in a hundred cities one can go into department shops where one would get, standing and looking on idly, totally different impressions. There are hundreds of thousands of young men and women who have made being a clerk a new thing in the world. The public has already had its

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imagination touched by them, and is beginning to deal with clerks, as a class, on a different level.

This has been brought to pass because the employer has been thought of, or has thought of himself, who engages and pays for, in clerks, the highest qualities in human nature that he can get. He picks out and persuades to be clerks, people who would have felt superior to it in days gone by—men and women who habitually depend for their efficiency in showing and selling goods upon their more generous emotions and insights, their imaginations about other people.

They gather in their new customers, and keep up their long lists of old and regular customers, through shrewd visions of service to people and through their technical gift for making the Golden Rule work.

When one looks at it practically and from the point of view of all the consequences, a bargain is the most spiritually conclusive, most self-revealing experience that people can have together. Every bargain is a cross-section, in three tenses, of a man. A bargain tells everything about people—who they are and what they are like. It also tells what they are going to be like unless they take pains. And it tells what they are not going to be like, too, sometimes, and why.

The man who comes nearest in modern life to being a pope is the man who determines in what spirit and by what method the people under him shall conduct his bargains for him and deal with his customers. The head of the department store that I know best has a parish behind his counters of twenty-five hundred men and women. He is in the business of determining their religion—the way they make their religion work—eight hours a day, six days a week.

He seems to me to be engaged in the most ceaseless, most penetrating, most powerful, and most spiritual activity in the world. He is really getting at the imaginations of people with his idea of goodness. If he does not work his way through to a clerk's imagination one minute, or one day, he does the next. If he can not open up a man's imagination with one line of goods, he does it with another. If he can not make him see things and do as he would be done by with one kind of customer, another is moved in front of him presently, and another, and another; the man's inner substance is being attacked and changed nearly every minute, every day. Every officer of the staff, every customer who slips softly up to the counter in front of him, makes him think of the Golden Rule in a new way, or in some shading of a new way, confronts him with the will, with the expectation, with the religion of his employer.

In this store, one thousand of the two thousand five hundred clerks are men. If I were a minister wondering nearly every day how to work in for my religion a fair chance at men, I should often look wistfully from over the edge of my pulpit, I imagine, to the head of this department store, sitting at that quiet, calm, empty-looking desk of his in his little office at the top of his big building, with nothing but those six or seven little buttons he softly puts his thumbs on, connecting him with a thousand men.

THE PARISH BEHIND THE COUNTERS

And he does not even need the buttons. Every man knows and feels personally and intimately what the man at the desk is asking him to do with a particular customer who stands before him at the moment. As soon as the customer is there the man at the desk practically is there too. His religion works by wireless, and goes automatically and as from a huge stored-up reservoir to all that happens in the place. He makes regularly, with his idea of goodness, anywhere from twenty to sixty pastoral calls (one with each sale they make) on a thousand men a day. He is not dependent, as the ordinary minister often is, on their dying, or on their babies, or on their wives, for a chance to get at men with his religion.

If I wanted to take a spiritual census of modern civilization and get at the actual scientific facts—what we would have to call probably the foot-tons of religion in the world to-day—I would not look for

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them in the year-books of churches. I would get them by going about in the great department stores, by moving among the men and women in them day after day, and standing by and looking on invisibly. Like a shadow or a light I would watch them, registering their goodness daily, hourly, on their counters, over their counters, measuring out their souls before God in dress goods, shoes, boas, hats, silk, and bread and butter!

This is especially true in America.

In the things which we borrow in America, we are far behind the rest of the world. In the things which we create, we are ahead.

Naturally, if civilization is a race of borrowing, nations like England and France, fifty miles apart from one another, keep ahead of a nation that is three thousand miles away from where it can borrow—like the United States. It is a far cry from the land of the Greeks, with its still, sunny temples and dreams, and from England, with its sleepy prayers in country churches, to New York with its practical, sky-scraping, hewing prayer.

New York! Scooping its will out of the very heavens!

New York! The most stern and manful prayer of all, half asking and half grasping out of the hand of God!

This is America's religion.

The Metropolitan Tower, with its big clock-dial with its three stories of telling what time it is and its great bell singing hymns above the dizzy flocks of sky-scrapers, typifies the soul of New York to me.

If you could see a soul—if you could see the soul of New York—it would look more like the Metropolitan Tower than anything else.

It seems to be trying to speak, away up there in the whiteness and the light—the very soul of the young, resistless, iron-hearted city.

There is an American city in the Metropolitan Tower. Probably it is the greatest-minded tower in the world. It does not impress one like the lonely towers of Cologne, stretching up in stony emptiness against the sky out of that old, faded region of religion. When one stands in Madison Square and looks up at this white tower in the east, it goes up with its crowds of people in it, with business and with daily living and hoping and dying in it, and strikes heaven. It is a steeple of democracy. The hollow domes of St. Peter's or St. Paul's and all the rest, with their vague, airy other-worldliness, all soaring and tugging like so many balloons of religion and goodness, trying to get away from this world, are not so splendid, so magnificently wilful as the Metropolitan Tower—as the souls of these modern, heaven-striking men, taking the world itself, its streets of stone, of steel, its very tunnels, and lifting them up before us all as blind offerings, as unbounded instincts, as prayers, as songs, to the blue heaven.

I worship my country, my people, my city, when I hear the big bell in it and when I look up to where the tower is in that still place like a sea—up there where that little, white, quiet country belfry sits in the light, in the dark, above the vast and roaring city.

To me the Metropolitan Tower sweeping up its prayer out of the streets, the way it does, lifts itself up as one of the mighty signs and portents of our time. Have you not heard the bell tolling to people in the midst of business and singing great hymns? A great city lifts itself and prays in it—prays while it sings and clangs so absent-looking below.

I like to go out before going to sleep and take a look at it. One more look, before I sleep, upon the tower, strong, unyielding, alive, sinewy, imperturbable, lifting up within itself the steel and soul of the world. I am content to go to sleep.

It's a kind of steeple of the business of this world. I had never thought that business needed a steeple before until I saw the Metropolitan Tower and heard it singing above the streets. I have always wanted in a modern office-building a great solemn bell to remind us what the common day is. I like to hear it striking a common hour, and what could be done in it. I stop in the street to listen—to listen while that great hive of people tolls—tolls not the reveries of monks above the roofs of the sky-scrapers, but the religion of business—of the real and daily things, the seriousness of the mighty street, and the faces of the men and the women.

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Taking the Waters

The Humbug of Hot Springs

by

WOODS HUTCHINSON A.M. M.D.

AUTHOR OF "COMMON SENSE AND HEALTH," "PREVENTABLE DISEASES," "WE AND OUR CHILDREN," ETC.

FEW things appeal to us and capture our fancy like a bubbling spring. As it comes sparkling out of the cool depths of the earth, it smiles up at us in the friendliest way, like some shy, living creature, inviting us to come and slake our thirst. The mere sight of a spring usually makes us thirsty at once, no matter how recently we may have filled up on tap-water or well-water.

No little of the charm of the soda-fountain is due to the rush and bubble and sparkle of its stream, as it pours hissing and swirling and foaming into the glass. And who can tell how much of the fatal seductiveness of equally effervescent but less innocent beverages, with their crimson sparkle or creamy foam, or "purple bubbles winking on the brim," may be due to their hypnotic appeal to our fascinated eye, as we "look upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright"?

Certain it is that the most popular and irresistible liquors, from lowly lager to lordly champagne, are those that sparkle and foam and bite, with the keen fresh tang of carbonic acid gas. Even whisky has to be mixed with something sparkling, "soda" or "Polly," in order to make it attractive to the eye or even to the palate, except of the educated or jaded minority.

No small amount of the charm of "fizzy" drinks, whether innocent or hurtful, lies in the "fizz." The motto, "All fizz abandon, ye who enter here!" over the door of every saloon and bar, if enforced, would well-nigh sound the death knell of drunkenness.

The fascination of the spring goes deep and very far back. When primitive man began to pluck up his courage and come out of the caves and holes in the earth, in which he hid himself when he first came down from the tree-tops, and to walk boldly abroad in the sunlight and camp for the night wherever he felt like it, right out in the open, he built his camp-fire on the bank of some spring. Growing bolder, he built his rude hut within the circle of its friendly smile, and soon the spring became one of his household gods.

Most of the early religions frankly worshipped living springs and the nixies, kelpies, nymphs, and spirits which were invented to haunt them; and all classic and medieval literature, and even many a modern church service and liturgy, are full

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of survivals of this curious worship of the water-sprites of the spring.

Our confidence in the healing power of springs and baths, our habit of Taking the Cure, are really at bottom matters of religious belief and articles of faith. That is why each proud possessor of a liver, each victim of "rheumatiz," swears so fervently by the virtues of his favorite bath or spring.

By and by, in the course of his wanderings and hunting forays from one hill valley to another, *Pithecanthropus frectus*, or *homo alalus* ("Speechless Man"), as the schoolmen called him, happened upon certain springs that, instead of rising still and cold and sparkling, came up with a bubble and a sputter and threw up evil-smelling gases or fantastic wreaths of vapor. Here was something new and strange and uncanny; it had an air of mystery and a powerful smell. The more he thought about it, the more it puzzled him; his only possible conclusion was: "The Devil must be in it." Whereupon the waters of that spring instantly became Big Medicine!

THE ANNUAL SLUICE

Other springs that he spied and rushed eagerly toward, when hot and weary with trailing the wounded aurochs, looked cool and inviting as usual; but when he threw himself on his stomach and plunged his lips into them, he leaped up in disgust and disappointment, with a taste of rotten eggs or sea water in his mouth, and a gripe in his center of gravity.

It was too nasty to drink; it was too cold to lie down and soak in. There was only one thing it *could* be good for, and that was medicine. This is precisely the method by which many of our most famous remedies, particularly of the bitter tonic class, have been raised to the level of the medicine shelf. Anything which has a bitter or other vile taste and is poisonous in large doses, is sure to be "good for you," in small ones.

Whenever the caveman had a persistent "misery" in his interior, after a three days' gorge on reindeer *au naturel* (which meant all but the horns and hide), that would not yield to household remedies, he hied himself off, to camp for a few days and fill up on the waters of the haunted spring. They promptly sluiced out everything that had accumulated in his interior, and killed his appetite at the same time, so he soon got well and went back to boast of the magic of his own discovery, filled with the delighted conviction that he could gorge himself on reindeer entrails in the future *ad libitum*, because he knew what to take for it.

Such was the beginning of the famous custom of Taking the Waters, which has continued on precisely the same intelligent plan until the present day. The process may be roughly epitomized as living like one kind of a fool for fifty weeks out of the year, and then like another kind for two weeks to even up.

An ounce of prevention at home is worth a ton of Taking the Waters abroad.

The life that the fashionable invalid, the tired business man, lives at the springs is just as ridiculous, as abnormal and unwholesome as that which he lives at home, only in the opposite direction, so to speak. The fashionable invalid starves himself for a month in order to make up for a year's overgorging. The tired business man lives the intellectual life of a jelly-fish, with the social amusements of a hen, for five penitential weeks, in order to atone for the overdriving and overdissipating of the previous forty-seven. Both go away with the comforting feeling that they have earned a Writ of Indulgence—a license to live as they "darn please," because the Cure can be confidently relied upon to "straighten them out again" next year. The "bath" habit is in principle as bad as the drug habit, though fortunately in practise far less harmful.

But while theoretically objectionable, there are many things practically to be said in favor of the baths and spring habit; and it is these beneficent features which account for its extraordinary vogue in the past and its persistence down to the present. It was, in fact, the forerunner of the vacation habit and of the custom of daily bathing. And so far from showing any signs of decline, it is still growing, on account of the enormous increase of city-dwelling populations, who need a vacation in the country somewhere, and of the wealth that accompanies this increase. Also from the fact that by the use of our two great Slaves of the Lamp, the steam-engine and the printing-press, the transcendent virtues of a spring and the beauties of its surroundings can be heralded over the whole world and

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Photograph by the Trans-Atlantic Company.

THRONGS TAKING THE CURE AT CARLSBAD. THE MOMENT THAT A PLACE BECOMES POPULAR AS A MERE FASHIONABLE PARADE-GROUND, THE INVALIDS QUIETLY DESERT IT.

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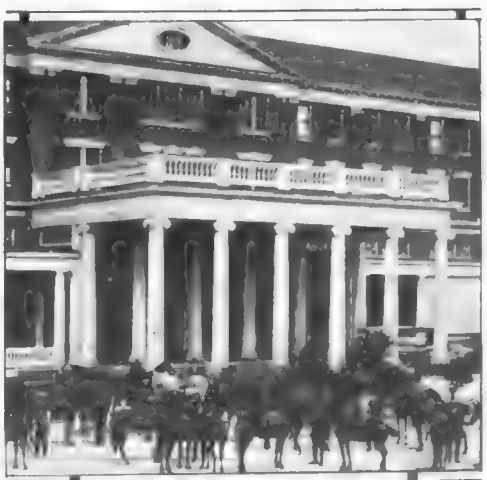
pilgrims can flock to it from half a hemisphere.

The virtues of the baths are, first, that inasmuch as a spring—certainly one which rushes or bubbles much—requires higher levels in the near background, from which surface water can run down on sloping layers of rock, most of the fountains which have medicinal reputations break out upon the slopes or at the foot of some mountain range, with the fresh, clear air and picturesque surroundings of the hill-country. It would have been difficult to select more charming settings than those of a majority of our most famous European and American springs.

A three weeks' cure—which is the "standard" length the world over—means a three weeks' vacation in a delightful open-air resort, with plenty of the most agreeable company in the world—that is to say, people who are doing just exactly what you are, and are willing to listen to your symptoms on condition of being allowed to relate theirs in return.

This is precisely the kind of company which an invalid really wants, and which, contrary to popular impression, is the best and most cheering for him in the world. He is utterly lost and out of place among vigorous, healthy people—they make him feel worse by contrast, and they have not time to sit and "swap symptoms" with him, even if sympathetically inclined; he has "no one to play with." Though it is generally supposed that watching the sufferings of others depresses an invalid, as a matter of fact nothing cheers him up quite so much as the discovery of another patient who is worse off than he is—especially if at the same time he can find others on the mend who, according to their own glowing and detailed accounts, were six weeks before at death's door.



Photograph by the Pictorial News Company.

READY FOR THE MORNING GALLOP AT HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

The moment that a place becomes popular as a mere fashionable parade-ground or a gambling resort, the invalids quietly desert it. But so long as a place can maintain its simple "early to bed and early to rise" habits of life and its soothing atmosphere of sympathetic invalidism, it will retain its reputation as a health resort, whether its waters are of the slightest curative value or not, if only they have been believed to be so once.

All that a health resort needs is a start. Since, for the most part, only mild and chronic cases come to it, at least two-thirds of whom will get better of themselves if nothing positively harmful be done to them, it will accumulate its own reputation. It is not the only system of medicine, physical, mental, or miraculous, which owes its reputation to the permanent odds of five to one in favor of recovery.

The third and least important good feature of the cure is the water itself. It makes very little difference what kind of water it is, so long as it is wet. To sluice oneself freely with water by the gallon, internally, externally, and eternally—"any old water" will do—is a pretty safe trump play in cases of doubt, no matter what is the matter with you. It may do you lots of good, and it is pretty sure not to do much harm save when the heart or the kidneys are badly broken down. No matter what accumulation of poisons may have piled up in your interior from underexercise, overwork, dissipation, bad air, loss of sleep, and irrational behavior generally, this internal laundry process is very likely to loosen up the "big dirt" and start it floating out of your system, even if it won't take out all the stains. After ten days of soaking and sluicing and stewing, you are certainly cleaner than you were when you began.

A change of air, with pleasant surroundings, a regular life—that is one so dull and

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Photograph by the Pictorial News Company.

IN FRONT OF THE GRAND UNION HOTEL AT SARATOGA SPRINGS.

monotonous that you fly eagerly to the arms of Morpheus as the only escape from being bored to death—and a good sluicing inside and out, with nothing much to eat—these are the virtues of the Cure.

Unexpected and paradoxical as it may sound, the waters themselves, in their differences from one another, or from ordinary well water—that is, in the salts or gases which they may contain—have exceedingly little to do with the cures wrought at springs and baths. Such virtue as they may have, apart from their wetness or their heat, depends chiefly on the nauseousness of their taste, or the vileness of their smell, and the profoundness of the impression which these properties make upon the imagination of the invalid.

In fact, it is an open secret among resort physicians that the best medicinal water is the one that has *least salts or sulphur* in it, because then they can induce their patients to drink larger quantities. The thing that really does the business is the water, the plain H_2O—the wetness, in short; and most mineral waters, no matter how heavily loaded with horrible salts, have that good quality at least.

I am well aware that this will appear like an absurdly improbable, if not incredible, statement; and I shall be reminded at once that the shelves of our libraries groan under an array of medical treatises upon the science of baths and springs, known by the imposing title of Balneo-therapy, solemnly dividing mineral and medicinal waters into various classes, such as acid and alkaline, sulphurous, ferruginous, chalybeate,

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Photograph by the Trans-

PATIENTS TAKING THE GRAPE CURE AT BADEN-BADEN

SWEDISH GYMNASTICS IN THE FRIEDRICH BATHS AT BADEN-BADEN.

Photograph by the Trans-Atlantic Company

laxative, tonic, etc. And, of course, the prospectus of every mineral spring and of every bath carries on its title-page a most imposing chemical analysis, detailing the number of grains per gallon, or parts per thousand, in its water, of a most dignified procession of unpronounceable salts ranging from ten to twenty titles in length.

Surely any one who would swallow such a department store or geological menagerie as that might expect some positive results!

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Atlantic Company.

A PLEASANT ACCOMPANIMENT OF NAUSEOUS WATERS.

MOST OF THE FAMOUS SPRINGS ARE FOUND IN CHARMING LOCATIONS.

Photograph by the Trans-Atlantic Company.

All very true; but there is one insignificant little fact which every chemist knows, but which the general public does not know—and this is that the commonest and most insignificant sample of ordinary well water or tap water also possesses a table of mineral contents which, if written out at full length in the fine Italian hand of the analyst, would strike terror into the soul of the beholder. The water that most of us drink every day contains at least half, and often two-thirds, of the high-sounding

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salts which make up the roll of honor of the most potent mineral water. The only difference between the two is that the mineral water contains larger amounts of salts.

In other words, a mineral water is nothing but a slightly exaggerated well-water. It is no exaggeration to say that a gallon of ordinary dish-water with the scum off would have as much curative value as many of our world-famous mineral waters, such for instance as those of the Hot Springs of Arkansas, the Virginia Hot Springs, Wiesbaden, Bath, Harrogate, and Aix-la-Chapelle. Several of our most famous springs were actually used for brine to boil down and make salt until it was discovered that they contained too many impurities for wholesome table use. They are like the grocer's adulterated sugar—"too much sand for table use and not enough for building purposes." The best general definition, in a word, of eight-tenths of the mineral waters of the world would be, "weak sea-water."

WHY SALT WATER IS SALT

As a matter of fact, this is exactly what most of them are. All the water on this cooling globe, of course, has at one time or another fallen from the clouds in the form of rain. Its "freshness" is in direct proportion to its nearness to the aforesaid clouds. Rain-water, as everybody knows, is perfectly "fresh;" that is to say, it has not yet had time to take up any mineral, earthy, or salty matters from the soil. As it runs down in the brooks and streams, or stands in mountain lakes, it still remains free from earthy impurities and we still call it "soft."

But as it pours on down toward the sea, sucks up more and more of the salts from its bed and banks, and receives the leachings of the rain-water which has soaked down more slowly through the soil into the streams, it gradually becomes harder and saltier, until finally at its mouth the great river may become quite hard.

Then in the permanent reservoir into which it pours—the sea, which receives constantly the leachings of all the lands and countries that drain into it, and at the same time constantly evaporates up into the sky to form clouds again—the water becomes so loaded with mineral and earthy constituents that we simply call it "salt."

A similar "rich sea change" takes place in that rain-water which, instead of running directly off into brooks and streams, soaks down into the soil. The deeper it goes, the more impregnated it becomes with salts and lime, until by the time it has reached, say, thirty or forty feet in depth and we sink a shaft down into it, pump it up, and call it "well-water," it has become quite hard.

If it goes sinking on deeper into the soil until finally it strikes a sloping water-proof stratum along the top of which it runs for anywhere from five to a hundred and fifty miles underground, picking up the salty drippings of the earth and rocks above it as it goes, it naturally becomes saltier and saltier. Finally it either leaks out through some underground fissure into the sea or else finds its way up to the surface again on the side of some mountain as a mineral spring.

If in its course it leaches through much fermenting or decaying vegetable matter (humus), it picks up enough bubbles of carbon dioxid (the "gas" of our soda-fountains) to become charged and sparkling.

Many of the rocks which form the deeper layers of the earth's crust were laid down in and under sea-water, and hence are heavily saturated with the salts of the sea. When rain-water, leaching gradually down from the surface, strikes such a salt-saturated bed of rocks and is either brought up to the surface by driven wells or bubbles up of its own accord in the gashed side of some mountain range, it is so heavily saturated with these salts that it is then known as brine. A number of our most famous mineral waters are simply diluted brine, less the more poisonous elements like iodids, bromids, and chlorin. Such, for instance, are Congress, Carlsbad, Vichy, Hunyadi, Apenta.

So far as positive action is concerned, there are only two classes of mineral waters, those that purge and those that do not. All other effects produced or supposed to be produced, such as those upon the digestion, upon the skin, upon the kidneys, or upon the liver, are almost entirely due to the amount of water swallowed.

The vast majority of the salts contained in either well-water or mineral water

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THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN LIVES THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE OF A JELLY-FISH FOR FIVE PENITENTIAL WEEKS, IN ORDER TO ATONE FOR THE OVER-DISSIPATING OF THE PREVIOUS FORTY-SEVEN.

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are what is technically known as *inert*, that is to say, they produce no particular effect except that in excess they upset the digestion or irritate the bowels and disturb the general equilibrium of the system.

Oddly enough, the ideal drinking water for health is neither soft water nor distilled water—that is to say, a water that is absolutely free from any form of saltness, but one that contains moderate amounts of the ordinary salty constituents of Mother Earth. Now all these elements, if written out with their full chemical titles, with the number of parts per thousand placed opposite, would make a most imposing array. Here, for instance, is the formula of a famous mineral water, that of the Virginia Hot Springs, and side by side with it the formula of the water of one of the water companies supplying London:

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS (Boiling Spring)	GRAINS PER GALLON
Calcium Carbonate and Sulphate	23
Sodium Chlorid	1.3
Sodium and Magnesium Sulphate	5
Silica, Potash, Iron	traces
	30.08

LONDON WATER (Kent Co.)	GRAINS PER GALLON
Calcium Carbonate and Sulphate	21.67
Sodium Chlorid	2.64
Magnesia	2.0
Silica, Alumina, Nitrates, etc.	traces
	30.30

Here are the two analyses again, translated into the vernacular, so far as common names exist for the various salts:

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS	PER GALLON
Lime and Plaster of Paris	1-3 teaspoonful
Common Salt	1-5 pinch
"Physic" Salts (Glauber's, Epsom, or Crab Orchard)	1 pinch

LONDON WATER	PER GALLON
Lime	¼ teaspoonful
Plaster of Paris	1-12 "
Common Salt	½ pinch
Magnesia	½ "

A better comparison still for suggesting their probable curative powers is that between our most famous mineral waters and sea-water. Take, for instance, our own Saratoga Springs, and of these the best known, the famous "Congress," and contrast its table of contents with that of ordinary sea-water. Here are the analyses:

SARATOGA CONGRESS.	GRAINS PER GALLON
Sodium Chlorid	385
Magnesium Carbonate	56
Calcium Carbonate and Sulphate	116
Sodium Bicarbonate	9
Sodium Iodid	4
Bromid, Iron, Silica, etc.	traces
Total Salts	575

SEA-WATER	GRAINS PER GALLON
Sodium Chlorid	400
Magnesium Carbonate	50
Calcium and Potassium Sulphate and Carbonate	52
Bromin	1
Iodin, Fluorin, Phosphates, and Silica	traces
Total Salts	503

To translate again into plain "United States" as nearly as may be:

SARATOGA	PER GALLON
Common Salt	8 teaspoonfuls
Magnesia	1 "
Lime and Plaster of Paris	2 "
Bromid and Iodid	1-12 "

SEA-WATER	PER GALLON
Common Salt	8 teaspoonfuls
Magnesia	1 "
Lime and Plaster of Paris	1 "
Bromid and Iodid	1-30 "

And if for Saratoga had been substituted the famous European Vichy, either *Grande Grille* or *Célestins*, the only difference discoverable would have been a slightly smaller amount of common salt and the absence of the few pinches of bitter-tasting sulphates, iodids, and bromides, with a little carbonate of soda (saleratus) added to make it alkaline.

In short, our most famous and world-renowned mineral waters have nothing in them which is not also contained in sea-water, and may be briefly described as either diluted sea-water or exaggerated well-water, whichever you prefer. *There is not one of them, from the weakest to the strongest, which could not be manufactured in the seclusion of your own bedroom out of hydrant-water, common salt, a little plaster scraped off the wall to give lime and plaster of Paris, and five cents' worth of any common laxative salt, such as Epsom, Glauber's, or Crab Orchard. If you will warm the mixture and, striking an ordinary old-fashioned "stinker" sulphur match, inhale its fumes while you drink it, you will have any one of the world-famous hot sulphur spring waters in full perfection.*

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An amusing feature of the whole business is that of all this imposing list of salts which enter into most mineral waters practically only two have any definite medicinal effect upon the human body. These are the sulphates of soda and of magnesium, Glauber's and Epsom salts, which are powerful laxatives. A great many waters—including sea-water—boast these valuable constituents; but only one or two contain them in sufficient amounts to produce any laxative effect unless at least a gallon be swallowed.

The world-famous Carlsbad water, for instance, in its most potent "Sprudel" Spring, contains exactly one hundred and forty grains of sodium sulphate (Glauber's salts) to the gallon. The ordinary laxative dose of this salt is a teaspoonful, or sixty grains, and the cathartic one a tablespoonful, or two hundred and forty grains. Reduced to figures, this simply means that in order to secure a laxative effect from natural Carlsbad water one must drink at least half a gallon, and for a cathartic effect two gallons.

WHY NOT USE HYDRANT WATER?

Few things could better illustrate the trifling part that the water itself actually plays in a cure than the facts which I discovered last summer when visiting Carlsbad, as to the amount of water actually consumed. In going about and watching the victims swallowing their doses, I was struck by the extraordinary length of time it took them to sip a small glassful of the nauseous fluid. My curiosity was aroused, and I asked some of my doctor friends: "What is the amount of water you usually advise your patients to drink here at Carlsbad?"

"Oh," they responded unanimously, "anywhere from half a glassful to a glassful and a half."

"Surely," I said, "that is much less than they used to drink in the old days when the reputation of the spring was made."

"Oh, yes," they replied. "In those days they were recommended to drink anywhere from twelve to sixteen glasses a day, but we get just as good results from the smaller doses."

Whereupon I asked for a piece of paper and, taking out my pencil, began to figure, with the result of discovering that the fond patrons of Carlsbad to-day are actually taking the enormous dose of from ten to fifteen grains of sodium sulphate a day—one-fifth of the amount necessary to produce a laxative result, and one-twentieth of the amount necessary to act as a cathartic.

Yet I had the unanimous testimony of my medical colleagues that the cures resulting were just as numerous and as lasting as before!

One of the most amusing inconsistencies in our modern springs worship is the curious fact that the four or five mineral waters which have obtained widest vogue and are sold by thousands of bottles on both sides of the Atlantic are just plain, pure spring-water and nothing else. They contain enough carbon dioxid from decayed vegetable matter to give them a "charge," or sparkle, but an actually smaller content of salty matters than average well or hydrant water.

Such, for instance, are the well-known Poland Springs in this country and that famous European gold-mine, affectionately known all over clubdom as "Polly"—the one indispensable element of a "peg" or a "high-ball," which is supposed to neutralize the injurious effects of the other ingredients. Both of these famous health-savers and life-preservers contain about five grains of earthy salts per gallon—that is to say, about one part in ten thousand—while New York Croton water contains five, Philadelphia Schuylkill water four, and most of the city waters of the world contain from fifteen to thirty-five. In other words, Poland Springs and "Polly" are both pure, plain water or wetness.

They are now frankly recognized as mere table waters, having little or no medicinal action either one way or the other; but they are cordially and enthusiastically recommended by both their drinkers and their promoters for all sorts of disturbances of digestion and circulation; and in the earlier days both the springs were famous health resorts and wrought wondrous cures.

Even more striking is the case of the historic and widely renowned hot sulphur waters of both America and Europe, many of whose names are literally household words and whose fame as cures for all sorts of chronic maladies which have resisted the skill of the family physician, and particu-

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larly for a certain class of blood diseases, is world-wide. Take a few of the most famous—the Hot Springs of Arkansas and the Hot Springs of Virginia in this country, and the waters of Bath, of Harrogate, of Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen), and of Luchon in Europe.

The water of the notorious Hot Springs of Arkansas, which probably counts more cures to its credit than any other water in America, contains exactly eight and one-half grains per gallon of mineral matters, all told—that is to say, about half as much as ordinary hydrant-water. Nor does the potency of its salts make up in any way for the smallness of amount, for over one-half of the total is just plain lime, another fourth is silica or sand, and the only trace of anything that could have the slightest curative, or positive, effect of any sort is a single grain per gallon of sodium and potassium sulphate, or one-sixtieth of a laxative dose of Glauber's salts per gallon. Take half a trowelful of fresh mortar, dissolve it in twenty hogsheads of warm water, and you have the famous Arkansas elixir of life and hair-restorer.

The water of the Virginia Hot Springs has a slightly larger load of salts, which just brings it up to that of London tap-water. The particular salts which it contains are equally inert and useless.

THE SULPHUR HUMBUG

On the other side of the Atlantic, the famous sulphur waters of Harrogate contain a trifle more salts, but, with the exception of a few teaspoonfuls of common salt to the gallon, of no greater medicinal activity. The waters of Bath are, again, almost as "washy" as those of the Hot Springs of Arkansas, while those of Aix-la-Chapelle are almost identical with the Harrogate water, barring about two teaspoonfuls of common salt per gallon.

The riddle of the astounding reputation of the Hot Springs of Arkansas is easily solved. It is the enormous doses of mercury, by the mouth, by rubbing in through the skin, and by fumigation, which are administered in connection with the water. The mercury does the work, the hot sulphur water gets the credit. Ninety-five per cent. of the reputation of the Hot Springs of Arkansas and of those of Aix-la-Chapelle is due to mercury.

But, says some one at once, you are overlooking the sulphur which all these springs contain in such unmistakable amounts. That is only another of the gentle little humbugs of Taking the Waters. Sulphur gas and sulphids, which give the famous "brimstone" or rotten-egg smell and taste to waters, have no known curative effects. But as a means of profoundly impressing the imagination and giving the water a high reputation in advance for curative powers, sulphur is of enormous value.

It is a significant and rather humiliating fact that the waters with the highest reputation to-day are those that are hottest and taste and smell most strongly of sulphur; and the hotter they are and the louder they smell, the greater their reputation and their fame. It is no mere accident that the water which has probably the widest celebrity and the highest therapeutic reputation in the world, the renowned Sprudel of Carlsbad, is not only the most heavily loaded with sulphids, but one of the hottest and steamiest waters in the world, and in addition bursts up in spouting explosions from its rocky cleft every few minutes day and night, hurling roaring jets of water and clouds of steam fifty feet into the air. It appeals to all the senses at once.

It may be frankly admitted, however, that although salts with active medicinal properties of any sort are plentifully lacking in the vast majority of our mineral waters, it is quite possible that a mere change in the proportion and amounts of comparatively inactive salts may in some way produce considerable effects upon the nutrition of the body. Witness, for instance, the disagreeably familiar effects in the way of internal insurrections from a "change of water" when traveling, even though both waters be pure and good.

Incredible as it may seem, some of the so-called "poisonous springs," such as are found in many of the mountainous regions of the world, notably among the Idaho, Nevada, and Colorado plateaux, for instance, have been found on analysis to contain neither arsenic, lead, nor any other poisonous salt, but to be absolutely pure H_2O! Yet a good drink of water from one of these "chemically pure" springs will produce marked discomfort in many men and animals that swallow it.

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When it comes to the external uses and applications of the waters both hot and cold, we touch solid realities. Bathings and douches and steamings and sweatings produce very decided effects and are a great relief in many painful conditions of the joints and muscles, such as rheumatism, gout, lumbago, etc. But even these undoubted effects have been greatly exaggerated, and again the principal factor which produces the result is plain wetness.

Nine-tenths of all the mineral baths, mud baths, brine baths, and the like have no specific powers whatever, nor any curative effects other than those of ordinary tub water. The only exception is a small handful of waters like those of Nauheim, which are heavily charged with carbonic acid, or loaded with peculiarly stimulating or irritating salts; but even these can readily be imitated.

For bathing and external use, those waters which are hot are naturally the prime favorites, on account of the well-known effects of heat, whether dry or moist, in relieving pain and reducing inflammation; and those springs which run up well toward the boiling-point used to make a special boast of the intensity of the natural heat in their waters, which was supposed to have some special and mysterious superiority over artificial heat.

One of the most amusing things to note, in visiting springs and baths in half the countries of Europe and states of the Union, as it has fallen to my lot to do, is the absolute uniformity of the bathing, douching, and spraying equipment. Those springs whose natural waters are cold, heat them up to a respectable steaming-point before use, in some instances before they permit them to emerge into public view at all, and are extremely annoyed if any skeptic questions whether their original waters are hot or cold.

They all have tub-baths and sitz-baths and mud-baths and sweat-boxes and hot-rooms and douche-rooms. In these last the unfortunate patient is stood up in front of a marble and nickel-plated apparatus which looks like a cross between a soda-fountain and a Gatling gun, to be shot at and sprayed and steamed and frozen and Scotch-douched—a vicious, alternating, rapid-fire arrangement by which the luckless victim is deluged alternate half minutes with water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and as warm as India's coral strands.

The latest wrinkle in all of them is the addition of a "*Gurgel Raum*," whose appalling name describes its purpose exactly, namely: a place where patients with throat diseases can gargle until the welkin rings; and an inhalation chamber where sprays and gas from the water can be inhaled into the noses, throats, and bronchial tubes of those suffering from catarrh, bronchitis, croup, and even, *horribile dictu*, tuberculosis.

The *rationale* of all these latter additions is beautifully illustrated by the naive remark of a Welsh resort physician to a colleague of mine: "We have found that the air of Llanruthas y Coed agrees remarkably well with bronchial and nasal troubles, *so we are going to put in an inhalation room, where they can breathe the steam from the waters.*"

The pure, dry, high-moorland air was to cure, and the waters were to get the credit!

MAKE YOUR OWN MINERAL SPRINGS

The astute proprietors of mineral springs are not "overlooking any bets" of any sort. If the water has not enough mineral salts in it, they put them in; if it has too much, they dilute it before it is allowed to see the light. Not a few of the most famous springs are said actually to sell and ship away in bottles, every month, almost as much water as flows from the spring in a year. Yet a chemical analysis will show every pint of it to contain the exact amount and proportion of salts in the genuine water. If you want to buy a really reliable and wholesome bottled water, order one which frankly admits that it is made from distilled water, with the requisite percentage of salts added, and charged with carbon dioxid to taste.

Not long ago I was visiting a famous European sulphur spring in a lovely green valley high up among the mountains. I had a card of introduction to the resident physician, and he was most courteously doing the honors of the establishment and displaying its good points. Their equipment was up to date and most complete, and the list of diseases they were prepared to treat fairly rolled from his tongue. Rheumatism of all sorts, gout, lumbago, sciatica, of course; gastritis, dyspepsia, and constipation; all curable forms of Bright's

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disease, diabetes, and paralysis; eczema, psoriasis, and acne; obesity, and mania a potu.

All these I expected and accepted as a matter of course. But when he went on to show steam-tubes with a cupped end that could be pressed over the eyeball, smaller nozzles for insertion into the ear, inhalation rooms for bronchitis, for asthma, for catarrh, and at last, to my horror, for tuberculosis—"Oh, yes," he said, "consumptives do very well at this altitude"—my gorge and my sense of humor began to rise together.

Finally, I could hold in no longer, and with a shocking disregard of professional courtesy, I blurted out: "Doctor, are there any diseases that these waters make worse? Any class of patients whom you would discourage from taking the cure?"

He stared for a moment, but quickly recovered his poise and replied: "Oh, yes, we wouldn't let a patient with a very bad heart go into the sweat-cave."

Rest and the mountain air did the work; the hot sulphur got the credit.

POLITE STARVATION

It is popularly believed that the special and rigid diets which are laid down at the various springs have a good deal to do with their curative effects. The more carefully one examines the diets at the various baths and springs the less foundation can be found for this claim. Many of them are little better than mere taboos, superstitious and whimsical prohibitions of certain foods which are supposed not to "go well with" the waters, such as butter at Carlsbad, sweet wines at another, fruit at another, tea at another, etc. The only characteristic which they all have in common is that they are decidedly slender in both amount and quality; in other words, they are simply genteel forms of starvation.

This has grown out of the fact that the great majority of the patrons of the springs and cures are of the well-to-do, or at least more comfortable, class, not to mention the fashionable rich, most of whom have been underexercising and overfeeding and often drinking more than was good for them.

In short, it may be said of the mineral bath waters of America and Europe, as has already been said of the drinking waters, that every result and every curative effect to be had in the bath-house of the most famous spring on earth can be duplicated in any home bathroom with a bag of sea-salt, a little vinegar and soda for the fizz, and a bushel of garden loam for the *fango* or mud effects.

To sum up, the virtues of The Cure are many and varied. As a change of air and a vacation, it is admirable; but a month's vacation in the clear air of some hillside or mountain-top, or in the salty tang of the sea-coast, or, still better, the possession of a camp, bungalow, or cottage, and the habit of going out into the country for week-ends and holidays, will do you twice as much good and give you far richer and more permanent returns in health, comfort, and happiness than a "course of the waters" at the most famous and justly renowned bath or spa in existence. It is far better and wholesomer to get into the habit of living a sensible, vigorous, outdoor life the year round than to go through these penitential mummeries at stated intervals.

Drink plenty—that is, quarts—of pure, fresh water, without anything added to it, whether saline or spirituous; eat all that your appetite calls for of rich, nourishing foods; take plenty of exercise in the open air, and don't overwork indoors; live in the open air day and night—and the "*Kurhauses*" and casinos and marble bath-houses of our springs and resorts will soon be one with the Coliseum and the Temple of Karnak.

Of positive harm the baths do little, save the usual vicious results of repentance and so-called pardon. Nature sometimes forgives but she never forgets. The atmosphere of a resort is apt to be unwholesome morally, as well as physically. The brainless idleness and monotony that the course enforces soon drive men to gambling and women to flirtation. The most prosperous and famous gambling dens and race-meetings in the world are run in or near springs and baths. All sorts of spirits come up out of the waters, and the Caveman wasn't so far wrong in his first guess.

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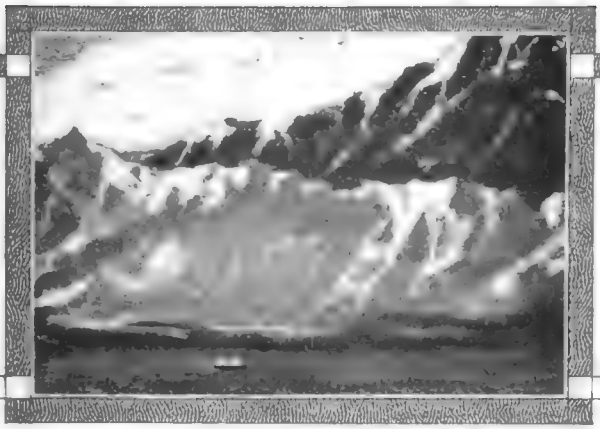

The IRON TRAIL

by

REX BEACH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

PRECEDING INSTALMENTS:—On board the *Nebraska*, bound from Seattle to Alaska, Murray O'Neil, builder of the North Pass and Yukon Railway, was visiting Captain Brennan in his cabin. Suddenly the ship struck a rock. O'Neil helped quell the panic; then, as the boat began to sink, he aided in getting the passengers into life-boats. But he himself stayed behind and worked to release his horses, which he had meant to land at Kyak Bay. As he gave up the vain effort and prepared to leave the ship, a girl, dazed and frightened, appeared at his door, and together they plunged into the icy waters. The girl could not swim, but O'Neil, half unconscious himself, kept her afloat until at last they were picked up by the captain's life-boat. Later O'Neil learned that the girl he had saved was Natalie Gerard, ward of Curtis Gordon, a promoter whose flourishing Alaskan projects were under suspicion. The next day, when Miss Gerard found that O'Neil was going on north, she persuaded him to take her along, so that she might join her mother and Gordon at Hope, Gordon's new mining-town. The night journey out into the sound in an open launch with this man who had won her admiration, not only by his bravery but by the charm of his personality, was an exciting adventure for the girl. Long after midnight O'Neil stopped a north-bound freight steamer, and Natalie's respect deepened at the realization of O'Neil's authority.

CHAPTER IV— CONTINUED

ONE further task remained for her protector's magic powers. It appeared that there were no quarters on the ship for women; but after a subdued colloquy between Murray and the captain, she was led to the cleanest and coziest of staterooms, high up near the bridge. Over the door she glimpsed a metal plate with the words "1st Officer" lettered upon it. O'Neil bade her good-night and wished her untroubled rest; then, almost before she had accustomed herself to her new surroundings, an immaculate, though sleepy, Japanese steward stood before her with a tray. He was extremely cheerful for one so lately

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awakened, being still aglow with pleased surprise over the bank-note which lay neatly folded in his waistcoat pocket.

Natalie sat cross-legged on her berth and munched with the appetite of a healthy young animal at the fruit and biscuits and lovely heavy cake which the steward had brought. She was very glad, now, that she had disobeyed her mother. It was high time, indeed, to assert herself, for she was old enough to know something of the world, and her judgment of men was mature enough to insure perfect safety—that much had been proved. She felt that her adventure had been a great success, practically and romantically.

CHAPTER V

THE ARRIVAL AT HOPE

IN ONE way the southern coast of Alaska may be said to be perhaps a million years younger than any other land on this continent, for it is still in the glacial period. The vast alluvial plains and valleys of the interior are rimmed in to the southward and shut off from the Pacific by a well-nigh impassable mountain barrier, the top of which is capped with perpetual snow. Its gorges, for the most part, run rivers of ice instead of water. Europe has nothing like these glaciers which overflow the Alaskan valleys and submerge the hills, for many of them contain more ice than the whole of Switzerland. This range is the Andes of the North, and it curves westward in a magnificent sweep, hugging the shore for a thousand leagues. Against it the sea beats stormily; its frozen crest is played upon by constant rains and fogs and blizzards. But beyond it lies a land of sunshine, of long, dry, golden summer days.

Let into this chaos of cliff and peak and slanting cañon, midway to the westward, is King Philip Sound, a sheet of water dotted with islands and framed by forests. It reaches inland with long, crooked tentacles which end like talons, in living ice. Hidden some forty miles up one of these, upon the moraine of a receding glacier, sits Cortez, a thriving village, and long the point of entry to the interior, the commencement of the overland trail to the golden valleys of the Yukon and the Tanana. The Government wagon-trail winds in from here, tracing its sinuous course over one pass after another until it emerges into the undulating prairies of the "inside country."

Looking at the map, one would imagine that an easier gateway to the heart of Alaska would be afforded by the valley of the Salmon River, which enters the ocean some miles to the eastward of King Philip Sound. But there are formidable difficulties. The stream bursts the last rampart of the coast range asunder by means of a cañon, down which it rages in majestic fury and up which no craft can navigate. Then it spreads itself out through a dozen shallow mouths across a forty-mile delta of silt and sand and glacial wash. As if Nature feared her arctic strong-box might still be invaded by this route, she has placed additional safeguards to the approach, in the form of giant glaciers, through the very bowels of which the Salmon River is forced to burrow.

In the early days of the Klondike rush, men had attempted to ascend the valley, but they had succeeded only at the cost of such peril and disaster that others were warned away. The region had become the source of many weird stories, and while the ice-fields could be seen from the Kyak coal-fields, and on still days their cannonading could be heard far out at sea, there were few who had ventured to cross the forty-mile morass which lay below them and thus attempt to verify the rumors.

It was owing to these topographical conditions that Cortez had been established as the point of entry to the interior; it was because of them that she had grown and flourished, with her sawmills and her gin-mills, her docks and her dives.

But at the time when this story opens Alaska had developed to a point where an overland outlet by winter and a circuitous inlet, by way of Bering Sea and the crooked Yukon, in summer, were no longer sufficient. There was need of a permanent route by means of which men and freight might come and go through all the year. The famous North Pass and Yukon Railway, far to the eastward, afforded transportation to Dawson City and the Canadian territory, and had proven itself such a financial success that builders began to look for a harbor, more to the westward, from which they could tap the great heart of Alaska.

Thus it was that Cortez awoke one morning to find herself selected as the terminus

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"I AIN'T HAD A DAY'S LUCK SINCE LINCOLN WAS SHOT. THE MINUTE I GET A GOOD JOB, ALONG YOU COME AND SPOIL IT."

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of a new line. Other railway propositions followed, flimsy promotion schemes for the most part, but among them two that had more than paper and "hot air" behind them. One of these was backed by the Copper Trust, which had made heavy mining investments two hundred miles inland; the other by Curtis Gordon, a promoter who claimed New York as his birthplace and the world as his residence.

Gordon had been one of the first to locate in the Kyak coal-fields, and he had also purchased a copper prospect a few miles down the sound from Cortez, where he had started a town which he called Hope. There were some who shook their heads and smiled knowingly when they spoke of that prospect, but no one denied that under Gordon's direction it was fast assuming the outward semblance of a mine. He had erected a fine, substantial wharf, together with buildings, bunk-houses, cottages, and a spacious residence for himself; and daily the piles of débris beneath the tunnel entries to his workings grew. He paid high wages, he spent money lavishly, and he had a magnificent and compelling way with him that dazzled and delighted the good people of Cortez.

When he began work on a railroad which was designed to reach far into the interior, his action was taken as proof positive of his financial standing, and his critics were put down as pessimists who had some personal grudge against him.

It was up to the raw, new village of Hope, with its odor of fresh-cut fir and undried paint, that the freight steamer with Natalie Gerard and the "Irish Prince" aboard came gingerly one evening.

Even before the ship had tied up O'Neil had identified the tall, impressive man on the dock as the genius and founder of Hope, and the dark-haired, well-formed woman beside him as Natalie's mother. It was not until they were close at hand that the daughter made her presence known; then, unable to restrain herself longer, she shrieked her greeting down over the rail. Mrs. Gerard started, then stared upward as if at an apparition; she stretched out a groping hand to Gordon, who stood as if frozen in his tracks. Then they seemed to be exchanging hurried words, and the man appeared to be reassuring his companion. It looked very odd to O'Neil; but any suspicion that Natalie was unwelcome disappeared when she reached the dock.

Her mother's dark eyes were bright with unshed tears of gladness, her face was transfigured, she showed the strong, repressed emotion of an undemonstrative nature as they embraced. Natalie clung to her, laughing, crying, bombarding her with questions, begging forgiveness, and babbling of her adventures. Their resemblance was striking, and in point of beauty there seemed little to choose between them. They might have been nearly of an age, except that the mother lacked the girl's restless vivacity.

O'Neil remained in the background, like an uncomfortable bridegroom, conscious meanwhile of the searching and hostile regard of Curtis Gordon. But at last his protégée managed to gasp out in a more or

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less coherent manner the main facts of the shipwreck and her rescue, whereupon Gordon's attitude abruptly altered.

"My God!" he ejaculated. "You were not on the *Nebraska?*"

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried Natalie. "The life-boats went off and left me all alone—in the dark — with the ship sinking! Mr. O'Neil saved me. He took me up and jumped, just as the ship sank, and we were all night in the freezing water. We nearly died, didn't we? He fainted, and so did I, Mummie dear—it was so cold. He held me up until we were rescued, though, and then there wasn't room in the life-boat for both of us. But he made them take me in just the same, while he stayed in the water. He was unconscious when he reached the shore. Oh, it was splendid!"

O'Neil's identity being established, and the nature of his service becoming apparent, Curtis Gordon took his hand in a crushing grip and thanked him in a way that might have warmed the heart of a stone gargoyle. The man was transformed, now that he understood; he became a geyser of eloquence. He poured forth his appreciation in rounded sentences; his splendid, musical voice softened and swelled and broke with a magnificent and touching emotion. Through it all the Irish contractor remained uncomfortably silent. For he could not help thinking that this fulsome outburst was aroused rather by the man who had built the North Pass and Yukon than by the rescuer of Mrs. Gerard's daughter.

As for the mother, she said little, and the few words she spoke to him were stiffly formal; but in the depths of her dazed, wide-open eyes he read a gratitude which affected him deeply.

A crowd was collecting round them, but Gordon cleared it away with an imperious gesture.

"Come!" he said. "This is no place to talk. Mr. O'Neil's splendid gallantry renders our mere thanks inane. He must allow us to express our gratitude in a more fitting manner."

"Please don't!" exclaimed O'Neil hastily.

"You are our guest; the hospitality of our house is yours. Hope would be honored to welcome you, sir, at any time, but under these circumstances——"

"I'm going right on to Cortez."

"The ship will remain here for several hours, discharging freight, and we insist that you allow us this pleasure, meanwhile. You shall spend the night here; then perhaps you will feel inclined to prolong your stay. All that Cortez has, we have in double proportion—I say it with pride. Cortez is no longer the metropolis of the region. Hope—well, I may say that Cortez is of all Alaskan cities the most fortunate, since it has realized its Hope." He laughed musically. "This town has come to stay; we intend to annex Cortez eventually. If you feel that you must go on, I shall deem it a pleasure to send you, later, in my motor-boat. She makes the run in fifteen minutes. But you must first honor our house and our board; you must permit us to pledge your health in a glass. We insist."

"Please!" said Mrs. Gerard.

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"*Do* come, your Highness," Natalie urged, from the shelter of the elder woman's arms.

"You're more than kind," said O'Neil, and together the four turned their faces to the town.

CHAPTER VI

WHEREIN WE SEE CURTIS GORDON AND OTHERS

CURTIS GORDON'S respect for his guest increased as they walked up the dock, for before they had taken many steps, out from the crowd which had gathered to watch the ship's arrival stepped one of his foremen. This fellow shook hands warmly with O'Neil, whereupon others followed, one by one—miners, day laborers, "rough-necks" of many nationalities. They doffed their hats—something they never did for Gordon—and stretched out grimy hands, their faces lighting up with smiles. O'Neil accepted their greetings with genuine pleasure and called them all by name.

"We just heard you was shipwrecked," said Gordon's foreman anxiously. "You wasn't hurt, was you?"

"Not in the least."

"God be praised! There's a lot of the old gang at work here."

"So I see."

"Here's Shorty, that you may remember from the North Pass." The speaker dragged from the crowd a red-faced, perspiring ruffian who had hung back with the bashfulness of a small boy. "He's the fellow you dug out of the slide at twenty-eight."

"Connors!" cried O'Neil warmly. "I'm glad to see you. And how are the two arms of you?"

"Better'n ever they was, the both av them!" Mr. Connors blushed, doubled his fists, and flexed his bulging muscles. "An' why shouldn't they be, when you set 'em both with your own hands, Misther O'Neil? 'Twas as good a job as Doc Gray ever done in the hospittle."

O'Neil's progress was slow, for half the crowd insisted upon shaking his hand and exchanging a few words with him.

"Bless my soul!" Gordon exclaimed finally, "you know more of them than I do."

"Yes. I seldom have to fire a man."

"Then you are favored of the gods. Labor is my great problem; it is the supreme drawback of this country. These people drift and blow on every breeze, like the sands of the Sahara. With more and better help I could work wonders here."

Unexpected as these salutations had been, O'Neil's greatest surprise came a moment later as he passed the first of the Company buildings. There he heard his name pronounced in a voice which halted him, and in an open doorway he saw a huge, loose-hung man of tremendous girth, with a war-bag in his hand and a wide black hat thrust back from a shiny forehead.

"Why, Tom!" he exclaimed. "Tom Slater!"

Gordon groaned and went on with the women, saying: "Come up to the house when you escape, Mr. O'Neil. I shall have dinner served."

Mr. Slater came forward slowly, dragging his clothes-bag with him. The two shook hands.

"What in the world are you doing here, Tom?"

"Nothing!" said Slater. He had a melancholy cast of feature, utterly out of keeping with his rotund form. In his eyes was the somber glow of a soul at war with the flesh.

"Nothing?"

"I had a good job, putting in a power plant for his Nibs—" he indicated the retreating Gordon with a disrespectful jerk of the thumb—"but I quit."

"Not enough pay?"

"Best wages I ever got. He pays well."

"What made you quit?"

"I haven't exactly quit, but I'm going to. When I saw you coming up the dock I said: 'There's the chief! Now he'll want me.' So I began to pack." The speaker dangled his partly filled war-bag as evidence. In an even sourer tone he grumbled: "Ain't that just me? I ain't had a day's luck since Lincoln was shot. The minute I get a good job, along you come and spoil it."

"I don't want you," laughed O'Neil.

"Oh, yes, you do. You've got something on, or you wouldn't be here. I've been drawing pay from you now for over five minutes."

O'Neil made a gesture of impatience. "No, no! In the first place, I have nothing for you to do; in the second place, I probably couldn't afford the wages Gordon is paying you."

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"MY DEAR SIR, YOU HAVE MY SINCERE SYMPATHY. YOUR POISON, MY MEAT—AS IT WERE, EH? YOU BECAME DISCOURAGED TOO SOON."

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"That's the hell of it!" gloomily agreed "Happy Tom." "Where are your grips? I'll begin by carrying them."

"I haven't any; I've been shipwrecked. Seriously, Tom, I have no place for you."

The repetition of this statement made not the smallest impression upon the hearer.

"You'll have one soon enough," he replied. Then with a touch of spirit: "Do you think I'd work for this four-flusher if you were in the country?"

"Hush!" O'Neil cast a glance over his shoulder. "You think Gordon is a false alarm?"

"Happy Tom" spat with unerring accuracy at a crack, then said: "He's talking railroads! Railroads! Why, I've got a boy back in the state of Maine, fourteen years old——"

"Willie?"

"Yes. My son Willie could skin Curtis Gordon at railroad-building—and Willie is the sickly one of the outfit. But I'll hand it to Gordon for one thing: he's a money-getter and a money-spender. He knows where the loose stone in the hearth is laid, and he knows just which lilac-bush the family savings are buried under. Those penurious Pilgrim Fathers in my part of the country come up and drop their bank-books through the slot in his door every morning. He's the first easy money I ever had; I'd get rich off of him, but," Slater sighed, "of course you had to come along and wrench me away from the till."

"Don't quit on my account," urged his former chief. "I'm up here on coal matters. I can't take time to explain now, but I'll see you later."

"Suit yourself, only don't keep me loafing on full time. I'm an expensive man."

O'Neil went on his way, somewhat amused, yet undeniably pleased at finding his boss packer here, for Slater's presence might, after all, fit well enough into his plans.

The "Irish Prince" had gained something of a reputation for extravagance, but he acknowledged himself completely outshone by the luxury with which Curtis Gordon had surrounded himself at Hope. The promoter had spoken of his modest living quarters—in reality they consisted of a handsome twenty-room house, furnished with the elegance of a Newport cottage. The rugs were thick and richly colored; the furniture was of cathedral oak and mahogany. In the library were deep leather chairs, and bookcases filled mainly with the works of French and German authors of decadent type. The man's taste in art was revealed by certain pictures, undeniably clever, but a little too daring. He was undoubtedly a sybarite, yet he evidently possessed rare energy and executive force.

The dinner was notable mainly for its lavish disregard of expense. There were strawberries from Seattle, fresh cream and butter from Gordon's imported cows, cheese prepared expressly for him in France, and a champagne the date of which he took pains to make known.

On the whole, he played the part of host agreeably enough, and his constant flow of talk was really entertaining. His anecdotes embraced three continents; his wit, though Teutonic, was genial and mirth-provoking. When Mrs. Gerard took time from her worshipful regard of her daughter to enter the conversation, she spoke with easy charm and spontaneity. As for Natalie, she was intoxicated with delight; she chattered, she laughed, she interrupted with the joyful exuberance of youth.

Under such circumstances the meal should have proved enjoyable; yet the guest of honor had never been more ill at ease. Precisely what accounted for the feeling he could not quite determine. Somewhere back in his mind was a suspicion that things were not as they should be, here in this house of incongruities.

"You wonder perhaps why I have been so extravagant with my living quarters," said Gordon, as they walked into the library, "but it is not for myself alone. You see, I have people associated with me who are accustomed to every comfort and luxury, and I built this house for them. Mrs. Gerard, an old-time friend, has been kind enough to grace the establishment with her presence, and I expect others of my stockholders to do likewise. You see, I work in the light, Mr. O'Neil; I insist upon the broadest publicity in all my operations, and to that end I strive to bring my clients into contact with the undertaking itself. For instance, I am bringing a party of my stockholders all the way from New York, at my own expense, just to show them how their interests are being administered. I have chartered a special train and a ship for them, and of course they must be properly entertained while here."

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"Quite a scheme," said O'Neil.

"I wanted to show them this marvelous country, God's wonderland of opportunity. They will return impressed by the solidity and permanence of their investment."

Certainly the man knew how to play his game. No more effective means of advertising, no more profitable stock-jobbing scheme could be devised than a free trip of that sort, and a tour of Alaska under the watchful guidance of Curtis Gordon. O'Neil felt a touch of unwilling admiration.

"I judge from what you say that the mine gives encouragement," he ventured, eyeing his host curiously through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

"'Encouragement' is not the word. Before many years 'Hope Consolidated' will be listed on the exchanges of the world along with 'Amalgamated' and the other great producers. We have here, Mr. O'Neil, a tremendous mountain of ore, located at tide water, on one of the world's finest harbors. The climate is superb; we have coal near at hand for our own smelter. The mine only requires systematic development under competent hands."

"I was in Cortez when Lars Anderson made his first discovery here, and I had an option on all this property. I believe the price was twelve hundred dollars; at any rate, it was I who drove those tunnels you found when you bought him out."

Gordon's eyes wavered briefly, then he laughed. "My dear sir, you have my sincere sympathy. Your poison, my meat—as it were, eh? You became discouraged too soon. Another hundred feet of work and you would have been justified in paying twelve hundred thousand dollars. This 'Eldorado' which the Copper Trust has bought has a greater surface showing than 'Hope,' I grant; but—it lies two hundred miles inland, and there is the all-important question of transportation to be solved. The ore will have to be hauled, or smelted on the ground, while we have the Kyak coal-fields at our door. The Heidlemanns are building a railroad to it which will parallel mine in places, but the very nature of their enterprise foredooms it to failure."

"Indeed? How so?"

"My route is the better. By a rigid economy of expenditure, by a careful supervision of detail, I can effect a tremendous saving over their initial cost. I hope to convince them of the fact, and thus induce them to withdraw from the field or take over my road at—a reasonable figure. Negotiations are under way."

At this talk of economy from Curtis Gordon, O'Neil with difficulty refrained from smiling. He felt certain that the man's entire operations were as unsound as his statement that he could bring the trust to terms.

"Who laid out your right-of-way?" he asked with some interest.

"A very able young engineer, Dan Appleton. An excellent man, but—unreliable in certain things. I had to let him go, this very afternoon in fact, for insubordination. But I discharged him more for the sake of discipline than anything else. He'll be anxious to return in a few days. Now, tell me—" Gordon fixed his visitor with a bland stare which failed to mask his gnawing curiosity—"what brings you to King Philip Sound? Are we to be rivals in the railroad field?"

"No. There are enough projects of that sort in the neighborhood for the present."

"Five, all told, but only one destined to succeed."

"I'm bound for the Kyak coal-fields to perfect and amend my surveys under the new ruling."

"Ah! I've heard about that ruling."

"Heard about it?" exclaimed O'Neil. "Good Lord! Haven't you complied with it?"

"Not yet."

"You surely intend to do so?"

"Oh, yes—I suppose so."

"If you don't, you'll lose——"

"I'm not sure we can ever win."

"Nonsense!"

"I'm not sure that it's wise to put more good money into those coal claims," said Gordon. "This ruling will doubtless be reversed as the others have been. One never knows what the Land Office policy will be two days at a time."

"You know your own business," O'Neil remarked after a pause, "but unless you have inside information, or a bigger pull in Washington than the rest of us, I'd advise you to get busy. I'll be on my way to Kyak in the morning with a gang of men." Gordon's attitude puzzled him, for he could not bring himself to believe that such indifference was genuine.

Remembering Natalie's statement that her own and her mother's fortunes were tied

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up in the mines, he felt inclined to go over Gordon's head and tell the older woman plainly the danger of delay in complying with the law; but he thought better of the impulse. Her confidence in this man was supreme, and it seemed incredible that Gordon should jeopardize her holdings and his own. More likely his attitude was just a part of his pose, designed to show the bigness of his views and to shed a greater luster upon his railroad project.

It was difficult to escape from the hospitality of Hope, and O'Neil succeeded in doing so only after an argument with Natalie and her mother. They let him go at last, only upon his promise to return on his way back from the coal-fields, and they insisted upon accompanying him down to the dock, whither Gordon had preceded them in order to have his motor-boat in readiness.

As they neared the landing they overheard Gordon in spirited debate with Happy Tom Slater.

"But, my dear fellow," he was saying, "I can't lose you and Appleton on the same day."

"You can't? Why, you've done it," the fat man retorted gruffly.

"I refuse to be left in the lurch this way. You must give me notice."

Slater shrugged, and without a word tossed his bulging war-bag into the motor-boat, which lay moored beneath him. His employer's face was purple with rage as he turned to Murray and the women, but he calmed himself sufficiently to say:

"This man is in charge of important work for me, yet he tells me you have hired him away."

"Tom!" exclaimed O'Neil.

"I never said that," protested Slater. "I only told you I was working for Murray."

"Well?"

"I hired myself. He didn't have anything to say about it. I do all the hiring, firing, and boosting in my department."

"I appeal to you, O'Neil! I'm short-handed!" Gordon cried.

"I tell you he don't have a word to say about it," Slater declared with heat.

Natalie gave a little tinkling laugh. She recognized in this man the melancholy hero of more than one tale the "Irish Prince" had told her.

Murray did his best, but, knowing Happy Tom's calm obstinacy of old, he had no real hope of persuading him.

"You see how it is," he said to Gordon, finally. "He's been with me for years and he refuses to work for any one else while I'm around. If I don't take him with me he'll follow."

Mr. Slater nodded vigorously, then imparted these tidings: "It's getting late, and my feet hurt." He bowed to the women, then lowered himself ponderously yet carefully over the edge of the dock and into the leather cushions of the launch. Once safely aboard, he took a package of wintergreen chewing-gum from his pocket and began to chew, staring out across the sound with that placid, speculative enjoyment one sees in the eyes of a cow at sunset.

Curtis Gordon's face was red and angry as he shook hands stiffly with his guest and voiced the formal hope that they would meet again.

"I'm glad to be gone," Slater observed as the speed-boat rushed across the bay. "I'm a family man, and—I've got principles. Gordon's got neither."

"It was outrageous for you to walk out so suddenly. It embarrassed me."

"Oh, he'd let me go without notice if he felt like it. He fired Dan Appleton this afternoon just for telling the truth about the mine. That's what I'd have got if I'd stayed on much longer. I was filling up with words and my skin was getting tight. I'd have busted, sure, inside of a week."

"Isn't the mine any good?"

"It ain't a mine at all. It's nothing but an excavation filled with damn fools and owned by idiots; still, I s'pose it serves Gordon's purpose."

"I'm sorry for Mrs. Gerard," said Murray.

Slater emitted a sound like the moist exhalation of a porpoise as it rises to the surface.

"What do you mean by that snort?" asked his companion.

"It's funny how much some people are like animals. Now the ostrich thinks that when his head is hid his whole running gear is out of sight. Gordon's an ostrich. As for you—you remind me of a mud-turtle. A turtle don't show nothing but his head, and when it's necessary he can yank that under cover. Gordon don't seem to realize that he sticks up above the underbrush—either that or else he don't care who sees him. He and that woman——"

"Never mind her," exclaimed O'Neil

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quickly. "I'm sure she's a very fine woman."

Mr. Slater grunted once more, then chewed his gum silently, staring mournfully into the twilight. After a moment he inquired:

"Why don't you show these people how to build a railroad, Murray?"

"No, thank you! I know the country back of here. It's not feasible."

"The Copper Trust is doing it."

"All the more reason why I shouldn't. There are five projects under way now, and there won't be more than enough traffic for one."

Slater nodded. "Every man who has two dollars, a clean shirt, and a friend at Washington, has got a railroad scheme up his sleeve."

"It will cost thirty million dollars to build across those three divides and into the copper country. When the road is done it will be one of heavy grades and——"

"No wonder you didn't get the contract from the Heidlemanns—if your estimate was thirty million."

"I didn't put in a figure."

Tom looked surprised. "Why didn't you? You know them."

"I was like the little boy who didn't go to the party: I wasn't asked." The speaker's expression showed that his pride had been hurt, and discouraged further questioning. "We'll hire our men and our boats to-night," he announced. "I've arranged for that freighter to drop us off at Omar on her way out. We'll have to row from there to Kyak."

An eleven-o'clock twilight enveloped Cortez when the two men landed, but the town was awake. The recent railway and mining activity in the neighborhood had brought a considerable influx of people to King Philip Sound, and the strains of music from dance-hall doors, the click of checks and roulette balls from the saloons, gave evidence of an unusual prosperity.

O'Neil had no difficulty in securing men. Once he was recognized, the scenes at Hope were re-enacted, and there was a general scramble to enlist upon his payroll. Within an hour, therefore, his arrangements were made, and he and Tom repaired to Callahan's Hotel for a few hours' sleep.

A stud game was going in the barroom when they entered, and O'Neil paused to watch it while Slater spoke to one of the players, a clean-cut, blond youth of whimsical countenance. When the two friends finally faced the bar for their "nightcap," Tom explained:

"That's Appleton, the fellow Gordon fired to-day. I told him I'd left the old man flat."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Sure. Nice boy—good engineer, too."

"Umph! That game is crooked."

"No?" Happy Tom displayed a flash of interest.

"Yes, Cortez is fast becoming a metropolis, I see. The man in the derby hat is performing a little feat that it once cost me four thousand dollars to get wise to."

"I'd better split Dan away," said Tom hastily.

"Wait! Education is a good thing, even if it is expensive at times. I fancy your friend is bright enough to take care of himself. Let's wait a bit."

"That other man's Denny, by the way—Gordon's right-hand bower—does all his dirty work," said Tom.

CHAPTER VII

THE DREAMER

UNOBSERVED, the two friends watched the poker game, which for a time proceeded quietly. But suddenly they saw Appleton lean over the table and address the man with the derby hat; then, thrusting back his chair, he rose, declaring in a louder tone:

"I tell you, I saw it. I thought I was mistaken at first." His face was white, and he disregarded the earnest efforts

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of his right-hand neighbor to quiet him.

"Don't squeal," smiled the dealer. "I'll leave it to the boys if I did anything wrong."

"You pulled that king from the bottom. It may not be wrong, but it's damned peculiar."

"Forget it!" one of the others exclaimed. "Denny wouldn't double-cross you."

"Hardly!" agreed Mr. Denny evenly. "You're 'in' a hundred and eighty dollars, but if you're sore you can have it back."

Appleton flung his cards into the middle of the table and turned away disgustedly. "It's a hard thing to prove, and I'm not absolutely sure I saw straight, or I'd take it back, fast enough."

Denny shrugged and gathered in the discarded hand. "You've been drinking too much, that's all. Your eyesight is scattered."

Appleton's face flushed as he saw the gaze of the company upon him and heard the laughter which greeted this remark. He turned to leave, when O'Neil, who had continued to watch the proceedings with interest, crossed to the group and touched Denny on the shoulder, saying quietly:

"Give him his money."

"Eh?" The smile faded from the fellow's face; he looked up with startled inquiry. "What?"

"Give him his money."

In the momentary hush that followed, Happy Tom Slater, who had frequently seen his employer in action and understood storm signals, sighed deeply and reached for the nearest chair. With a wrench of his powerful hands he loosened a leg. Although Mr. Slater abhorred trouble, he was accustomed to meet it philosophically. A lifetime spent in construction camps had taught him that of all weapons the one best suited to his use was a pick-handle; second to that he had come to value the hardwood leg of a chair. But in the present case his precaution proved needless, for the dispute was over before he had fairly prepared himself.

Without waiting for O'Neil to put his accusation into words, Denny had risen swiftly, and in doing so he had, either purposely or by accident, made a movement which drew a prompt and instinctive response. Murray's fist met him as he rose, met him so squarely and with such force that he lost all interest in what followed. The other card-players silently gathered Mr. Denny in their arms and stretched him upon a disused roulette table; the bartender appeared with a wet towel and began to bathe his temples.

Appleton, dazed by the suddenness of it all, found a stack of gold pieces in his hand, and heard O'Neil saying in an every-day tone:

"Come to my room, please. I'd like to talk to you."

Something commanding in the speaker's face made the engineer follow against his will. He longed to loiter here until Denny had regained his senses; but O'Neil had him by the arm, and a moment later he was being led down the hall away from the lobby and the barroom. As Slater, who had followed, closed the door behind them, Dan burst forth:

"By Jove! Why didn't you tell me? I knew he was crooked—but I couldn't believe——"

"Sit down," said O'Neil. "He won't pull himself together for a while, and I want to get to bed. Are you looking for a job?"

The engineer's eyes opened wide. "Yes."

"Do you know the Kyak country?"

"Pretty well."

"I need a surveyor. Your wages will be the same that Gordon paid, and they begin now, if it's agreeable."

"It certainly is!"

"Good! We'll leave at six o'clock, sharp. Bring your bedding and instruments."

"Thanks! I—this is a bit of a surprise. Who are you?"

"I'm O'Neil."

"Oh!" Mr. Appleton's expression changed quickly. "You're Murray—" He stammered an instant. "It was very good of you to take my part, after I'd been fool enough to——"

"Well—I didn't want to see you make a total idiot of yourself."

The young man flushed slightly, then in a quieter voice he asked: "How did you know I was out of work?"

"Mr. Gordon told me. He recommended you highly."

"He did?"

"He said you were unreliable, disloyal, and dishonest. Coming from him, I took that as high praise."

There was a moment's pause, then Appleton laughed boyishly. "That's funny! I'm very glad to know you, Mr. O'Neil."

"You don't, and you won't for a long

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time. Tom tells me you didn't think well of Gordon's enterprise and so he fired you."

"That's right! I suppose I ought to have kept my mouth shut, but it has a way of flying open when it shouldn't. He is either a fool or a crook, and his mine is nothing but a prospect. I couldn't resist telling him so."

"And his railroad?"

Appleton hesitated. "Oh, it's as good a route as the trust's. I worked on the two surveys. Personally I think both outfits are crazy to try to build in from here. I had to tell Gordon that, too. You see, I'm a volunteer talker. I should have been born with a stutter—it would have saved me a lot of trouble."

O'Neil smiled. "You may talk all you please in my employ, so long as you do your work. Now get some sleep, for we have a hard trip. And by the way"—the youth paused with a hand on the door-knob—"don't go looking for Denny."

Appleton's face hardened stubbornly.

"I can't promise that, sir."

"Oh, yes, you can! You must! Remember, you're working for me, and you're under orders. I can't have the expedition held up on your account."

The engineer's voice was heavy with disappointment, but a vague admiration was growing in his eyes as he agreed:

"Very well, sir. I suppose my time is yours. Good night!"

When he had gone, Happy Tom inquired: "Now why in blazes did you hire him? We don't need a high-priced surveyor on this job."

"Of course not, but don't you see? He'd have been arrested, sure. Besides—he's Irish, and I like him."

"Humph! Then I s'pose he's got a job for life," said Tom morosely.

Late on the following morning, O'Neil's expedition was landed at the deserted fishing station of Omar, thirty miles down the sound from Cortez. From this point its route lay down the bay to open water and thence eastward along the coast in front of the Salmon River delta some forty miles, to Kyak.

Appleton, smiling and cheerful, was the first member of the party to appear at the dock that morning, and when the landing had been effected at Omar, he showed his knowledge of the country by suggesting a short cut which would save the long row down to the mouth of the sound and around into the delta. Immediately back of the old cannery, which occupied a gap in the mountain rim, lay a narrow lake, and this, he declared, held an outlet which led into the Salmon River flats. By hauling the boats over into this body of water—a task made easy by the presence of a tiny tramway with one dilapidated push-car which had been a part of the cannery equipment—it would be possible to save much time and labor.

"I've heard there was a way through," O'Neil confessed, "but nobody seemed to know just where it was."

"I know," the young man assured him. "We can gain a day, at least, and I judge every day is valuable."

"So valuable that we can't afford to lose one by making a mistake," said his employer meaningly.

"Leave it to me. I never forget a country, once I've been through it."

Accordingly the boats were loaded upon the hand-car and transferred, one at a time.

And Dan Appleton was not mistaken. A two hours' row across the mirror-like surface of Omar Lake brought the party out through a hidden gap in the mountains and afforded them a view across the level delta. To their left, the range they had just penetrated retreated toward the cañon where the Salmon River burst its way out from the interior, and beyond that point it continued in a coastward swing to Kyak, their destination.

Between lay a flat, trackless tundra, cut by sloughs and glacial streams, with here and there long tongues of timber reaching down from the high ground and dwindling away toward the seaward marshes. It was a desolate region, the breeding-place of sea-fowl, the hunting-ground for the great brown bear.

O'Neil had never before been so near the cañon as this, and the wild stories he had heard of it recurred to him with interest. He surveyed the place curiously as the boats glided along, but could see nothing more than a jumble of small hills and buttes, and beyond them the dead gray backs of the twin glaciers coming down from the slopes to east and west.

Beyond the foot-hills and the glaciers themselves the main range was gashed by a deep valley, through which he judged the river must come, and beyond that he knew

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was a country of agricultural promise, extending clear to the fabulous copper belt whither the railroads from Cortez were headed. Still farther inland lay the Tanana, and then the Yukon, with their riches untouched.

O'Neil turned abruptly to Appleton, who was pulling an oar. "What do you know about that cañon?" he asked.

"Not much. Nobody knows much, for those fellows who went through in the gold rush have all left the country. Gordon's right-of-way comes in above, and so does the trust's. From there on I know every foot of the ground."

"I suppose if either of them gets through to the Salmon the rest will be easy."

"Dead easy!"

"It would be shorter and very much cheaper to build from Omar, through this way."

"Of course, but neither outfit knew anything about the outlet to Omar Lake until I told them—and then there's the cañon to be reckoned with."

"Well?"

Appleton shook his head. "Look at it! Does it look like a place to build a railroad?"

"I can't tell anything about it from here."

"I suppose a road could be built if the glaciers were on the same side of the river, but—they're not. They face each other, and they're alive, too. Listen!" The oarsmen ceased rowing at Dan's signal, and out of the northward silence came a low rumble like the sound of distant cannonading. "We must be at least twenty miles away, in an air line. The ice stands up alongside the river, hundreds of feet high, and it breaks off in chunks as big as a New York office building."

"You've been up there?"

"No. But everybody says so, and I've seen glacier ice clear out here in the delta. They're always moving, too—the glaciers themselves—and they're filled with crevasses so that it's dangerous to cross them on foot, even if one keeps back from the river."

"How did those men get their outfits through in '08?" O'Neil queried.

"I'm blessed if I know—maybe they flew." After a moment Dan added: "Perhaps they dodged the pieces as they fell."

O'Neil smiled. He opened his lips to speak, then closed them, and for a long time kept his eyes fixed speculatively in the direction of the cañon. When he had first spoken of a route from Omar, he had thrown out the suggestion with only a casual interest. Now, suddenly, the idea took strong possession of his mind; it fascinated him with its daring, its bigness. He had begun to dream.

O'Neil had no small measure of the imaginative power that makes great leaders, great inventors, great builders. He was capable of tremendous enthusiasm; his temperament forever led him to dare what others feared to undertake. And here he glimpsed a tremendous opportunity. The traffic of a budding nation was waiting to be seized. To him who gained control of Alaskan transportation would come the domination of her resources. Many were striving for the prize, but if there should prove to be a means of threading that Salmon River cañon with steel rails, the man who first found it would have those other railroad enterprises at his mercy. The trust would have to sue for terms, or abandon further effort, for this route was shorter, it was level, it was infinitely cheaper to improve. The stakes in the game were staggering.

The only obstacle, of course, lay in those glaciers, and he began to wonder if they could not be made to open. Why not? No one knew positively that they were impregnable, for no one knew anything certainly about them. Until the contrary had been proven, there was at least a possibility that they were less formidable than rumor had painted them.

Camp was pitched late that night, far out on the flats. During the preparation of supper, Murray sat staring fixedly before him, deaf to all sounds and insensible to the activities of his companions. He had lost his customary breeziness and his good-nature; he was curt, saturnine, unsmiling.

When food was served, he made a pretense of eating, but rose suddenly in the midst of it, with the words: "I'll stretch my legs a bit." His voice was strangely listless, and in his eyes was the same abstraction which had troubled Appleton during the afternoon. He left the camp and disappeared up the bank of the stream.

"Nice place to take a walk!" the engineer observed. "He'll bog down in half a mile, or get lost among the sloughs."

"Not him!" said Slater. Nevertheless,

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"FORGET IT!" ONE OF THE MEN EXCLAIMED. "DENNY WOULDN'T DOUBLE-CROSS YOU."

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his worried eyes followed the figure of his chief as long as it was in sight. After a time he announced: "Something is coming, but what it is or where it's going to hit us, I don't know"

Their meal over, the boatmen made down their beds, rolled up in their blankets, and were soon asleep. Appleton and Tom sat in the smoke of a smudge, gossiping idly as the twilight approached. From the south came the distant voice of the sea, out of the north rolled the intermittent thunder of those falling bergs, from every side sounded a harsh chorus of water-fowl. Ducks whirred past in bullet-like flight, honkers flapped heavily overhead, a pair of magnificent snow-white swans rose within easy gunshot of the camp. An hour passed, another, and another; the arctic night descended. And through it all the mosquitoes sang their blood song and stabbed the watchers with tongues of flame.

Happy Tom sang his song too, for it was not often that he obtained a listener, and it proved to be a song of infinite hard luck. Mr. Slater, it seemed, was a creature of many ills, the wretched abiding-place of aches and pains, of colics, cramps, and rheumatism. He was the target of misfortune and the sport of fate. His body was the galloping ground of strange disorders which baffled diagnosis; his financial affairs were dominated by an evil genius which betrayed him at every turn. To top it all, he suffered at the moment a violent attack of indigestion.

"Ain't that just my luck?" he lamented. "Old 'Indy's' got me good, and there ain't a bit of soda in the outfit."

Appleton, who was growing more and more uneasy at the absence of his leader, replied with some asperity:

"Instead of dramatizing your own discomforts you'd better be thinking of the boss. I'm going out to look for him."

"Now, don't be a damn fool," Slater advised. "It would be worth a broken leg to annoy him when he's in one of these fits. You'd make yourself as popular as a smallpox patient at a picnic. When he's dreamed his dream he'll be back."

"When will that be?"

"No telling; maybe to-night, maybe not."

Darkness had settled when O'Neil reappeared. He came plunging out of the brush, drenched, muddy, stained; but his former mood had disappeared, and in its place was a harsh, explosive energy.

"Tom!" he cried, "you and Appleton and I will leave at daylight. The men will wait here until we get back." His voice was incisive, its tone forbade question.

The youthful engineer stared at him in dismay, for only his anxiety had triumphed over his fatigue, and daylight was but four hours away. O'Neil noted the expression, and said more gently:

"You're tired, Appleton, I know; but in working for me you'll be called upon for extraordinary effort, now and then. I may not demand more than an extra hour from you; then again I may demand a week straight, without sleep. I'll never ask it unless it's necessary and unless I'm ready to do my share."

"Yes, sir. I'm ready now."

"We can't see to travel before dawn. Help Tom load the lightest boat with rations for five days. If we run short we'll 'Siwash' it." He kicked off his rubber boots, up-ended them to drain the water out, then flung himself upon his bed of boughs and was asleep almost before the two had recovered from their surprise.

"What does it mean?" queried Appleton.

"It means I'll probably succumb."

"No, no! What's the meaning of this change of plan? I can't understand it."

"You don't need to," Happy Tom informed him curtly. There was a look of solicitude in his face as he added: "I wish I'd made him take off his wet clothes before he went to sleep."

"Let's wake him up."

"I'd sooner wake a rattlesnake," said Slater.

O'Neil roused the members of his expedition while the sky was reddening faintly, for he had a mind which worked like an alarm clock.

With the first clear light he and his two companions set out, rowing up the estuary of the Salmon until the current became too swift to stem in that manner. Then, landing, they rigged a "bridle" for the skiff, fitted their shoulders to loops in a ninety-foot tow-rope, and began to "track" their craft up against the stream. It was heart-breaking work. Frequently they were waist deep in the cold water. Long "sweepers" with tips awash in the flood interfered with their efforts. The many branches of the stream forced them to make repeated

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crossings, for the delta was no more than an endless series of islands through which the current swirled. When dusk overtook them, they were wet, weary, and weak from hunger.

With the dawn they were up and at it again, but their task became constantly more difficult because of the floating glacier ice which increased with every mile. They were obliged to exercise the extremest caution. Hour after hour they strained against the current, until the ropes bit into their aching flesh, bringing raw places out on neck and palm. Hour after hour the ice went churning past, and through it all came the intermittent echo of the caving glaciers ahead of them.

Dan Appleton realized very soon whither the journey was leading, and at thought of actually facing those terrors which loomed so large in conjecture, his pulses began to leap. He had a suspicion of O'Neil's intent, but dared not voice it. Though the scheme seemed mad enough, its very audacity fascinated him.

For the most part, O'Neil was as silent as a man of stone, and only on those rare occasions when he craved relief from his thoughts did he encourage Dan to talk.

"Are you a married man?" O'Neil inquired once.

"Not yet, sir."

"Family?"

"Sure! A great big, fine one, consisting of a sister. But she's more than a family—she's a religion." Receiving encouragement from his employer's look of interest, he continued: "We were wiped out by the San Francisco earthquake, and stood in the bread-line for a while. We managed to save four thousand dollars from the wreck, which we divided equally. Then we started out to make our fortunes. She's a newspaper woman, and the best in the world—or at least the best in Seattle. She tells 'em how to raise eight babies on seven dollars a week, or how to make a full set of library furniture out of three beer-kegs, a packing-case, and an epileptic ice-box. She runs the 'Domestic Economy' column; and she's the sweetest, the cleverest——"

Appleton's enthusiastic tribute ceased suddenly, for he saw that O'Neil was once more deaf, and that his eyes were fixed dreamily upon the cañon far ahead.

As the current quickened, the progress of the little party became slower and more exhausting. Their destination seemed to retreat before them; the river wound back and forth in a maddening series of detours. Some of the float ice was large now, and these pieces rushed down upon them like charging horses, keeping them constantly on the alert to prevent disaster.

They had slept so little, their labors had been so heavy, that they were dumb and dull with fatigue when they finally reached the first bluffs and worked their boat through a low gorge where all the waters of the Salmon thrashed and icebergs galloped past like a pallid host in flight. Here they paused and stared with wondering eyes at what lay before; a chill, damp breath swept over them, and a mighty awe laid hold of their hearts.

"Come on!" said O'Neil. "Other men have gone through; we'll do the same."

On the evening of the sixth day, a splintered, battered poling-boat, with its seams open, swung into the bank where O'Neil's men were encamped, and its three occupants staggered out. They were gaunt and stiff and heavy-eyed. But the leader was alert and buoyant; his face was calm, his eyes were smiling humorously.

"You'll take the men on to the coal-fields and finish the work," he directed his boss packer later that night. "Appleton and I will start back to Cortez in the morning. When you have finished, go to Juneau and see to the recording, and meet me in Seattle on the fifteenth of next month."

"I'll be there if old 'Indy' spares me," Happy Tom said doubtfully. "But dyspepsia—with nothing to eat except beans and pork bosom—will probably lay me in my grave long before the fifteenth. However, I'll do my best. Now, do you want to know what I think of this proposition of yours?" He eyed his superior somberly.

"Sure; I want all the encouragement I can get."

"Well, I think it's nothing more nor less than hydrophobia. These mosquitoes have given you the rabies and you need the attention of Dr. Pasture. You need it bad."

"Still, you'll help me, won't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Tom, "I'll help you. But it's a pity to see a man go mad."

The next instalment of "THE IRON TRAIL" *will appear in the March number.*

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PITOU, THE INDOMITABLE COMPOSER, WAS DISMISSED FOR INCOMPETENCE.

Tricotrin the Critic

by

Leonard Merrick

AUTHOR OF "CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH," "THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

SOON after Pitou, the indomitable composer, had stooped to accept an engagement as pianist at a bioscope on the Butte, pending acclamation of his operas, he was dismissed for incompetence. He went home thoughtfully. It was the day that his chum Tricotrin's mystical play, "The Goblin Child's Mother," had met with its seventeenth rejection, and the composer had left him in their attic, resolved on suicide.

"We shall divide the biggest hump in Paris to-night, Tricotrin and I!" reflected poor Pitou, toiling to the sixth floor.

Judge of his astonishment to find his tidings received with a shrug! "It is of scant importance that you have got the sack," said the dramatic poet negligently. "In truth, as the job was an insult to your genius, I was at the point of counseling you to resign it. Between us two is it not always one heart and one purse?"

"*Hein?*" faltered Pitou. "But—pardon the supposition—if the purse is empty? Have our calamities turned your brain? How about the suicide you were projecting?"

"Suicide? What suicide?" said the other young man, bewildered. "Ah yes, I remember, I did make some allusion to such a curtain! Well, all that is past. Things have happened since you went out—I adopt

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a new career, and what is mine is yours!"

"The work, or the wage?" inquired Pitou. "Expound before I sign!"

"You shall share them both. I enter journalism—and when my own mendacity fails, you can draw upon yours to assist me."

"It sounds propitious," Pitou acknowledged. "But the transition from laudanum is a bit abrupt. So far from being defunct, you are buoyant, and I lack a scenario of the intermediate act. Am I to conclude that the postman has been?"

"The conclusion would be happy. I have had a letter from a relative, and I would not have you judge all my family by the uncle whom you have had the privilege of meeting; some of my relatives have mitigating qualities. This one has been discoursing upon my talents to a friend who has indulged his literary tastes by becoming a newspaper proprietor; he has acquired *La Dépêche de Montbonne*, and proposes to wake it up. In fine, it is contemplated that a weekly feature of the organ shall be a column of theatrical intelligence from Paris, contributed by myself."

"If this comes off," exclaimed Pitou with elation, "we may be able to see the inside of a theatre sometimes."

"I anticipate the novelty. And even if the card of the Montbonne critic should be spurned at the Paris box-offices, which is not impossible, that will be no reason why I should fail to read the notices in the *Figaro* and express the same statements in choicer words. As for the desired sprinkling of green-room gossip, nothing could be simpler or more generous than for us to invent an epigram once a week and put it into the pretty mouth of a popular actress whom we do not know. *Mon Dieu!* This enterprising tyro of Montbonne will get a bargain in me."

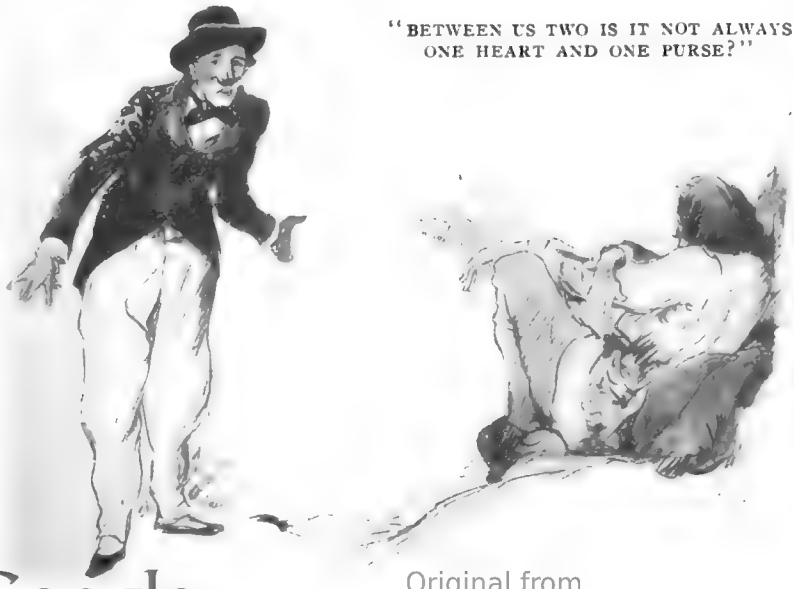
"The sordid commercial aspect of the case is represented by what figure?"

"It has still to be determined, but whatever it is, I foresee that I shall be worth more. Always the same story—the simplicity of youth is taken advantage of!"

Time passed, in which much fasting was accomplished. And then there was a memorable morning on which Tricotrin began to refer to himself loftily as, "We dramatic critics," and to peruse the notices in the *Figaro* with care. At the start he found his opinions of performances at which he had not been present in agreement with the views of the *Figaro*—one must toddle before one runs—but later he differed from them. His impressions of a play at the Renaissance, which he had not seen, were entirely independent, and he "chatted" and "supped" with so many prominent people, in his paragraphs, that he was often startled to realize that he wasn't on nodding terms with them, or in a position to have any supper.

"As you predicted," Pitou remarked, "for a journalist who keeps such distinguished company, the salary is slight! Now one comes to think of it, it does not warrant the cost of the imaginary telephone on which the celebrities ring you up to give you their confidences."

"Your objection is just," owned Tricotrin.



"BETWEEN US TWO IS IT NOT ALWAYS ONE HEART AND ONE PURSE?"

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"IT IS UNHEARD OF! I WOULD MAKE MANY NOBLE SACRIFICES FOR YOU, BUT BALDNESS GOES BEYOND THE LIMITS."

"But remember that our distant editor assumes that I was on the telephone before I was on the *Dêpêche*. I could not part with my invisible telephone—do not ask me. It is a fountain of perpetual inspiration. Why, to-morrow Yvette Guilbert is going to ring me up, the moment she returns from London, to tell me her professional worries and beg for my advice. As she will be prostrated by the journey, I am not sure but that, 'yielding to her entreaties,' I may even 'jump into an auto-taxi and take pot-luck in her delightful home.' The only drawback is that, when we dine on our herrings, I shall recall the pleasing fancy and be resentful of the exiguous facts. I was oppressed by discontent of that nature after my anecdote beginning: 'Five of us were lunching at the Restaurant de la Cascade.' Never had I felt a sandwich to do less for me."

But if the contrast between his festivities in print and his economies in the garret were at times confusing to the critic, he was sensible of a clear appreciation on the days that checks arrived. And months went by, and still the modest payments came! "It looks like something out of a sensational romance," he confessed. "For the first time I find myself able to grasp the meaning of the term 'permanent' in relation to income!"

And as Pitou had submitted to another insult to his genius and was on a pay-list too, the pair promenaded the Boulevard Rochechouart with the air of *rentiers*.

Misgiving arose suddenly. It was communicated that the editor was at the point of passing a couple of days in the capital and desired an interview; Monsieur Tricotrin was requested to call at a certain hotel on the following afternoon at "half-past seventeen."

"Not content with arriving to shatter our peace," complained the critic, "he must make his appointment according to the new notation, which I shall never comprehend! I lose trains nowadays while I am doing arithmetic to find out at what hour they go."

"'Half-past seventeen' is delirium for half-past five," interpreted Pitou. "And why should his arrival have that dire effect?"

"I can not explain. Though I am, of course, aware that the virtues of my 'copy' are incontestable, something whispers that the man's appearance on the scene is not in our highest interests. It is not that I contemplate his disturbing our privacy and noting the non-existent telephone and the absence of furniture; neither is it that I distrust the adequacy of my best trousers if I expend two *sous* on turpentine; but I would that he had remained in Montbonne! It is a mysterious instinct."

"My own impression," declared the composer, "is that his object is to invigorate

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you with viands and dazzle you with a rise."

"Well, your surmise may be correct," admitted Tricotrin. "I suppose, if I were not a pessimist by nature, I should not doubt it."

And having bought the turpentine and hung the trousers outside the window all the next morning, he polished his boots ruminantly and went forth to the hotel.

The mysterious instinct to which he had referred was strong as he inquired at the bureau if Monsieur Blotto was within, and when he had ascended to the salon he was not stimulated by the aspect of a self-important gentleman with a fussy manner.

"Monsieur Tricotrin," said the gentleman, "happy to see you!"

"An ass with a swelled head!" determined Tricotrin. And he responded: "Too amiable, monsieur! Enchanted! It is a joy to which I have long looked forward."

"Sit down, sit down," said his employer. "I am happy that you are punctual—I have an engagement shortly, and I desired a chat with you before going out."

"No repast, *morbleu!*" was the critic's thought. "Now I wonder if a plea for credit is on the road?"

But a very few seconds sufficed to dispel that fear.

"Your 'copy'," observed Monsieur Blotto, "affords me great satisfaction—great satisfaction. I am not without hope that a day may come when we shall be in a position to make the payment—er—more commensurate with the merits of your work."

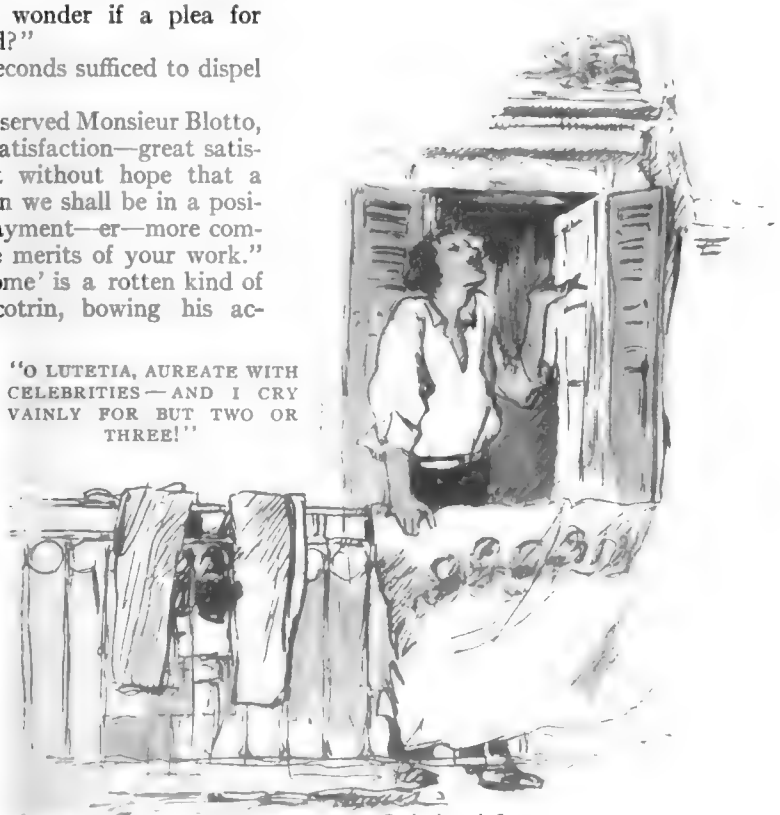
"'A day may come' is a rotten kind of date," mused Tricotrin, bowing his acknowledgments. "So much for Pitou as a prophet!" Aloud he repeated: "Too amiable, monsieur! I avow that in accepting a nominal remuneration I was strongly actuated by the conviction that you would spring a bit very soon."

"'Very soon' is too much to say," answered the other; "for some little time I am afraid we must leave matters as they are."

Tricotrin, infinitely relieved, strove to attain the expression of one who had received a shock, and Monsieur Blotto continued:

"I shall not disguise from you that the tone of your column is a shade too Parisian for the majority of our readers at present. We must educate them by degrees—by degrees! Hitherto the Montbonne press has failed woefully in its duty—it has not been alive to its responsibilities. For that reason I was tempted to acquire the paper. Under the new régime it will be a force—I write many of the leaders myself. I do not profess to be conversant with all the technical details of editorship, but what I bring to *La Dêpêche* is a Directing Brain. I bring initiative, culture, taste!"

"The preeminent gifts!" affirmed Tricotrin. "Many of the leaders, if I may dare to hint it, have electrified me by their vigor." And mentally he inquired: "Was



"O LUTETIA, AUREATE WITH CELEBRITIES — AND I CRY VAINLY FOR BUT TWO OR THREE!"

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it to tell me how talented he is that he has dragged me down from Montmartre?"

Monsieur Blotto beamed. He offered the critic a cigarette. "Personally I take much interest in your little intimate anecdotes of the artistic strata," he resumed. "To a man like myself they are, I need scarcely tell you, most congenial. You are younger than I had pictured you, monsieur!"

"Ah!" said the critic portentously, "my few summers have provided vast experience!"

"And Paris is a swift professor, *hein?*"

"For those in the right class there are indeed opportunities to learn!"

"And how, for example, did you secure promotion to that class at your early age?" It began to reveal itself to Tricotrin that under his amateur editor's efforts to impress him, was something akin to envy.

"*Mon Dieu,*" he drawled, "one must remember that I am, before all else, dramatic poet! Do not figure yourself, because an author's plays are not yet staged, that he is necessarily unknown to the managers and artists of the boulevards. An agreement for a drama is made long before the drama is produced, and in the inner circles its qualities remain no secret!"

"It is strangely fascinating, the artistic life!" exclaimed the provincial, who was now all attention. And then, not wishing to appear ignorant, he made haste to add: "Of course I was aware that such conditions prevailed, but not quite to that extent."

"It is anomalous, is it not?" said Tricotrin confidentially. "As you see for yourself, I am not above turning out a column of good stuff every week for the merest trifle, and yet—if I do not have an air of boasting—there are at home, in my desk, theatrical contracts for which some of the most highly paid journalists in Paris would give their ears."

The impromptu fiction was delivered with such engaging candor that it might have imposed upon a more sophisticated listener than Monsieur Blotto of Montbonne. It was at this stage that his motive for seeking the interview was manifested. Clearing his throat, and disguising eagerness very poorly, he remarked:

"Now I come to think of it, since I am so rarely in Paris, I might do worse than take the present opportunity to—to avail myself of your introductions to a few of the literary and dramatic stars! It might be agreeable to me to exchange ideas with them."

For some dizzied moments the unfortunate critic realized all the sensations of a passenger on a raging sea. The room rocked about him, and it was only by one of those efforts which the romancers call "superhuman" that he contrived to answer.

"I should rejoice!" he faltered. "Now I wonder if I can postpone an appointment that I have for this evening? It is of vital consequence, or naturally I would make no bones about breaking it."

"This evening," rejoined Monsieur Blotto with appalling promptitude, "I shall not be free, either. So we will say to-morrow!"

"Oh, of course," assented Tricotrin, panic-stricken, "to-morrow I shall be ravished! Would you care to call on Sarah Bernhardt? It is not her 'day,' but she is always at home in the afternoon to intimate friends."

"It would not be bad," said the editor, whose mouth watered at the notion, "but I am not here on pleasure and my affairs will keep me busy in the afternoon. It is not till evening that I shall be unoccupied."

"In the evening she will be playing," deplored Tricotrin. "It would not be good enough for us to run round to her dressing-room—she is always so restless there. We had better make it another day, then!"

"Impossible! To-morrow night I must return to Montbonne. No, what I would propose is that you should take a little dinner with me to-morrow, not too late, at some restaurant in the neighborhood, and that we should go to some of these people afterward. It might, for example, be amusing to meet Brieux."

"*Peste!* I saw him off to the country yesterday. He is full of a new scenario that he was telling me about. Let me think! Is it worth your while to know Lemaître or Pierre Loti?—you would find them both delightful fellows!"

"I shall leave the program to you!" said Monsieur Blotto serenely. "Decide as you think best—be with me at a quarter to nineteen sharp!" And having penciled the figures on his cuff for a mind less tortured to elucidate, the young man made his escape from the hotel, questioning what miracle could occur to save him.

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ON THE TERRACE OF AN ADJACENT CAFÉ.

Never had Paris looked to him a harder nut to crack than as he tottered up the hill to his humble abode. Pitou was preparing one of the nocturnal herrings, and turned, paling at his air.

"Cook both," said Tricotrin tersely. "Ere long we may lack three *sous* to buy a couple!"

"A-ah?" shuddered Pitou. "That *sacré* editor—there were *no* viands? What is our latest catastrophe? Would you vote for conference or nourishment first?"

His jaw dropped as the details were unfolded. The poet and the musician stared at each other with gloomy eyes. For some seconds there was to be heard no sound upon that altar to the Muses save the neglected frizzling of the fish.

"My poor friend," murmured Pitou at last, "I see nothing before you but to be knocked down by an automobile—I shall announce your injuries. To avert the danger of a visit of condolence here, you will have been borne to the nearest hospital, and I shall not specify which one it was."

Tricotrin shook his locks. "I fear," he groaned, "that he might smell a rat—it is pungent. *Mon Dieu!*" He strode to the broken window and apostrophized the distant chimneys. "O Lutetia, aureate with celebrities—and I cry vainly for but two or three!"

"Well, it would be premature of us to give way to blank verse," said Pitou, "for we have twenty-four hours to turn round in!" He yielded his attention to the herrings. "I shall consider the subject while I am thumping the piano to-night—many of my sublimest inspirations have coruscated while I thumped—and in the meanwhile a felicitous lie may present itself to you also. Upon my word, we were ignoring those two important factors in the case!"

"It is true," agreed Tricotrin. "Yes, I declare we had lost sight of our opportunities for reflection—how strange it is that one may overlook the things nearest at hand! Furthermore, when you come back we will call a council of all the striving spirits of the Quarter— If Lajeunie would consent to shave his head I might pretend he was Rostand!"

But when the circumstances were laid

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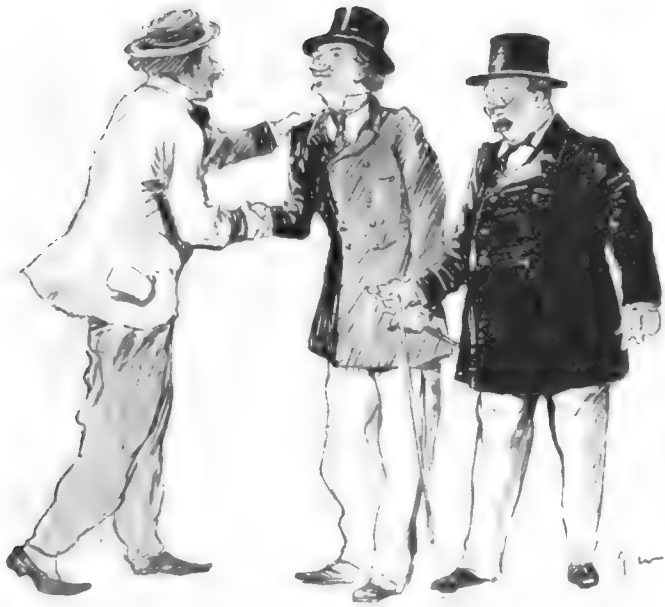

"AH, *MON CHER* TRICOTRIN! WHAT A CHANCE! I WAS AT THE POINT OF TELEGRAPHING TO YOU."

before Lajeunie, in the small hours and a café, that hirsute young novelist firmly refused to shave his head, even to accentuate his likeness to the author of "Chantecler."

"It is unheard of!" he objected. "I would make many noble sacrifices for you, but baldness goes beyond the limits; as you are well aware, it is with reluctance that I have my hair trimmed. I tell you what, however—I will make you known to my friend, Papa Tripier."

"What are friends of yours worth to me, peacock?" demanded Tricotrin. "I seek superb reputations, not vagrants of your own type."

"How often must I mention that I am welcome in spheres immeasurably above your vacant head!" complained Lajeunie. "Because you are on my visiting-list do you figure yourself that I never make an acquaintance I am not ashamed of? Papa Tripier has a very fine position; he resides in a boarding-house and has three meals every day. Moreover, he is an octogenarian."

"Well, but what is his specialty? What does he perform on?" Pitou inquired. "Antiquity by itself would not suffice to meet the editor's requirements."

"You can regard your Papa Tripier as 'Declined with thanks,'" said Tricotrin; "the editor regrets that your contribution is below his standard."

"You are wrong," protested Lajeunie. "I guarantee that he would find it worthy of his Christmas number. Papa Tripier has a gift of the gab that I have rarely known equaled. He has also a lively affection for the epoch of his late Majesty Louis Philippe, 'when everybody possessed an elegance, a wit, a charm totally lost to the French of to-day, who are nothing but a pack of *voyous!*'

"Papa will recount how he heard a great burst of laughter on the Boulevard de Gand—what you children call the Boulevard des Italiens—and how it was the glorious Dumas himself, the creator of the Musketeers, rollicking round the corner, arm in arm with Balzac. And he will tell you of another burst of laughter from an arbor on a lawn, and how it was Paul de Kock roaring over the story he was writing. And he will be eloquent about de Musset, who was of a 'beauty incomparable,' the cynosure even of the Boulevard de Gand—where 'under Louis Philippe, *sapristi!* beauty and genius were as plentiful as taxes and bad manners under the *sacré République!*'"

"If this person has any existence outside a novel you are preparing for rejection, which I strongly doubt," said Tricotrin, "I will allow him a small part in the tragedy. As a stop-gap he might have his uses. But I have endeavored to get it into your skull that it is living, not dead lions I am hunting. Pay for your *bock*—we shall all proceed to see now if our pal the sculptor can offer a sane idea!"

Alas! Though many intellects were brought to bear upon the problem, not one among them could point the way to living lions. And the night passed, and the sun rose, and the fateful day sped toward a "quarter to nineteen," quicker than any day before.

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The critic's reputation hung upon a hope as slender as a hair, if one may employ a phrase that he himself would have disdained. It was, that the dinner might terminate too late for Monsieur Blotto to desire anything except to catch his train, and at least a dozen Bohemians volunteered their services to retard the meal.

The editor was much impressed by his contributor's popularity as the pair bent their steps toward a restaurant—never had he known anybody to encounter so many acquaintances in so short a space. And each of them fell upon the respected scribe with an urgency that brooked no denial.

"*Mon Dieu!* you will think me a difficult guest," said Tricotrin. "But it is always like this on the boulevards when one walks—perhaps we had better take a cab?" And no sooner had he said it than their way was blocked by Lajeunie!

"Ah, *mon cher* Tricotrin! What a chance!" exclaimed Lajeunie. "I was at the point of telegraphing to you. We want you to do us the favor to come round to the

"AN ECCENTRIC," WHISPERED TRICOTRIN, "BUT COURTED BY THE MOST FAMOUS PERSONAGES IN PARIS."

theatre after the show—the private office. We are in a dilemma about Bernstein's play." He burst into a narrative of the most complicated order, and Tricotrin put in:

"Let me introduce you—Monsieur Lajeunie, Monsieur Blotto." Aside to the editor he explained: "The literary adviser to the Vaudeville! I fear we should spare him a moment. Would you much mind our taking a seat somewhere?"

On the terrace of an adjacent café, Lajeunie's history of the dilemma at the Vaudeville, which scintillated with the most eminent names, was hardly exhausted when they were hailed by a sprightly ancient, who proved to be Papa Tripier in the flesh. To Tricotrin *sotto voce* the ancient intimated that the hoaxing of editors as a fine art had flourished solely under Louis Philippe; but his public reminiscences of the epoch delayed the dinner by fully twenty minutes.

"An eccentric," whispered Tricotrin, "but courted by the most famous personages in Paris! A favorable criticism from his pen is said to make the fortune of any novel written. *Ma foi!* one meets everybody at this time of day."

And really one seemed to do so, for more alleged notabilities showered about them as he spoke!

"Flamant, the painter—I should have liked you to see his 'Circe' in the Salon!" he mentioned—reflecting that Flamant, too, would have liked to see it there. "The other man is Sanquereau, the sculptor—many people predict that he will go farther than Rodin. The next time you are here you must meet more of the Moderns! This evening, of course, we shall visit people who are fully 'arrived;' but in Paris, you know, we talk more of the men who are making the New Schools than of the

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old-fashioned lot familiar to the Philistine. And as a matter of fact they are more exclusive."

Across his shoulder he had a glimpse of the faithful Pitou, whose duty was to dog their footsteps to the restaurant and subsequently drift upon them to defer their departure. To-night his piano-thumping would be done by deputy.

Yet the crisis came. Though the composer duly drifted to their presence after the coffee was served, chewing a toothpick; though he was explained to be a Genius, and favored them with a most fascinating account of a dispute with Messager, Monsieur Blotto began to look at his watch.

"I had no idea it was so late," he remarked. "If we are to see your friends, Monsieur Tricotrin, I am afraid we must be rising. Where do we go first?"

The haggard gaze of the comrades met. The critic gulped all that was left in his glass.

"My project was to run round to Richepin's," he declared, uttering the most illustrious name that presented itself, "but I have not yet heard whether he has anything 'on'—we should have had a message here. I shall at once ring him up! Do not disturb yourself, Monsieur Pitou—I pray you remain with Monsieur Blotto while the waiter conducts me to the telephone!"

How could he foresee that a kindly impulse would move Monsieur Blotto to be conducted too?

"*Peste!*" he panted, his knees failing, "I forget his number."

And, next, the friendly editor was moved to find it for him!

Driven actually to invoke the exchange for the immortal Richepin, the wretched young man clung to the telephone for support. Upon the brow of Pitou the perspiration broke in beads.

With a celerity unprecedented in France, communication was forthcoming.

"*Allô! Allô!*" stammered the desperate victim. "Monsieur Richepin, is he in? It is Monsieur Tricotrin."

And a female voice answered in his ear: "Monsieur Richepin is not at home."

This answer being inaudible to Monsieur Blotto and Pitou, the composer's breath was suspended by terror. But all the courage of the critic was restored.

"Ah, I salute you! How are you, dear master?" he cried. "We are praying for your affirmative to my request."

"Monsieur Richepin," the voice repeated, "is not at home."

"Oh, did you? I have not received it yet," continued Tricotrin. "What? Oh, to my rooms—that accounts for it! May we—*hein?* Yes, he is an editor of mine, and a most brilliant man."

"What are you saying? Who are you?" squeaked the voice. "I keep telling you Monsieur Richepin is out."

"Oh, my honored friend, I hope it is not violent?" said the critic for reply. "What? Well, we should be enchanted, but he is leaving Paris this evening."

"Not at home! Not at home! Who is it you are talking to?" yelled the servant, losing patience.

"Most certainly, I shall be overjoyed," returned Tricotrin, "but—what? Right! The next time he arrives! I will come on Sunday alone, then. *Au revoir, cher maître,* I so earnestly hope you will pass a good night." And he rang off smartly before the infuriated *bonne* could anticipate him.

"A touch of his neuralgia!" he announced, turning. "He is desolated to miss you, but he must go to bed."

Behind Blotto's back two hands were wrung with relief.

The respite was short, however. Though they resumed their seats, the exigent Blotto was not to be balked of lions. Monsieur Pitou developed an ardent interest in the matter, and he and the critic debated the question of the happiest selection exhaustively; but the debate could not be continued until the train was imminent.

So, all things being equally impossible, Tricotrin decided that the green-room of the Théâtre Français would amuse his editor most.

"This," he gasped to Pitou, as the host was putting on his overcoat, "is *your* turn—*I* am played out. Do with him what you will, *but remember that the man must never reach the Français!*"

The night was fair as the trio stepped into the glitter of the boulevard; the critic, no longer master of himself, leaned heavily on the composer's arm. Almost at the same moment he beheld with horror an unpropitious cabman wooing Monsieur Blotto to accelerate their doom.

"The 'Métro'," said Pitou peremptorily, "would be quicker!"

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"REFUSED, I DARE SWEAR, BY A SCORE OF PULISHERS! LISTEN, THE THING IS NOT WITHOUT MERIT!"

At these inspired words Tricotrin nearly bounded with hope. How often had he asserted that one could not cross a road by the Métropolitan without changing twice!

Monsieur Blotto did not demur.

And the opportunities offered for being on wrong platforms were infinite.

When the sightseer was replete with subways, and the party climbed disgusted to the street, the loss of time had been extremely serious, and they were farther from the Français than at the start.

"*Mon Dieu!*" the editor bemoaned, "there remains to us no more than an hour—no more than an hour. I must call at the hotel for my valise, and my train goes at twenty to zero."

"It is maddening!" fumed Tricotrin. "What may the time be precisely? *Morbleu!* If I am not mistaken they are playing what's its name to-night—in which case, we shall get there when everybody is on the stage, and the green room will be empty for even longer than we can stay. Let us see a journal—perhaps they are playing something else!"

But they were not. It was just as he had feared.

"Can you suggest no visit hereabouts? Where are we?"

"Montmartre!" sighed Tricotrin. "The Immortal Forty are not so high."

And the editor's face grew longer still.

"Upon my word, gentlemen," said Pitou, "I feel some responsibility for this contretemps, though it may be that I am unduly sensitive! We are, as it happens, in a region not uninteresting. If Monsieur Blotto would peep at what few strangers are privileged to behold, what says he to Bohemia—the extraordinary quarters where youths of genius pray to their muses, and often to their concierges, and support existence on herrings and hope? I venture the opinion that the Français would have tickled him less."

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"Are you acquainted with any such obscure young fellows?" asked Tricotrin, startled.

"I know of two," Pitou answered, "not far distant—a poet and a musician."

"It would certainly be droll," agreed the editor, recovering his cheerfulness.

Up a hill they went, and up six flights of stairs, and agape Tricotrin saw Pitou tap at their own door.

No voice invited them to enter.

"Nevertheless, we may venture in," said Pitou. "I know them well enough."

Beyond the broken panes the room was vivid; stark poverty was revealed before he took the liberty to light the lamp.

"A poet and a musician," he repeated, "and I assure you, of talents remarkable! Ah! a herring-bone, as I predicted; one of them has dined to-night. What have we here? A scrap of the composer's 'Rose-de-Noël,' *hein?* Refused, I dare swear, by a score of publishers! Yet one day perhaps the rose will have its vogue. Listen, the thing is not without merit!" And in his little tenor voice he sang.

Never had the critic contemplated his friend with such admiration.

"The table where they write—grimed! The chairs they sit on — broken! The panorama that inspires them—chimney-pots! No, I am wrong — I surmise that they do not note the chimney-pots. Our Bohemians look down, through the distant roofs, on to the great stage of the Opéra — into the theatres of the boulevards — into the sumptuous salons of fair women, whose applause they hope to win!"

The editor shone with complacence. Had it been Montbonne, he would have seen only a gaunt garret and the need for soap and water—but it was Paris, and he saw the shade of Murger and was charmed. Improved by two artists' visions at the window, the vista of chimney-pots became a memorable view; indeed, he began to feel like two artists himself.

"It is a pity," Pitou continued, "that the poet has not left a verse about!"

And, by a stroke of good fortune, an ode of the absent poet's was perceived, and the critic had an impulse to declaim it. His sincere appreciation of the manuscript enabled him to do the fullest justice to its beauty.

Monsieur Blotto grew pink with pleasure. Privately he foresaw himself recounting this experience for years to come—in the tone of one to whom Paris held no mysteries. It was with difficulty that he could bear in mind his train at "twenty to zero."

"I declare we have not fared so badly, after all!" said Tricotrin, as they put him into an auto-taxi at last. "We have chanced to meet many of the Moderns, we have talked with Richepin over the telephone, and we have penetrated to the innermost heart of Bohemia."

"I have been vastly interested—vastly interested," concurred the editor. "Without exaggeration, as pleasant an evening as I have ever spent! If I regret anything, it is merely that the two young fellows were not at home." His acknowledgments were numerous and only the tooting of the taxi cut them short.

The comrades fell into each other's arms.

"My preserver!" cried the critic. "Yet I would that he had thanked us less; I confess to compunction."

"The same with me—the greatest are never wholly content with their achievements," said Pitou. "But we have saved our bacon!" he chirruped, skipping.

"And I am sure," added Tricotrin virtuously, "his nearest and dearest could not have worked harder than we did to meet his wishes."

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The REMEDY

by THOMAS W. LAWSON

IV.

The Gamblers and the Money Trust

THIRTY days ago I wound up my instalment with a letter at the foot of which I penned "Believe me, yours, Thomas W. Lawson."

It is not a habitual form with which I finish my correspondence. Some three-eyed imp of fatalism must have shoved my pen through the unaccustomed word. "Believe me" might well have been an entreaty, an adjuration, or a command, according to how you estimate my vanity *vs.* my humility; but, to be frank, it was none of these.

I had just finished the account of my much-censured public stock marketings of years gone by, and I have the suspicion that my pen went into the verjuice bottle instead of the ink-well when it scrawled that "Believe me;" but now as I roll up my sleeves to put the bed-plates under this section of the work, the miracle of miracles has happened. There has been a landslide; somebody has believed me. At this minute, the news columns of every paper are bringing in fresh reiterations of what Congress in the depths of its vast, unwieldy, slow-moving, hardly-to-be-stirred-at-all soul designs against the gambling end of the Stock Exchange. The editorial columns are mulling over the same grist. The Money Trust Committee is right now, as I write, the best advertised body of men in sight. They have pushed the Balkan War off the map, and the tariff and the Sherman Anti-Trust Act into the Potomac for the time being. The casual and uninterested newspaper reader has become so familiar with the phrases:

"Incorporate the Stock Exchange,"

"Bar Gambling from the mails,"

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"Like the old Louisiana Lottery," that if anybody asked what they meant, he would probably expect to find them in the dictionary under the heading of Household Proverbs.

Truly, "the world do move." When I tackled my REMEDY'S FOREWORD, I saw stretching into the long months ahead the task of Sisyphus, and, in referring to the Greek holder of the hard-luck record, I don't want it to be assumed that I am going out of either my own depth or that of my readers; therefore I will if-you-please-sir explain to myself that Sisyphus was condemned by the old Greek gods to roll perpetually a boulder of an impossible weight up an equally impossible hill in hell as long as eternity kept going.

Do you, my readers, remember the "until" in that first pledge in the October FOREWORD?

"YOU ARE INVITED TO THE CHRISTENING"—

I thought I knew what it was when I wrote it, and it looked to me then the eon-est word in the English language; and here—only a few very breathless months after the FOREWORD—the doctor and nurse are on a hurry-up rush, and the Washington cabinet-makers are working overtime on a suspiciously large-looking cradle. The stork is surely coming. You hear the swish of its wings in the daily press.

I hate to say—"Told —— ——" right at the start. It would not only smack too hugely of overweening egotism, but it might belittle the honest efforts of every member of that great public who has arrived by highland and lowland at the same conclusion to which my work of the past few months has been endeavoring to finger-post. But I want you to hark back to the October number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE and carefully and thoughtfully read your way down through the November, December, and January numbers, and remind yourselves what I have told in this, the first section of my REMEDY. Then, with this in mind, let us run through the current news as it bears on these conditions:

First, let us vision back to June 7, 1909, when the Hughes Commission on Speculation in Securities and Commodities published this report:

"*This Committee in refraining from advising the incorporation of the Exchange does so in the expectation that the Exchange will in the future take full advantage of the powers conferred upon it by this voluntary organization, and will be active in preventing wrong-doing such as has occurred in the past. Then we believe there will be no serious criticism of the fact that it is not incorporated. If, however, wrong-doing recurs, and it should appear to the public at large that the Exchange has been derelict in exerting its powers and authority to prevent it, we believe that the public will insist upon the incorporation of the Exchange and its subjection to state authority and supervision.*"

This committee was selected with wisdom, and it included bankers, lawyers, economists, and educators. Horace White was the chairman, and associated with him were Charles Schieren, David Leventritt, Clark Williams, John B. Clark, Willard V. King, Samuel H. Ordway, Edward D. Page, Charles Sprague Smith, and Maurice L. Muhleman. These men had no authority to enter the Stock Exchange in search of evidence, but the officers of the Exchange were quite willing to tell the committee all that it was good for them to know, if the committee would only give them a set of questions to answer at their leisure and to have revised for them by the best lawyers that money could hire for this purpose.

This was one of the ways in which the Hughes Commission probed Wall Street.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE'S LITTLE BLACK BOOK

The defense of the Stock Exchange was given to the Hughes Commission in *confidence* and not for publication. Two months ago it was made public by the Exchange itself to offset, if possible, the rapidly growing sentiment in favor of federally curbing this biggest gambling hell in the world. The little black book containing these legally prepared answers for the Hughes Commission has been guarded carefully by the Stock Exchange as the greatest defense ever made of that totally irresponsible institution.

Within this book's covers are all the stock arguments that are invariably offered by brokers when the ways of Wall Street are criticized. But even in this picture of the financial Dr. Jekyll, painted by the big-fee lawyers who grow rich showing those who can afford to hire them how to evade the

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laws, the Hughes Commission got slants on certain features that might easily, in a quick transformation, equip a thug-like Mr. Hyde for high-Wall-Street robbery. There were possibilities in the facial expression of the financial Dr. Jekyll that aroused their suspicion. The Hughes Commission, therefore, slipped into its report this paragraph:

"It is unquestionable that only a small part of the transactions upon the Exchange is of an investment character; a substantial part may be characterized as virtually gambling."

It was just a glimpse of the Hyde behind Jekyll, and then the Stock Exchange's legal artists moved them to another viewpoint, saying:

"Now, then, look again at this portrait. What you suspect to be a bold gambler's glint in our good Dr. Jekyll's eyes, comes from too much close attention to speculation, which a distinguished justice of the Supreme Court says is 'the self-adjustment of society to the probable.' "

The big-fee lawyers palmed their smiles, consulted with their clients, the Stock Exchange, and on "a gentleman's word"—not under oath, but in the strictest confidence—handed out this leer-lipped gem to the Hughes Committee:

> "All rules and regulations of the Stock Exchange protect and safeguard the transactions upon the floor of the Board to the fullest possible extent. Every transaction must be carried to its conclusion and proper delivery and payment made therefor. The so-called manipulation of prices is grossly exaggerated, and forms but a small proportion of the business of the Stock Exchange."

At the time when the Hughes Commission made this report on Stock Exchange speculation, it was described as radical and comprehensive. Then the portrait of good old financial Dr. Jekyll was put away carefully against some another-day-sniffing committee in a safe-deposit vault beneath the street of coin and crime that begins at the East River and empties into Trinity Church graveyard.

It was three and a half years ago that the Hughes Committee timidly said that **"if wrong-doing recurs, we believe that the public will insist upon the incorporation of the Exchange and its subjection to state authority and supervision."**

WHAT IS PUBLIC OPINION DOING NOW?

Hasn't it dragged the portrait of good old financial Dr. Jekyll into the clear light, and with unobscured vision found instead of the straight back, a hump; instead of benevolent eyes, a leer; and protruding over its heavy underlip, yellow prongs that it is now prepared to forcep?

Less than one week after the publication in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE of my amended Louisiana Lottery Law, drawn to bar from the mails Stock Exchanges that did not submit to Federal supervision, there came from newspapers all over the country, and at the same time, by a curious coincidence, from the chairman of the Congressional Pujo Commission that is investigating the Money Trust, a cry for governmental control of the Stock Exchange.

When I told you in my FOREWORD that the Louisiana Lottery compared with the Stock Exchange is as influenza to tuberculosis, *I asserted that ninety-nine per cent. of Stock Exchange business to-day is gambling, and that three-fourths of this is loaded-dice gambling.*

THE PARALLEL THAT ISN'T DEADLY

During the past three months the Pujo Committee, with power to swear witnesses and under no agreement of secrecy, has substantiated in every detail all of the charges that I have made against the Stock Exchange. It has anticipated some of the things that I will deal with more fully in future chapters. I can not resist the itch now to say "I told you so," and to prove that I knew my smug-headed, snake-tailed-and-bodied subject, by summarizing for you some of the sworn testimony given reluctantly by officers of the Stock Exchange and dollar-kings of Financialdom.

Let me parallel what I have said in the REMEDY with the sworn evidence in the Pujo investigation:

In my "A-B-C" chapter of the REMEDY, after describing the Stock Exchange method of manipulating the prices in securities by wash-sales, having the same object as fake bidding at a horse auction, I said:

"And then the System orders its banks, trust companies, and life-insurance companies to loan the people's deposited savings upon

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their stocks and bonds at the thus-made factitiously high prices."

There are two direct charges against the Stock Exchange in this paragraph—gambling and control of credit:

THE FIRST CHARGE—GAMBLING

First, as to the manipulation of prices, that is, gambling—loaded-dice gambling—on the Stock Exchange.

A set of charts prepared by the Pujo Committee's certified accountants, with figures to back them up which have not been questioned by any of the witnesses, estimates that ninety per cent. of the transactions on the Exchange are "spectacular." "Spectacular" is a polite financial phrase for gambling. Frequently, the entire capital stock of a great railroad or other corporation has been "bought" and "sold" in one day without any considerable transfers appearing upon the stock books of the corporation. Bear in mind that these are not my assertions, but the facts as shown from a set of charts prepared by certified accountants.

Frank K. Sturgis and Rudolph Keppler, both former presidents of the Stock Exchange, told the Pujo Committee, on December 12, after evidence had been drawn showing that the Exchange took no cognizance of short-selling and other forms of gambling by individual members, that they knew that many of the transactions were gambling.

The New York *Tribune*, on Friday, December 13, quoted them: "I would not deny," said Mr. Keppler, "that part of the transactions are of a gambling nature." And said Mr. Sturgis: "*It is not my duty to urge moral reform upon the community.*"

Probably no two witnesses who have thus far testified have more knowledge of the lights and shades of the Wall Street game than Mr. Sturgis and Mr. Keppler, or a greater disinclination to dwell upon the shades. Under cross-examination by Mr. Samuel Untermyer, counsel for the committee, Mr. Sturgis acknowledged that he had been *surprised* at the charts of the expert accountants showing that the capital of a great corporation had been sold and bought on the Exchange one and a half times over in a single day.

"These are the acts of individuals," he said. "The Exchange has nothing to do with them."

Mr. Sturgis, when questioned by Mr. Untermyer about washed orders, said, according to the New York *Sun* of December 13:

Q. But you know that when buying and selling orders are given in that way they are given for the purpose of manipulating stocks to a higher or lower level of prices? A. No; they are sometimes given purely to make the market active in dull times.

Q. But why would a broker pay commissions on both orders just to make the market active? What could be his purpose? A. Just that—his clients may have large interests in those stocks.

Q. Is it not for the purpose of either increasing or reducing prices? A. Not necessarily; it is for the purpose of making the market active.

Q. For the purpose of making the market seem active? A. Yes, for the purpose of making it seem active, if you prefer it that way.

Q. When it is not active at all? A. Possibly.

Q. Do you think that is legitimate? A. I do.

Q. What is his purpose in making it appear that the market in that stock is active when it is not active? A. If you could increase the value of a very large asset by spending a very small amount of money to advertise it, perhaps you would do it. Perhaps it is a new enterprise desirous of advertising to bring it before the community.

Q. For the purpose of inducing them to buy? A. Not necessarily. Perhaps to give them an opportunity to sell. It works both ways.

Q. But nevertheless for the purpose of inducing them to deal? A. Yes; to make the market active.

Q. To make it appear active? A. Yes, again, if you prefer to put it that way.

In my "A-B-C" chapter I told you how forty billions of counterfeit capital had been coined through the gambling end of the Stock Exchange by the unloading of securities at prices factitiously made through washed sales, and how these securities were deposited in banks and trust companies in place of the people's money. One of the terms for this sort of transaction is "rigging the market." On this subject, under cross-examination by Mr. Untermyer, Mr. Sturgis answered the following questions:

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Q. And how do you justify as legitimate the transactions of a pool or syndicate in giving out buying and selling orders to brokers for the purpose of lifting the price of the stock or depressing it? A. THOSE ARE THE ACTS OF INDIVIDUALS. I CAN NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE THROUGHOUT THIS COUNTRY DO.

Q. Do you not realize, Mr. Sturgis, that it brings the public in, who do not know that these sales and purchases are given out from the same source? Do you not know that it brings the public in on that higher level of prices? A. Suppose the public happened to have that stock?

Q. Is not the operation at times resorted to to depress prices and at other times to lift prices? A. Yes.

Q. Do you not know that the purpose is sometimes to enable them to sell the stock short and then to buy it in at the lower level of prices? A. No; I do not know that.

Q. You approve of those transactions, do you? A. I approve of transactions that pay their proper commissions and are properly transacted. *You are asking me a moral question and I am answering you a Stock Exchange question.*

Q. What is the difference? A. They are very different things.

Q. I thought so. There is no relation between a moral question, then, and a Stock Exchange question? A. Sometimes.

Q. But you are a member of the governing committee, are you not? A. Truly.

Q. And do you not think the motives of your own members in rigging a market up or rigging a market down are matters of concern to the governing committee? A. We do not know it. These transactions take place on the floor of the Exchange. How can the members of the governing committee follow every transaction and know whether it is a question of what you call manipulating or not?

Let me pin right here to this noble testimony of a former president of the New York Stock Exchange a bald assertion that I made two months ago in the REMEDY, and ask you to pause a moment and mull them both over:

"*If stocks and bonds to the legitimate value of one billion dollars (the legitimate value because the industries which they represent are to sell their product to the people at a price which will enable them to earn and pay five per cent. on one billion capital) are manipulated factitiously to two billion dollars—*

"*And this two billion dollars is used as the basis of increasing the price of the industry's production enough to pay five per cent. on two billion dollars—*

"*The people are robbed of a billion dollars as absolutely as if the treasury of the United States had been broken into and a billion dollars stolen.*"

Mr. Sturgis admitted that the hypothecation, by a broker, of stocks fully paid for by a customer and left in the broker's hands is fraud, and, as fraud, punishable under the law. Legally, there is no difference between this act and the pawning of your neighbor's coat that he has hung up in your hall for an evening. But—if a customer owns fifty per cent. of the stocks and leaves them in the hands of his broker as security for his fifty per cent. indebtedness, the broker may hypothecate the full value of these stocks to borrow money for himself. When the broker fails, the customer loses his stocks and the bank holds them.

To the reader outside of Financialdom, such a transaction may seem to be fifty per cent. theft. It seemed so to the Hughes Commission, for they said that a broker who did this "is undoubtedly guilty of conversion under the law as it exists to-day and we call this fact to the attention of the brokers and the public. When the broker sells securities purchased for a customer who has paid therefor in whole or in part, except upon the customer's default, or disposes of them for his own benefit, he should be held guilty of larceny, and we recommend a statute to that effect."

Around such transactions the irresponsible Stock Exchange throws no safeguards. It pretends to know nothing about them. But it does provide for the payment of a broker's debts to his fellow members of the Stock Exchange up to the amount of the value of his Exchange membership, which has dropped recently from $90,000 to $50,000—or $44,000,000 for the 1,100 seats.

These conclusions, then, as corroborating the charge that the main business of the Stock Exchange is gambling, may be drawn fairly from the testimony of the officers of the Exchange and the reports of the expert accountants:

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Ninety per cent. of all transactions on the New York Stock Exchange are gambling—not speculation in the economical sense, but gambling; and a large and not clearly defined share of this is sure-thing gambling.

The New York Stock Exchange provides absolutely no security against the conniving of brokers to "squeeze" the public by manipulated sales of securities.

Brokers' customers have no protection against the use of their securities as collateral when the brokers holding them wish to use the securities to raise loans for their own use.

The Stock Exchange has an agreement with big corporations by which only Exchange members shall be permitted to transfer the securities issued by those corporations.

Are these exhibits in the case of the People vs. the New York Stock Exchange strong enough to convince you that "wrong-doing has recurred," in the face of the recommendations of the Hughes Commission, and that "the public will insist upon the incorporation of the Exchange and its subjection to state authority and supervision"? When you have read the testimony of former president Sturgis, can't you vision the activity of the Stock Exchange, not "in preventing wrong-doing such as has occurred in the past," but in keeping secret its own legally sophisticated answers to the Hughes Commission inquiries? The one thing necessary to the "legal" robbing of the many by the few is pussy-footed secrecy.

With this incomplete collection of Stock Exchange dirty linen hung on the line of your vision, I am going to assert, without fear of denial, that the Pujo Committee has stamped my statement that ninety-nine per cent. of the Stock Exchange business is pure gambling, as *Q. E. D.* up to ninety per cent.; and I believe that before their investigation is finished they will yield to me the other nine per cent. If they don't—charge it off to the disinclination of a score of Financialdom's bell-wethers (who are willing to tell "only the truth") to tell the "whole truth."

SECOND CHARGE—CONTROL OF CREDIT

The second charge that I leveled against the Stock Exchange was the control of credit through its ward man—the Money Trust.

Before I parallel with this charge—control of credit — the evidence dragged out by the Pujo Committee, I want to make it one-two-three clear to my readers how a Money Trust may tip the stock-price scales first up and then down at the nod of the System. This is one of the illustrations of how surely the dice are loaded in Wall Street.

SHEARING THE LAMBS

No big corporate industry that expects to be listed on the Stock Exchange may go into existence without getting down on its hands and knees and begging a small group of men, who control the money in this country, to finance it. When such a System-backed stock is listed on the Exchange (and no others need apply), rigging the market to get in the outsiders at high prices is mainstayed by the Money Trust that controls credits.

As the washing proceeds—that is, the placing of matched orders with Stock Exchange brokers, who buy and sell at constantly rising prices to make an active bull market that will tempt the lambs—orders go out from the System's manipulators to the banks which they control to lend liberally on the stocks that are being boosted. When the top-notch price has almost been reached, John Doe finds that if he wants to buy Blue Sky Common at 80, he may do it on a ten-point margin, and his brokers can get the System's banks to take it as a gilt-edged collateral. Blue Sky Common may be gold-leafed balled lead or a vacuum; but if the System orders, it goes into the banks as security for the people's money that is chucked out on the gambling-table.

When the System has unloaded all its Blue Sky Common on the lambs at 80 or above, and has "sold short" as much more, it tips the wink to its banks, and they discover suddenly that Blue Sky Common is very uncertain as security for a loan. Being scrupulous bankers and unwilling to hazard their depositors' money on a security that is tainted, they call loans on Blue Sky. The Stock toboggans down to a price where it is worth its market value for breathing purposes, and in the slide the lambs are thrown out on the crust. Their bleats bring no response, for, all the fleece having been yanked off during the

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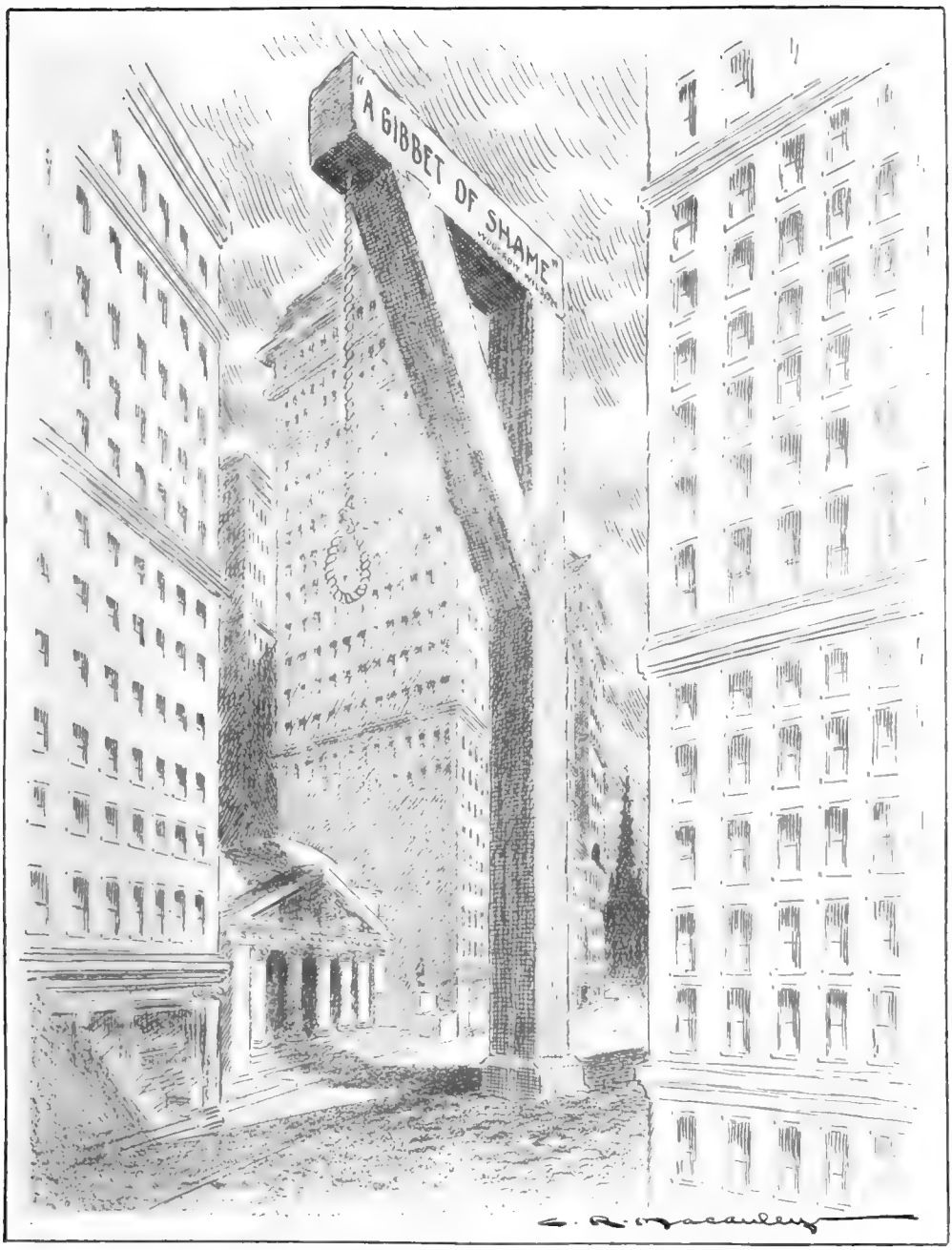

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A WARNING TO WALL STREET

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slide, the skins and bones are of no further use unless they may be patched up for another day's show.

Then the process is reversed—Blue Sky Common again becomes a gilt-edged bank security; the stock soars back to its high price, carrying with it a big load of insiders' stock that will be snatched again by another flock of lambs at a top price. Then reverse, and repeat as often as a new

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generation of lambs or the old flock with new fleece comes into the market.

And the old cook-book recipe does not hold: you don't first have to catch your lambs—they flock to the game year in and year out.

The evidence thus far produced before the Pujo Committee showing the existence of a highly centralized Money Trust that controls credits, absolutely affords a spectacle that should make strong men weep, for it shows how daring and contemptuous have become the powers that be—how contemptuous of the rights of a once sovereign people.

You and I—all of us—know and have known for a long time that there is in this country a money power, a Money Trust. You and I don't have to apply the strict rules of court evidence to prove it. We know there is a System—*the* System. We know there is in Wall Street a concentration of banks, and thus a concentration of credit, more powerful and therefore more absolutely controlling the economic life of each and every one of us than any other concentration of power that has ever existed. In its possibilities of oppression it transcends the power of the most despotic monarchy.

You and I know all these things, and now in order to put them down in black and white for ourselves, we have set our detectives at Washington to track the beast to its lair. And how do we fare?

Well—and then not so well.

The committee has helped lay bare a condition of stacked-card, loaded-dice, sure-thing gambling that makes the old-time, fixed faro game seem like a What-Became-of-Jennie-Brice contest. Through a glass darkly—we have got a glimpse of a thousand-tentacled octopus sucking to itself the economic life-blood of a nation. We have had sketched loosely for us the outlines of what we know to be an elaborate and perfectly oiled mechanism for concentrating the savings of the people in the hands of a few unscrupulous manipulators, that each sitter-in in the crooked game may pile them as chips in front of him. There has been reared before our eyes a huge banking structure containing the billions of a sovereign people's savings, and at its apex a half dozen institutions that are in turn completely controlled by a few individuals.

This body politic and economic of ours has been X-rayed on the screen and its heart located—not in Washington but in Wall Street.

If you are so naive that you don't believe there is any such thing as a Money Trust, glimpse through the following facts substantiated by the sworn evidence before the Pujo Committee:

By means of interlocking directorates 18 financial institutions in New York, Chicago, and Boston are dominant factors in the management of 134 corporations with an aggregate capital of $25,325,000,000.

The 180 partners and directors of these 18 institutions hold 385 directorships in 41 banks and trust companies with deposits of $2,834,000,000, and they represent through their own institutions the management of $25,325,000,000. They hold 155 directorships in 31 railroads having a total capitalization of $12,193,000,000; 50 directorships in 11 insurance companies with total assets of $2,646,000,000; 98 directorships in 28 producing and trading companies with a total capitalization of $3,583,000,000, to say nothing of the various public utilities corporations with annual gross earnings of $428,000,000.

Five of these 18 institutions—J. P. Morgan & Company; the Guaranty Trust Company; the Bankers' Trust Company; the First National Bank, and the National City Bank—through 344 interlocking directors, have tentacled allied corporations with resources of $22,245,000,000.

These interlocking boards of directors have been organized for the purpose of controlling credit and thus holding sovereign power over the prosperity of this country.

Look over this chart from the New York *Times:*

"$25,000,000,000 RESOURCES REPRESENTED IN 180 MEN

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—Before the Pujo 'Money Trust' inquiry to-day tables and charts were presented intended to show that eighteen financial institutions in New York, Chicago, and Boston virtually constituted a 'Money Trust,' having a voice through places on the Board of Directors in the management of one hundred and thirty-four corporations, with an aggregate capital of $25,325,000,000.

"The eighteen concerns, with the number of corporations in which their directors are represented and the amount of capital of these corporations, are as follows:

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Firm or Bank	*No. of Director-ships*	*No. of Corporations Represented*	*Resources of these Corporations*
J. P. Morgan & Co.	63	39	$10,036,000,000
First National Bank of New York	103	49	11,542,000,000
Guaranty Trust Co. of New York	160	76	17,342,000,000
Bankers' Trust Co. of New York	113	56	11,184,000,000
National City Bank of New York	86	47	13,205,000,000
Kuhn, Loeb & Co.	15	12	3,011,000,000
National Bank of Commerce	149	82	18,165,000,000
Hanover National Bank	37	29	7,495,000,000
Chase National Bank of New York	69	48	11,527,000,000
Astor Trust Co.	74	47	12,408,000,000
Blair & Co. of New York	12	11	1,784,000,000
Speyer & Co. of New York	10	10	2,443,000,000
Continental & Commercial National Bank of Chicago	40	97	6,969,000,000
First National Bank of Chicago	79	29	9,158,000,000
Illinois Trust & Savings Bank of Chicago	28	22	4,599,000,000
Kidder, Peabody & Co. of Boston	8	6	2,395,000,000
Lee, Higginson & Co., of Boston	11	..	3,209,000,000

"In addition J. P. Morgan & Co. has eleven voting trustees of various corporations. The First National Bank has thirteen, the Guaranty Trust Company eight, the Bankers' Trust Company four, the National Bank of Commerce eight, and the Chase National Bank three."

And then if you want to go a step farther in tracing the Money Trust to its masters, study this table published by the New York *Sun* on December 19, 1912;

Statement of Corporations Having as Directors Both Members of J. P. Morgan & Co., and Directors of the First National Bank, New York, Put Before the Pujo Committee at Washington.

Name	*Resources or Capitalization*	*Directorships Held by Morgan & Co.*	*Directorships Held by First National Bank*
Astor Trust Co.	$27,000,000	H. P. Davison T. W. Lamont W. H. Porter	Geo. F. Baker H. P. Davison F. L. Hine T. W. Lamont
Chemical National Bank	40,000,000	H. P. Davison Wm. H. Porter	H. P. Davison
Liberty National Bank	29,000,000	H. P. Davison	H. P. Davison F. L. Hine
National Bank of Commerce, New York	190,000,000	H. P. Davison J. P. Morgan, Jr.	Geo. F. Baker H. P. Davison F. L. Hine
New York Trust Co.	54,000,000	Geo. W. Perkins	James A. Blair A. C. James J. J. Mitchell
Bankers' Trust Co.	205,000,000	H. P. Davison T. W. Lamont W. H. Porter	H. P. Davison A. B. Hepburn F. L. Hine T. W. Lamont C. D. Norton
Guaranty Trust Co.	232,000,000	H. P. Davison T. W. Lamont W. H. Porter	G. F. Baker H. P. Davison T. W. Lamont
Total of Banks and Trust Companies	$777,000,000		
Insurance Companies:	*Assets*		
Mutual Life Insurance Co.	$587,000,000	Wm. H. Porter	Geo. F. Baker
Transportation Systems:	*Capitalization*		
Chicago Great Western	$128,000,000	J. P. Morgan Charles Steele	G. F. Baker J. P. Morgan
Erie Railroad Co.	418,000,000	W. P. Hamilton Geo. W. Perkins Chas. Steele	Geo. F. Baker
International Mercantile Marine Co.	173,000,000	J. P. Morgan J. P. Morgan, Jr. Charles Steele Geo. W. Perkins	J. P. Morgan
Lehigh Valley	130,000,000	Chas. Steele E. T. Stotesbury	Geo. F. Baker Wm. H. Moore
New York Central & H. R. R. R.	1,150,000,000	J. P. Morgan	Geo. F. Baker J. P. Morgan
N. Y., N. H. & H. R.R.	385,000,000	J. P. Morgan	Geo. F. Baker J. P. Morgan
Norfolk & Western	217,000,000	T. W. Lamont J. P. Morgan, Jr. Chas. Steele	Geo. F. Baker Geo. F. Baker, Jr. A. C. James T. W. Lamont
Northern Pacific Ry.	439,000,000	T. W. Lamont J. P. Morgan, Jr. Charles Steele	Geo. F. Baker Geo. F. Baker, Jr. T. W. Lamont A. C. James
Reading Co.	366,000,000	E. T. Stotesbury	Geo. F. Baker
Southern Railway	420,000,000	J. P. Morgan Chas. Steele	Geo. F. Baker Geo. F. Baker, Jr. H. C. Fahnestock J. P. Morgan
Adams Express Co.	48,000,000	Chas. Steele	Geo. F. Baker
Total of Transportation Systems	$3,874,000,000		

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Producing and Trading Corporations:			
Baldwin Locomotive Works	$54,000,000	E. T. Stotesbury	C. D. Norton
General Electric Co.	113,000,000	J. P. Morgan Chas. Steele	J. P. Morgan
International Agricultural Corporation	34,000,000	T. W. Lamont	T. W. Lamont
International Harvester Co.	160,000,000	Geo. W. Perkins Charles Steele	Geo. F. Baker
United States Steel Corporation	1,440,000,000	J. P. Morgan J. P. Morgan, Jr. Geo. W. Perkins Chas. Steele	Geo. F. Baker Wm. H. Moore J. P. Morgan
Pullman Co.	120,000,000	J. P. Morgan	Geo. F. Baker J. P. Morgan J. J. Mitchell
Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.	$68,000,000	T. W. Lamont	T. W. Lamont
Total Producing and Trading Companies	*$1,989,000,000*		
Public Utilities Corporations:			
Amer. Tel. & Tel.	$521,000,000	H. P. Davison	Geo. F. Baker H. P. Davison J. J. Mitchell
Total for all Companies	*$7,848,000,000*		

The Pujo Committee wasted no time on the story of the method of bringing about these huge combinations of resources; and I want for your information to tell you some facts about the Guaranty Trust Company, which now is the biggest banking institution in Wall Street—and the most powerful.

Less than six months ago the Guaranty Trust Company swallowed the Standard Trust Company of New York and ballooned into the Biggest Thing of its kind in the United States. With that consolidation the Morgan group of banks and trust companies became the representatives of more than sixty-one per cent. of the total capital and surplus represented by all of the institutions of the New York Clearing House, of more than forty-five per cent. of the total loans of such institutions, and more than fifty per cent. of the total deposits.

This Morgan group now has the controlling influence in the banking affairs of the whole United States. Although the Standard Oil interests have their banks, and the so-called Kuhn-Loeb interests have a few institutions, there is no other combination of banking power so closely centralized in a few hands as this Morgan group.

After the extraordinary disclosures in 1905 respecting the extent to which the life-insurance companies had become involved in the banking business, and indirectly in Wall Street gambling, there was enacted in New York state a law which forbids the life-insurance companies to invest their money in anything but high-grade bonds and real-estate loans, and provides also for the compulsory sale of bank shares, railroad stocks, and similar investments within a five-year period.

On June 1, 1906, the Equitable Life Assurance Society reported bank stocks and trust company holdings having a market value of $35,110,000, and the Mutual Life Insurance Company reported similar holdings of $32,127,000. In other words, these two companies owned the largest single holdings of bank- and trust-company stocks that were lodged anywhere in the United States. The most important single holding of bank shares was that of the National Bank of Commerce in the City of New York. These two life-insurance companies between them owned forty-three thousand shares of the National Bank of Commerce stock.

There were plenty of people ready to buy these shares, but the controlling interests in the insurance companies wanted to select their own purchasers. Mr. Morgan owned the Equitable Life Assurance Company as his own personal property by right of purchase of the controlling shares from Thomas F. Ryan. He, therefore, had the right to dictate the sale of the huge block of National Bank of Commerce stock which the Equitable held. Moreover, the Morgan influence had long been almost predominant in the affairs of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and on its reorganization Mr. Charles A. Peabody, who was known to be in the so-called First National Bank crowd, became the new president of the Mutual.

Wall Street rumor had it that the insurance holdings of the National Bank of Commerce stock would be sold to the National City Bank and Standard Oil interests. As a matter of fact, negotiations to this effect were on at one time; but the First National Bank interests were not disposed to have these two rival institutions combine and so supersede their own bank, which for years

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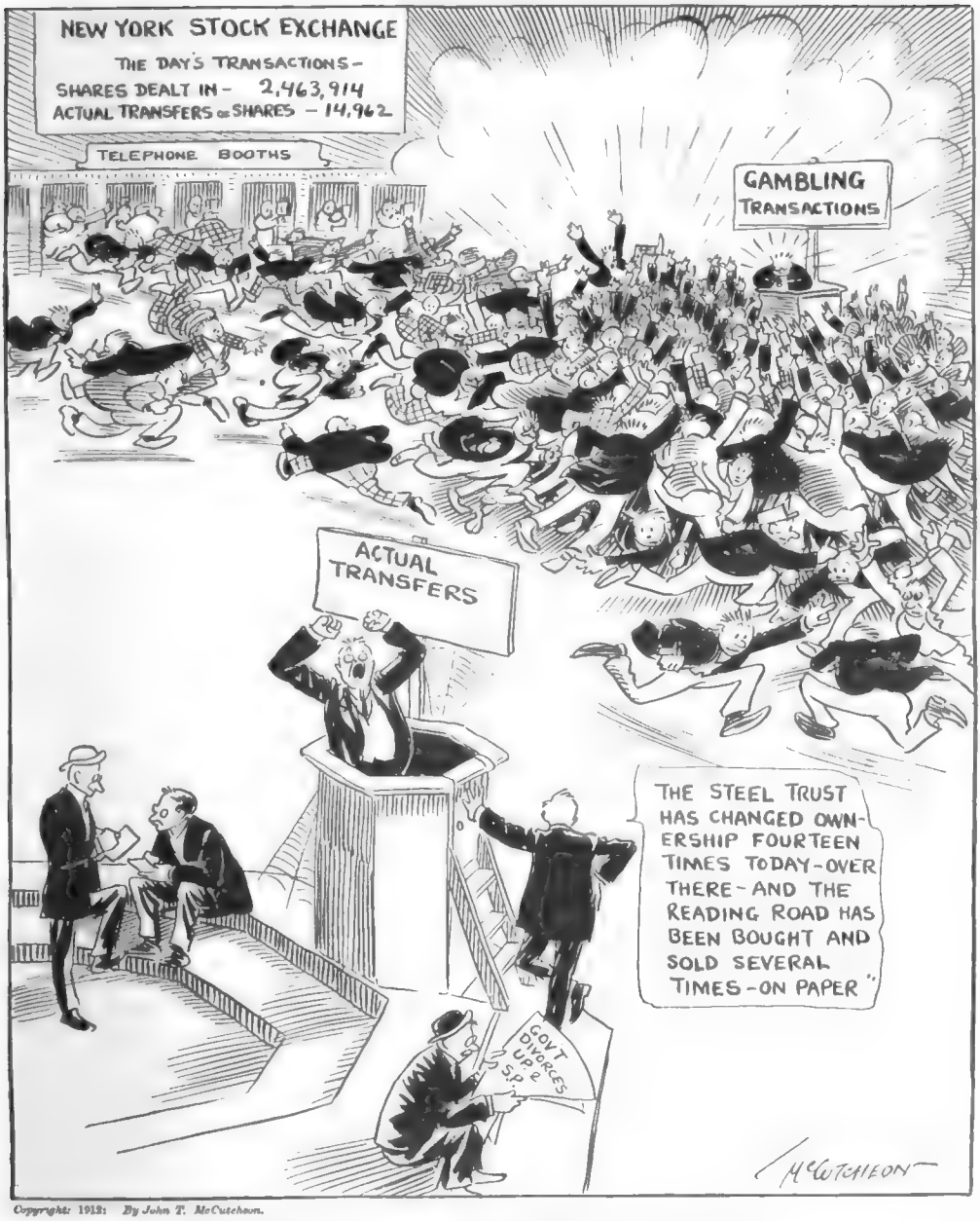
THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

(As revealed by the Congressional Investigation)


NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
THE DAY'S TRANSACTIONS -
SHARES DEALT IN - 2,463,914
ACTUAL TRANSFERS OF SHARES - 14,962
TELEPHONE BOOTHS
GAMBLING TRANSACTIONS
ACTUAL TRANSFERS
THE STEEL TRUST HAS CHANGED OWNERSHIP FOURTEEN TIMES TODAY - OVER THERE - AND THE READING ROAD HAS BEEN BOUGHT AND SOLD SEVERAL TIMES - ON PAPER"
GOVT DIVORCES U.P. & S.P.
McCUTCHEON

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had been known as a Morgan bank.

To reconcile all these interests was a big problem, and it was finally worked out through the most ingenious scheme of community of interest that had ever been attempted in Wall Street banking. An agreement was ultimately reached whereby a very large block of the stock of the Bank of Commerce held by these two insurance companies was sold to a syndicate representing J. P. Morgan and Company, the National City Bank, and the First National Bank.

In April, 1911, the Executive Committee of the National Bank of Commerce was reorganized with the election of two of the executive officers of the National City Bank,

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two of the executive officers of the First National Bank, and the president of the Chase National Bank. In this way the National Bank of Commerce has come to be the only great bank in the United States that is run to-day by the presidents of its three most important rival institutions.

The next most important sale of bank stock which the Mutual Life Insurance Company entered into was that of 8,648 shares to the Guaranty Trust Company. This was one of the choicest of the trust company holdings on the books of the Mutual Life. The Mutual had been buying up this stock from 1891 to 1903. It had cost it an average price of $146 a share, and it was able to sell it for $642 a share. The Morgan syndicate had secured some of its stock that had been sold originally to E. H. Harriman, and it purchased outright the Mutual Life's block of 8,648 shares. In the old days when the Guaranty Trust Company was under the supervision of the Mutual Life, it always made money. It had established profitable connections in Europe, and it had long been a power in the Wall Street loan market.

As soon as the Morgan interests obtained control of the Guaranty Trust Company they made things hum. The old Morton Trust Company, the Fifth Avenue Trust Company, and the Standard Trust Company were at various times merged with it. The result is that the Guaranty Trust Company now represents greater aggregate resources than even the Bankers' Trust Company, and has come to be the most powerful trust company in Wall Street.

Mr. Morgan controls it as absolutely as if he himself were the president and the entire board of directors.

MR. MORGAN AT WASHINGTON

Let me reprint here from the editorial page of the New York *World* of December 10, 1912, this illuminating description of how Mr. Morgan went to Washington to tell the Pujo Committee that there was no Money-Trust:

"J. Pierpont Morgan is probably the ablest banker in the world. He has the best-trained mind. He has the broadest grasp of the principles of finance. He knows more about financial conditions in the United States than anybody else. His disinterested advice and counsel would be of more value to Congress in dealing with the currency question and the so-called Money Trust than that of any other living man.

"Mr. Morgan is in Washington to testify before the Pujo committee. How did he go? Like a witness who had nothing to conceal? Like a witness glad of the opportunity to perform a highly important public service? Not at all.

"Mr. Morgan went to Washington accompanied by Joseph H. Choate, former ambassador to Great Britain and the leader of the New York bar; by John C. Spooner, former United States Senator from Wisconsin and now a distinguished New York lawyer; by Francis Lynde Stetson, one of the ablest corporation lawyers in the country; by R. V. Lindabury, the general counsel for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; by Delancey Nicoll, who was the attorney for the Tobacco Trust in the recent dissolution proceedings; by William F. Sheehan, who was a candidate for United States Senator in New York and is one of the best known corporation lawyers in the city.

"And what are these eminent lawyers there for? Not to help Mr. Morgan testify, for in spite of their very great abilities, Mr. Morgan knows more about the subject of finance than all of them put together. No: they are not there to help Mr. Morgan give information to Congress, but to help Mr. Morgan withhold information from Congress. Their work is to help him evade the committee's questions if he prefers not to answer. Their work is to help him make his testimony of as little public value as possible. Their work is to show him how he can avoid putting his knowledge and experience to public use. That is the only function that eminent lawyers can have in such circumstances.

"Mr. Morgan has shown himself a public benefactor in many ways. He gives immense sums to charity, and does it without ostentation. He has given to the people of New York all the educational benefits of an art collection that is well-nigh priceless. He has been a constant factor in the esthetic life of the community, and he has presented to the whole world the example of a highly educated banker whose word is better than most men's bond. . . . .

"Yet how unfortunate that he can not display the same public spirit in the financial education of the country that he displays in its art education! Nothing he could give to the American people in the way of old masters would be half so valuable to them as his own brains and service. If he wanted to, he could guide them out of their financial labyrinth and show them how to put the finances of the country on such a basis that the wages and savings and industries of the people would no longer be the football of stock-jobbers and stock-gamblers and panic-breeders. That is the kind of public work men like Mr. Morgan ought to be doing, and that is the kind of public work they never do except under compulsion. Is it strange that the great mass of people regard them as enemies of the general welfare, and that their known approbation is sufficient to wither and blight the most meritorious measure of the most meritorious cause?"

And below is the quotation from a Washington despatch in the New York *Sun*, dated December 10:

"'There is no such thing as the possibility of controlling the money of the country,' was the statement that Mr. Morgan repeated time and again in the course of his testimony. So far as he was concerned as a per-

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sonal factor in the equation he disclaimed any consciousness of being able to exercise a dominating influence in the money or other business affairs of the nation.

"He defended the system of interlocking directorates that has been built up in the banking and industrial world, and declared that experience had taught him that he personally was powerless to impose his will upon a group of competent men after they have been named as directors of a financial institution."

If I have not located all the money in the United States in Wall Street—that is, the control of it—I have underestimated my facts. And when you want money to move your crops, or need it in comparatively small business ventures, why can't you get it? Let the Philadelphia *North American* tell the story in this paragraph from a Washington despatch dated December 10, 1912, and headed:

"COUNTRY CASH HELD IN NEW YORK FOR GAMBLING, MORGAN MAN ADMITS

"Mr. Untermyer managed to obtain from Frew a description of the method by which money was attracted to New York when small country merchants and farmers demand funds for the moving of crops or the accommodation of their business affairs.

"Mr. Frew said that the money was needed on the New York Stock Exchange for speculative purposes; that country banks kept large sums on deposit in New York, and that when the 'home' demand for money became strong, the New York price of money rose, and the country banks, in order to gain the big interest charges, put their money out in call loans on the New York Stock Exchange. All of these loans are based on Stock Exchange collateral, Mr. Untermyer elicited."

A Washington despatch printed in the New York *World* of December 23 sums up the Pujo Committee's work in these words:

"An analysis of the record of the Money Trust Investigating Committee compiled thus far, establishes, according to the committee's belief, these facts:

"*That money, which is simply the medium of exchange in all other civilized countries, has become the master of production in this country.*

"*That a small group of men has got control of money and therefore of the national wealth in the form of production.*

"*That they have got this control through the agencies of the New York Stock Exchange, a faulty monetary system and a chain of clearing-house associations.*"

What are you going to do about it?

I have traced the causes of High-Cost Living back through the trusts (including the Money Trust) and corporations which produce the people's necessities, to the heart of corporate tribute-levying—the gambling end of the Stock Exchange.

To cure this evil, then, the people should have absolute control, through Congress, of Big Business; and I showed to you in my last chapter how this could be done by barring from the mails Exchanges that did not submit to Federal supervision.

Since publishing the amendment of the old lottery law in the December issue of the magazine and stating that it was to be worked in connection with another law which would federally incorporate the Stock Exchange, I have been advised by many congressmen and senators that there is such a deep feeling against Federal incorporation in any form that the passage of the law as outlined might be put in jeopardy. And rather than incur this risk, I pick-and-shoveled it again, with the result shown on Page 51 of the Advertising Section.

In pinning this law to the cyclone which is howling the country on its way to the law-making halls of the people, I can do no more than say: "God speed thee to the minds of statesmen; and if thou dost bore thy way with the wrongs which birthed thee, no man's mind so hard as to stay thee of thy end."

THE STOCK-GAMBLING KILLER

If this law is put upon the statute books by the incoming Congress and President Wilson in 1913, this is what it will do by 1914:

Absolutely destroy stock-gambling.

Start the drop in the annual interest return to invested capital.

Start a drop in the high cost of the American people's living without a corresponding drop in the wage of the American people.

Start an increase in the price of every honest, good American security.

Start a drop in the price of every dishonest, bad American security.

Pull the teeth, cut the claws, and wither the fangs of the Money Trust.

Start the Stock Exchange toward the high position it should occupy in the nation's business structure.

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A study of this law will clearly show that no honest business can be injured by its enactment.

In its drafting I have had the best legal talent in the land. Its drawers have bed-rock plumbed their knowledge and their experience to fulfil my order, which was to "spare no time, money, or effort in the creation of a law to which no honest man or woman could object."

My instructions were:

Sacrifice nothing to the radical or the sensational, nothing to the interests of any individual or class! Confine its prohibitions to those evils which are not only recognized by all, but which the Stock Exchange itself emphatically prohibits but never prevents! Above all things, make it so simple that all can understand!

This law fills the bill, plus, and once on the statute books, it will prove the System's gallows. It is the only way in which these present evils can be constitutionally destroyed.

Boiled down, this law means:

That no Stock Exchange can exist without the use of the mails;

That no Stock Exchange will be allowed to use the mails unless it organizes and does business under the charter and by-laws set forth in this law;

That the constitution and by-laws set forth in this law are such that if the Stock Exchange and its members live up to them, many of the present evils which have brought High-Cost Living will become impossible.

That if they are not lived up to, the Postmaster General will give notice that the Exchange in ten days will be put out of business—barred from the mails—and that every member of the Exchange who, in the meantime, does not resign and cease doing business on the Exchange, will be put out of business—barred from the mails.

As the Post-Office works to-day, the Postmaster-General's power is absolute; there is no appeal from it to the courts or to any one or thing; but only because Congress under its authority conferred by the Constitution has not provided any. In this law Congress provides for an appeal to the court.

Therefore the Exchange and its members are not subject to the will of the Postmaster-General, or to any other official of the Post-Office Department. If when they receive the Postmaster-General's notice barring them from the mails, they feel that they have not infringed, they will have the right to ask the United States court of the district to enjoin the Postmaster-General, whereupon the facts of the infringement of the law will be tried in open court.

To those who will raise the question of constitutionality, I say:

The Constitution gives Congress absolute right to bar any one from the use of the mails on the ground of public policy.

All the courts have said that Congress, not the courts, has the say-so as to what is against public policy, and that once Congress has decided what is against public policy no court or other power can interfere.

All the courts have decreed that the use of the mails is the right of no citizen, that it is merely the privilege of any citizen, and that no citizen whose use of the mails Congress has decided is against public policy will be allowed to exercise this privilege.

When Congress passes this law it will have said in effect that it is against public policy for the Stock Exchange to do business as the Stock Exchange has been doing it.

And Congress protects the Stock Exchange and all of its members by saying: "If you are unjustly accused of breaking your pledge not to cheat, you have but to go to the nearest court and get redress."

The final boiling down of this law is: That once this law is on the statute-books, no member of the big Exchanges will take any chance of losing his business and incurring the disgrace of being pounced upon by the Post-Office Department — and consequently stock gambling will be killed.

This law, once it is on the statute-books, will be the last word on stock gambling, just as the Louisiana Lottery Law was the last word on lotteries. For it will read:

Congress has decided that it is against public policy for any Stock Exchange to cheat. Therefore bar every cheating Stock Exchange and its members from the mails.

YOU WILL FIND THE LAW TO KILL STOCK GAMBLING ON PAGE 51 OF THE ADVERTISING SECTION IN THIS NUMBER.

*The next instalment of "**The Remedy**" will appear in the March issue.*

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"The HONORABLE the ELECTORS"

By

FREDERIC J. HASKIN

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT."

AT PRECISELY one o'clock on the afternoon of the second Wednesday in February the honorable the Senate of the United States, headed by its President and in charge of its sergeant-at-arms, will present itself at the bar of the honorable the House of Representatives. The sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives will make formal announcement of that fact to the Speaker, who, in the name of the House, will invite the Senate to enter. Then the Speaker will yield his chair and his gavel to the President of the Senate, will take another chair immediately to the left, the senators will be seated on the right of the presiding officer, and all will be in readiness to count the votes of the electors to determine who has been chosen President and Vice-President of the United States of America.

Everything will be done in strict accordance with the statute laws, which even extend their mandate to the requirement that the Speaker sit at the left of the President of the Senate when the two Houses of Congress meet in joint assembly to count the votes of the electors.

This solemn assemblage will declare, after due ceremony and certification, that on the Thirteenth Day of January in the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirteen the electors duly appointed met in their respective states and cast their free ballots, with the result that Woodrow Wilson was elected President and Thomas Riley Marshall Vice-President of the United States.

Many persons have presumed that Wilson and Marshall were elected on November 5, 1912, but that presumption will not affect the cold ceremony of the two Houses in pretending that the election took place on January 13, 1913. (Who said that 13 is Woodrow Wilson's lucky number?)

Perhaps the reason why Congress is so punctilious in every detail of counting the votes cast in the electoral colleges is that extraordinary respect must be paid to the letter of the law, since nobody on earth pretends to obey its spirit.

In forty-eight states of the Union on the second Monday in January the electors who were "appointed" by the voters in the November election met to cast their ballots. Not one of them would have dared for any earthly price or heavenly hope to disobey the mandate given him by the voters in November; yet their votes and not those of the people elect the President and Vice-President.

This whole business comes down from the Fathers—even to the phraseology that speaks of "the honorable the Senate." The Fathers were those wise men who met after the American people had won their independence from King George, and adopted a Constitution which would permit the people to have as little to do with the government as possible—a purpose declared in so many words by its authors.

Particularly were the Fathers afraid the people might interfere with the choice of the Chief Magistrate. Therefore they provided that each state should, in any manner suitable to itself, appoint a certain number of electors equal to the whole number of the particular state's representation in both Houses of Congress. This was to insure that only men of the better classes, responsible and sober men of goodly property, should have anything to say about the choice of the President.

Then the Fathers went further and wrote

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into the Constitution: "The Congress may determine the time of chusing [sic] the electors and the day on which they shall give their votes, which day shall be the same throughout the United States." This was done so that the electors in one state would have no notion of whom the electors in other states were considering for the job, all to the end that the sober second thought and ripe judgment of the men of high standing might be recorded.

Did the scheme work? Not once. In the very first election Virginia permitted the people to appoint the electors in a popular election, and every elector in that first meeting knew that it would be fatal not to vote for George Washington.

But although the spirit of the institution has never been obeyed, its letter is binding and all-powerful. Else Abraham Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson—not to mention others—would never have been elected President, for they received no majority of the votes of the people.

THE REAL ELECTION

And it is of these electors that I write. They meet in the state capital. The governor, through the secretary of state, gives them a certificate showing that they have been "appointed" electors. Usually the governor is present in person. The electors name some one of their number to act as chairman, and then an embarrassed clerk hauls out the proceedings of the electors of four years before, because no one ever remembers what to do and how to do it. Finally all the precedents are observed and the votes are cast.

Then three lists of the votes are made and each list is signed by all of the electors. The electors then name a special messenger to take the ballots to the President of the Senate, and adjourn without delay—their function of acting and not thinking having been performed.

The electors of each state, meeting together, form an "electoral college." Thus there are now forty-eight electoral colleges in a presidential election. This name has no legal sanction, but was used in the first election and has become general by custom. In those days the word "college" was much more used in its general sense of a collection or body of persons gathered for a common purpose than in its more specific sense of a faculty of teachers. Now that the word is seldom so used, erroneous reference is sometimes made to the whole body of electors as "the electoral college." This has even given rise to a belief that all of the electors of the Union meet in one body to choose the president—an impression that graded-school teachers have much pains to eradicate from the youthful mind.

One of the three lists of votes made out and signed by the electors in each state is sent to the President of the Senate by the special messenger, one is sent to the same officer by mail, and the third is deposited with the Federal district judge of the district in which the electors meet. If by the fourth Monday in January—that is, in two weeks' time—the President of the Senate has not received the vote from any state, then he requests the Secretary of State of the United States to send a special messenger to the district judge in whose keeping the triplicate list has been left; and upon this request the Secretary of State must send the messenger and the judge must forthwith transmit the triplicate list of the votes given.

And it is these votes in sealed packages that the President of the Senate brings with him to the House of Representatives on the Second Wednesday in February at one o'clock in the afternoon. But it has been decided that these votes are not actually necessary to the count! The general knowledge that a state has gone for Wilson or for Roosevelt, or for Taft, in a pinch, would suffice.

All of this minute detail was not worked out at one sitting. In fact, the statute regulating the casting of the votes, the method of making returns, and the system of counting, dates only from February 3, 1887. The necessity for this law became painfully apparent in 1877 when both Rutherford B. Hayes and Samuel J. Tilden claimed the election—an issue finally decided by the extra-constitutional Electoral Commission by a strict party vote of eight to seven in favor of Hayes. Following this mandate the two Houses of Congress counted 185 votes for Hayes and 184 votes for Tilden. As the Senate was Republican and the House Democratic, no joint assembly could have agreed on the count.

When the two Houses meet, according to the present law, the votes of the states

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are read in alphabetical order. Two tellers already have been appointed by the Senate and two by the House. The President of the Senate opens the return from each state and reads it. When it has been so read it is open to objection in writing signed by at least one senator and one representative. If such objection is made, no debate is in order, but the Senate retires to its own chamber. In each House two hours are permitted for debate, each member being limited to five minutes.

If the two Houses agree in their determination respecting the disputed vote, the concurrent judgment shall stand and the votes be counted accordingly. But if they disagree, then the votes given by that set of electors certified to by the governor of the state are to be counted.

As a matter of fact, such disputes have arisen and have yet to be settled. In 1857 the electors in Wisconsin were prevented from meeting on the appointed day by a terrific snow-storm. They met the next day. When the time came to count the votes—the Wisconsin men had voted for Fremont and Dayton—objection was made. There was a wrangle and the Senate withdrew, debated the question two whole days, and never did go back to the joint session. But James Buchanan was sworn in and served his four years as President.

In 1881 the electors in Georgia made a mistake and met on the wrong day. The Georgia vote—cast for Hancock and English—made no difference in the result. The total result was announced as being so many for Hancock if the Georgia vote be counted and so many if the Georgia vote be excluded—the making of a precedent thus being avoided.

There is a great deal of law on the subject of the electors and their votes—but there is not one word in any law to bind the action of an elector in casting his ballot. He may vote for whomsoever he pleases. The risk is his. Away back in the early days some electors did exercise their own judgment and voted for some one other than the candidate of their party—but that hasn't been done for a century and never will be done again.

The people are permitted to vote for electors only by the grace of the state legislatures. If Governor Dix had seen fit last October to call an extra session of the New York legislature, and if that legislature had enacted a law providing that New York's electors be appointed by the surrogate of Schoharie County, that law would have been binding and the people of the most populous state in the Union would have had no voice in the election of the President.

What would have happened to Governor Dix and the legislature is another question, not altogether of legal variety.

IT'S NO TROUBLE TO THE PEOPLE!

In the early days of the republic, electors in most of the states were appointed by the legislatures. This plan was unpopular from the first, and state after state gave the people the right to choose their own electors, until in 1828 the only state clinging to the method of legislative appointment was South Carolina, which persisted in that plan until 1860. Since the Civil War the only instances in which legislatures appointed the electors were Florida in 1868 and Colorado in 1876.

It is interesting just now to recall that in 1796 the legislature of Tennessee provided for the appointment of the three electors of that state by naming in a statute a number of persons of property who were to select the electors in their respective districts "so that the election may trouble the people as little as possible!"

It is this system, so undemocratic and so carefully planned to keep the people from having anything to do with the choice of their chief executive, that has been warped by the sheer power of popular will into a workable and fairly democratic method of electing a President.

But at one o'clock on the afternoon of the second Wednesday in February the two Houses of Congress will not recognize the power of the people—they will meet to see whom the electors, on the Thirteenth of January, Nineteen-thirteen, chose to be President and Vice-President of the United States.

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The LONG WAIT

by

MARY HEATON VORSE

AUTHOR OF "THE BREAKING IN OF A YACHTSMAN'S WIFE," "THE VERY LITTLE PERSON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

IT WAS through Chadwick, who was the cause of my meeting so many queer people, that I came to know the Harveys. With his undiscriminating geniality, Chadwick often gathered a motley flock together in the half library, half parlor he called his "front room." Of course there were always Arctic men there, and Chadwick had certain evenings wholly consecrated to his explorers, when, although I knew nothing about their precious North, I was permitted to come if I liked.

I did like. I enjoyed the evenings when the wives of the Arctic men came, and those other evenings when the stay-at-homes gathered together to welcome some one who had come back from the Klondike or Labrador or from some big expedition North or South. It was the retired explorers who interested me most; their enthusiasm for the North was so unexpected—so pathetic even—for men of their commonplace exteriors. Most of them had relapsed into private life after having for some brief season tasted the salt of the unusual, and having had the glory of being Somebody on a Northern expedition.

The North meant to these men youth and daring, and the poetry of life; and so by their firesides they followed with an almost passionate interest the details of all Northern enterprises, and each new leader had his active friends and personal enemies among them. But as I could not remember from one season to another the various expeditions North or South, I drifted into the habit of talking with the Arctic ladies, for which I knew Mrs. Chadwick was grateful.

There was something piquant in their talk, for they knew almost as much as their lords about what was going on, and they alternated the usual women's chatter with gossip

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concerning the quarrels of the latest expedition, and mixed up sage remarks about "equipment" with news of their respective nurseries. Altogether I found them more entertaining than brutes of Harvey's type. I had met him several times before he appeared with Mrs. Harvey. He had vanished into the Northwest, and turned up again after months, or maybe a year or two, at the Chadwicks', received their welcome, which was worth coming home for, then disappeared again somewhere beyond the Arctic Circle. By the talk, as his name came up now and again, I gathered that he had done something clever or courageous, and that later he had married.

When a Northern man marries all the other Northern men say, "Well, that finishes him!" I have noticed, however, that it is not so much a man's wife as his character that determines whether or not he will continue to go North. But all the women met Mrs. Harvey with the inevitable question:

"Will you let your husband go North again, Mrs. Harvey?"

"Oh, indeed yes," she replied eagerly. "I should be *glad* to have him go. I couldn't bear to feel that I had kept him from going."

"Oh, you know you'll raise an awful row if ever it comes to the pinch," Harvey flung out from across the room. His tone, not altogether ill-natured, was that of a petulant boy who is jealously afraid that some one may "spoil his fun."

"I really wouldn't." She turned to us almost pleadingly. "I'd be *glad* to have him go."

Evidently they were ringing the changes on a familiar dispute. I looked from one to the other: Harvey, dark, bull-necked, and high-colored, with something of the boy in his gestures; Mrs. Harvey, perhaps a year or two older than he, already rather spare, rather long in the neck, a spinster air still clinging to her. And yet for all her unfashionable dress, which one might call congenitally provincial, she was without question a gentlewoman, while Harvey, though outwardly the more presentable of the two, seemed to me not the sort of man that one vaguely calls "a gentleman."

Chadwick would not grant this, when I formulated my impression. "Of course Harvey's not an afternoon-tea man," he said. "I see what worries you; but can't you see that the very vitality of the fellow, which jars on your supersensitiveness, would make him a strong man in the North?"

All of which, I was quite ready to admit, might be true enough, but it didn't make Harvey more agreeable to me. His vitality *did* jar on me. I felt as if he might at any minute ask me to feel his biceps. He was evidently vainglorious of his "condition" and talked loudly about his nauseous theories of not "distending the stomach" while in civilization.

For Mrs. Harvey, however, I felt an instant sympathy. I am an expatriated New Englander, and there is to me a charm in the rigidities and reserves of my countrywomen that more conventionally charming women do not possess; and Mrs. Harvey was the essence of all that older New England which I loved so dearly. I knew, before she told me, that she must have lived on some broad common, sheltered by ancient elms, and that the quiet of her life had been broken only by the intenser quiet of Sunday. That her new life seemed wonderfully exciting to her, I guessed; that she worshiped Harvey with the dogged intensity that women of her kind give to men of a totally different type, I knew. Because of him, she was naively enthusiastic in her still way about everything Northern. To her all the men that met at Chadwick's were heroes and their wives heroines.

Mrs. Harvey found a ready understanding for her zealous interest, for every one of the Arctic women was absorbed in "the North." Other women may frankly confess that they find their husband's shop-talk a bore, but no wife of an Arctic man would dare to respond with anything less than enthusiasm to her husband's fierce interest in the North. During the evening I heard Mrs. Harvey ask Mrs. Watson, with whose husband's exploits even I was familiar:

"Wasn't the suspense *dreadful* when your husband was North?" There was a note of anxiety as if she were already haunted by the fear of Harvey's going—and I felt grateful to Mrs. Watson for saying lightly:

"Oh, expeditions to the North aren't dangerous any more."

With a simple friendliness Mrs. Harvey asked me to call, and Harvey seconded the invitation with a bluff geniality, so I found myself an occasional visitor in the Harvey household, and every time I saw them they seemed more incongruous to me. I could see Harvey ten years from then, still boyish and petulant and high-colored, while by that time poor Mrs. Harvey would look like his maiden aunt. It seemed odd that Harvey had married

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her; his having discovered her quality, his caring for her in spite of her faded face and old-maidish ways, seemed to argue something fine in the man after all.

I was curious at first as to what changes New York would work in her. I fancied that she would learn things about clothes, and that her manner, so simple and reserved, might in some way alter. But Mrs. Harvey was not plastic. She remained what she had been when she left the little village where Harvey married her. Even her new gowns had a deprecatory air of being fresh from the fingers of the village dressmaker. "Deliciously provincial," one of the Arctic wives called her, herself a "dressy" lady of the epoch of brooches and earrings.

When I called at Harvey's early in the evening, I found their little parlor exquisitely neat and painfully stiff, for somehow, although the room was a man's room and reflected Harvey, she contrived to give it an air of austere angularity. Even a certain little smoking-table took on rigid puritanical airs after she had "redded it up." Then as people dropped in, the room would relax, and by the end of the evening it would be Harvey's again. Yet she never was in the least disturbed by the disorder, nor by any of Harvey's habits, for that matter. On the other hand, Harvey was keenly alive to her little provincialisms and often she irritated him for no reason.

The question as to whether she would interfere with his going North came up often, and when Harvey prophesied what her attitude would be, she would protest as long as he would listen. The simple expedient of turning a difficult conversation never occurred to her, for the only tact the poor woman had lay in a power of self-repression.

After these painful scenes, with Mrs. Harvey distressed and earnest, insisting that she would be *glad* to have Harvey go, and Harvey sneering at her with his "Wait till the time comes," I would make up my mind to drop the Harveys. But I couldn't—Mrs. Harvey was a breath of the cold, clear air of New England to me. In her rigid housekeeping I saw my boyhood home. In her shy kindliness there lived again for me the dear shy women of my youth. Her still air spoke to me of calm, puritanical Sundays; the very folds of her gown and her way of sitting uncomfortable and unrelaxed on the edge of her chair, as if she were always about to get up, made me smile to myself, so much was I reminded of the women in my home town.

So I always went back, although as the winter wore on, Harvey, who was nervous and preoccupied, vented his spleen more and more often on his wife. I believe now that he was remorseful for what he was about to undertake, that he understood Mrs. Harvey better than I knew, and that he had a battle with himself on her account. I like to think this.

I had stayed away a long time, after an evening when Harvey had proved unusually insupportable; when at last I did go, I felt from the moment I crossed the threshold an unmistakable atmosphere of excitement in the little flat. Harvey and two other men whom I recognized as Arctic friends of Chadwick's, were poring over charts, and Mrs. Harvey, omitting all her usual little formulas of greeting, shot at me in the tone of one who says "It's come at last:"

"*He's going!*"

I had no need to ask where.

"Isn't it splendid?" she continued. There was a certain uplifted air about her, as of a woman who has had a mortal blow of some kind and is kept up by some power outside herself. "I know you'll be glad; and you see," she said, harking back to her old argument with her usual tactless pertinacity, "*I didn't interfere.*"

"Bet you kick up an awful row before I'm off," Harvey growled from over his chart. It recalled my first meeting with them at Chadwick's. Since then I had grown really fond of Mrs. Harvey, and at her renewal of the old dispute I was filled with the affectionate impatience one feels toward a child that persistently bumps itself against the same sharp table corner.

"It's a great scheme," Harvey explained. "There are whole tracts of land over here no one knows anything about. People go farther and farther North and leave all this country, rich in game and furs, practically unexplored. Here's an unspoiled aboriginal tribe and no one bothers with it, while they fuss over the Smith Sound Eskimos—though there's no intelligent work been done even there yet!"

"Aren't the tattooed Eskimos savage?" Mrs. Harvey asked me, and Harvey drummed impatiently on the table as if to say: "There you are, at it again."

Then at some question of mine he launched into an eager account of his plans. I know nothing about the North, as I have said, and remember no details. But I could not fail to

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"YOU DON'T KNOW HOW DREADFUL IT IS TO WAIT. YOU SIT AND LISTEN AND LOOK, WAITING FOR SOMETHING YOU KNOW WON'T COME—AND YET YOU CAN'T GET RID OF THE IDEA THAT IT WILL COME."

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be moved by Harvey's enthusiasm, which transformed him from the big burly brute I knew to a man much finer. There would have been something almost impressive in his exaltation except that he shot hostile looks at Mrs. Harvey whenever, from time to time, she joined in the talk with little ineffectual remarks intended to be appreciative.

During the winter I heard Harvey's plans discussed at Chadwick's. The younger men thought he had pluck and would succeed. Those of more experience looked upon it as a wildcat scheme and pointed out that it was folly for three men who had not money enough to buy supplies or equipment for a long stay, to undertake such an expedition, especially as they could make no definite arrangements to be brought back, but must depend on the good-will of the ships of larger expeditions.

Meantime Mrs. Harvey had her own exaltation, which seemed to me not unlike the exaltation of martyrdom. I do not know whether she realized the very real perils of Harvey's scheme. I don't think, however, that she did, for Harvey's account of his plan was plausible, and I know he himself was quite blind to the dangers that his friends believed he would incur.

From this time on, the Harveys conducted their house on the smallest possible outlay. They rented the extra bedroom to a lodger, and Mrs. Harvey dismissed the "hired girl" and did the work herself, even to the washing. It is fair to Harvey to say that it was she who suggested these retrenchments.

I could understand how her attitude continued to irritate Harvey, for she suffered too obviously. Why couldn't she let him go, as the other women let their husbands go, placidly, with a good honest fit of crying now and then? Her manner kept always alert his fear that in the end she would break down, and I believe that if she had, he would have been capable of some final brutality—or else he would have been unable to bear her grief and would have stayed behind.

As the time of his going came nearer, she grew to have an artificial brightness of expression, a fixed brightness that painfully tried to hide what she was suffering. Poor woman, she was not good at play-acting, and her pathetic grimace of a smile deceived neither her husband nor me, nor any one else who happened to be interested in her. It was probably the first time in all her simple life that she had tried to assume a part; repression and silence had heretofore been her only shield from the spying of other people on her emotions.

I went to see them often, for I found I was of some small service to her. Harvey told me once—and it was my first glimpse of the man's kinder side—that I "took her mind off." But I was surprised and a little touched when he called on me for the purpose of asking me to "keep an eye" on his wife while he was away.

"She prefers staying here in the city, you know. She says she feels nearer me that way, and you're her kind—you help her out," he explained.

It was this unexpected visit of his that gave me the notion that Harvey's irritation was at himself and that he realized to some extent what his going meant to poor Mrs. Harvey.

I made a point of calling immediately after Harvey's departure. I confess that I was not prepared for the change that had taken place in her. She seemed somehow to have shrunken. There was a nameless terror in her attitude toward life, a life that stretched out before her featureless and blank—appalling, empty, and lonely, peopled only by her fears. Harvey had filled her life completely; Harvey *was* her life, and now he had gone. She felt that the White North, the cruel North which starves people and freezes them, had taken him; and over the North brooded the menace of the black Arctic night, in whose heavens a spectral, unnatural moon swung round and round unceasingly. Curiously, it was the thought of this unnaturally behaved moon that gave the Arctic winter a final touch of horror in her eyes.

Harvey wrote her from St. John's; it must have been a kindly letter. She told me about it, and that was the only time I saw her cry.

"He thanks me for being so plucky," she said, "and he says that he misses me and that I helped him a great deal. He's going to try to come home this fall—but he won't—I know he won't." Then she put her lean hands, reddened by the housework of the past winter, before her face and, still sitting stiff and firm in her chair, she sobbed great, dry sobs that seemed to tear her poor, thin body—sobs that gave her no relief from her pain. And all the while she faltered out apologetic, broken words for her "foolishness."

After a while she pulled herself together, and said, almost shyly: "I can't bear to think of him alone up there with all that

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bare space around, and night and cold coming on and nothing to stop them, and no help anywhere in the world for him."

With Harvey's going her own life had stopped, and she filled up the empty hours with a dreary little round of unimportant duties, all of which had some bearing on Harvey. She kept, for instance, every clipping on Arctic matters against Harvey's return; she went to all the meetings of the Arctic people, that she might put down all their talk and gossip in a journal for Harvey to read on his return, whenever that might be.

It was characteristic of Harvey that he had made no very definite arrangements for his return. He had been left by a whaler somewhere above the sixty-sixth parallel on the American side. The relief ship of one of the big expeditions was to call for him on its homeward journey, and it was on the books that they mightn't find him there—that Harvey and his companions might have decided to winter in the North. They had taken supplies for a year and a half—scanty supplies, report said.

As the time came for the return of the relief ship, Mrs. Harvey grew more and more restless.

"I don't sleep very well," she apologized, when I accused her of not looking well. "I think I hear him coming all the time, and I'm worrying about going to meet him. I'm sort of silly nowadays. I suppose it must be that the hot summer has told on me, and I'm afraid when I see him I'll cry or do something silly he won't like."

She was spared the agony of waiting in vain at the boat. I telegraphed to St. John's for her—she would not have thought of it herself—and found that Harvey and his companions were not aboard. The leader of the relief party did not know Harvey, and Harvey's vague directions had not impressed him. The winter was setting in early, the party had been delayed, and ice already blocked the American shore. These considerations, together with the uncertainty of finding Harvey there at all, made it seem unwise to stop.

Mrs. Harvey listened to my story, her hands working nervously—it was one of her habits that annoyed her husband.

"He may have been there, waiting, waiting for the boat. He may have seen the boat and known there were people on it going home. And the cold night and the bitter winter coming on, and now he'll have to sit and wait for spring—and he always hated to wait so. You don't know how dreadful it is to wait," she continued, speaking always in her precise, unemotional way. "You sit and listen and look, waiting for something you know won't come—and yet you can't get rid of the idea that it will come. You can't stop waiting for it, and the time passes so slowly, so slowly that you feel surprised when the day is over—it went so slowly that it seemed as if it would never end. Only he won't have any day, only night with that moon going round and round. Nothing to take his mind off—like me. And I've been jumping up in my sleep thinking I heard him whistle, and that he'd come, and now he can't—he can't."

She did not look at me as she spoke, but at vacancy, as if indeed she saw Harvey sitting in his camp watching for the ship, seeing its smoke, seeing it pass, leaving him to darkness and cold.

The winter was long and hard. Mrs. Harvey told me she felt "poorly." She was nervous, and started at the opening of doors.

"I can't get over the feeling that he may come in any minute," she told me again. And so poignantly did she feel this that I would find myself, too, expecting Harvey when I was with her.

I noticed that her way of living seemed more meager than ever before. She rented out all available room and economized so closely in every detail that I wondered if Harvey had left her short of money. But I learned that he had a small monthly income, enough for his wife to live on. Luckily, the capital was tied up in some way or he would have used it for his Arctic schemes. We were old friends by this time, Mrs. Harvey and I. She accepted my friendship with touching simplicity; I was one of the few people who counted in her barren life—and so I soon got to the bottom of the matter. She was saving and scraping so that Harvey should find money in the bank ready for him to use in further Northern work. I think she felt that she was sharing his hardships in denying herself everything and that she got a certain comfort from it.

She began to talk very freely about Harvey at this time, telling me of all her pitiful devices for bringing herself nearer him. She looked up the latitude he was supposed to be in. Fortunately, he was not far enough north to have many absolutely sunless weeks, but those few were weeks of blackness to the poor woman. Her pitiful imagination, which made her heart ache for every pinched-looking

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child or hungry dog she saw on the street, threw her into a very passion of pity and pain for what her husband might then be enduring, and she greeted me one day pathetically with "Thank God, the sun's up."

Meantime she still attended the Arctic dinners and made the cultivation of Harvey's friends something akin to a religious duty. When spring came she went shyly to Mrs. Chadwick, so I learned, to ask about "the styles," as she phrased it. Mrs. Chadwick said that our friend hadn't bought a new thing since Harvey went away, though of course I hadn't noticed.

After her talk with Mrs. Chadwick she showed me, with the blushes of a bride, the pretty soft gray stuffs she had bought. Harvey must find her looking nice when he came back; she spoke as if he might come the next day.

"You know," I told her as gently as might be, "you mustn't expect him before fall."

"One can't tell," she answered with her gentle obstinacy; "I've had all winter to think it out. I've spent nights studying the charts and maps. He'll be surprised to see how well I know the country where he's been," she went on with a pitiful sort of pride. "And I think that when he found the relief ship wasn't coming, they started south and got over somehow to Labrador—I've often heard him say it was possible—and once in Labrador—you see he might come any minute," she finished triumphantly; and there was no more use arguing with her that he mightn't come "any minute," than there was in trying to persuade her out of the belief that "something had happened to him." For she held to these contradictory theories with stubborn intensity.

I believe that all the unfortunates who wait in suspense for those they love are torn between these two beliefs.

In these days, one could fairly see her listen: her attitude in her quietest moments—she was always repressed and still—gave the effect of some one on the alert for a certain sound.

I knew what it was: Harvey's dear step on the stair, his hand on the door, his whistle; and the dreadful part of it was that I knew her strained attention actually *heard* these things daily, for in talk with me she would start, her face would flush with joy, and she would put up a hand as one who implores silence; then the hand would drop helplessly, and the flush leave her face paler and more shrunken than before.

I saw this little drama played often. I should not like to have a woman I love wait for me.

There was another relief ship going North that year and Harvey's friends bestirred themselves. The ship was to call, going and coming, at the place Harvey had mentioned. The whalers were notified and a substantial reward was offered for the finding of Harvey.

And all the time Mrs. Harvey's suspense deepened. It was a cruel summer, even for those of us who had only to see her silent pain. Mrs. Chadwick and I did our best to devise little amusements for her, but it was hard to get her away from the house—she had a horror lest Harvey might come back and not find her there.

In everything else she was pathetically docile and quiet. I imagine she made special efforts to appear calm so that we could give Harvey a good account of her. "He doesn't like women to worry—ever," she explained. But all our little efforts to interest her were in vain—she had gone too far on the weary road of suspense; and as the summer passed she lost control of herself, in a way; that is, she grew more and more rigid. In spite of all we could say, she refused to leave the house, and her economies increased, even, I learned, to the extent of stinting herself on food. Then for the first time she began to talk about what she felt—before this she had always talked about Harvey.

"Oh, I wish I couldn't hear," she told me; "and still if I were deaf I think I should still hear the things I do. I hear him coming and —I'm afraid to go to sleep, for all night I hear him call for me to help him, and sometimes when I'm awake I hear him too." She went on helplessly: "It's so hard not to be able to forget when one's asleep, and it's so dreadful to be afraid to sleep. There are so many dreadful ways one can die up there—I know them all, I think—" and she stopped abruptly as if ashamed of herself.

At last she had another letter, brought by the last relief ship that had gone North, from the point at which it had touched in the hope of finding Harvey. I don't know whether the letter compensated for the horrible certainty that he had waited there in vain, had watched with his companions, and at last, giving up hope that the ship would come, had started south. It was apparently at the other men's suggestion that he had written at all, so sanguine had he been of returning—somehow—happily.

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I would have given much if Mrs. Harvey might have been spared the pain of knowing he had waited. But after all it made little difference, for there is a limit to what each person can suffer, and I believe she touched that limit when the boat returned without him. The definite news of his death would have been kinder.

The whalers, when they came in, had nothing to tell. The North had swallowed Harvey and his two friends. No one knows how they died. Perhaps some day the North will give up that ghastly secret as it has given up so many others.

Mrs. Harvey decided to go back to her old home, and I helped her as much as I could, and Mrs. Chadwick did more; but after her preparations for going were completed she lingered unaccountably. I was anxious that she should go away before the Arctic dinner to the returned leader occurred, for I was afraid that some kind but tactless person would tell her about it, and I wanted if I could to spare her any news of Arctic matters.

The usual modest little Arctic dinner had grown into a function; there were Arctic men from all over the country assembled to greet the returned leader. Chadwick, with whom I went, pointed out to me men of the Greely expeditions and of the DeLong; men who had been to the South and men who had spent years in the northwestern snows; old whaling captains—every one was there, it seemed, who had ever poked nose above the Arctic Circle.

Finally we were all arranged in our places. I looked up, and seated on the opposite side of the table a little way from me, to my amazement, I saw Mrs. Harvey. When she saw me looking at her, she blushed as if I had caught her doing something to be ashamed of.

I realized that her desire to serve Harvey had made her capable of an act of supreme courage, that she had meant all along to come—but hadn't dared to tell me for fear that in the telling her heart would fail her. And I knew, too, that I could realize only dimly the effort that had brought her, in the supreme moment of her despair, to listen, with her slow conscientiousness, to Harvey's successful friends. Later, I knew she would go home and write it all down in her journal for Harvey, who was never to come home again.

It is the most vivid picture I have of her. Her spare, shrunken figure dressed primly and daintily in one of the new dresses—bought that she might look well in Harvey's eyes—sitting rigid on the edge of her chair, while she listened painstakingly to the talk around her and to the speeches about Arctic adventure and Arctic heroism and hardship.

I didn't hear much of the talk, nor, I imagine, did Chadwick, for the same thought possessed us both—that this little spare woman knew more of the heart of the North than did any one of the men who talked so glibly.

At that table were men who had in a short season endured a lifetime of suffering for the North's sake; but they had come forth from the night of hunger and despair to grow fat and jovial, to marry, to take up other business, and to forget so far that the glamour of adventure could again appeal to them, so that they could talk again about the beauty of the North and speed the younger men on their way. To me, an outsider, their talk was all romance and moonshine, a madness that calls a certain number of men to starve and freeze themselves—for reasons that they can explain to no one who is not touched with their insanity.

It seemed to me that the little, silent woman was the only one of them all who knew the real North and who had looked at its beautiful, barren spaces with clear eyes. She had traveled with these men, shared their hardships, worked with them, grown pale with them through the long Arctic night, and counted the days that must pass before the blessed sun would shine again—all without self-love or desire for glory, all untouched by the mysterious passion that had sent her husband back into the unfriendly region; she of all of them had seen the North as it really was.

And as the North rouses men to acts of heroism or reveals their cowardly weakness, so it had called out the full measure of her strength. She had given up all hope for Harvey and yet she must still serve him and, with him, the North. Absolutely certain as she was that Harvey was dead, she waited for him and worked for him, and I knew that she would wait always. In her sleep she would hear the grinding of the ice and the voices of men calling on her to help them; her eyes would follow the valiant procession of little ships as they went northward year after year; and year after year she would learn more of the land she so feared. To the end she would be faithful to it, long after these Arctic men had forgotten.

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The SENTIMENTAL SEARCH of Roger Phillips

by

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY," "AT THE NEW THEATRE AND OTHERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL FOSTER

ROGER PHILLIPS had worked hard for ten years on the *Star*, first as reporter, finally as night city editor. He had begun as soon as he left college. He was now thirty-two, thin, alert, with the hint of parentheses around his mouth, a quick, sarcastic manner of speech, and sharp gray eyes. He was not paid in proportion to the labor and brains he put into his work, and he knew it. Neither were his reporters and copy-readers, and they knew it. Yet every night from six till two A.M. he labored under high pressure to get out the best paper he could, and his discipline of the men under him was directed to the same end.

Roger slept every day till noon. After breakfast he played squash at his college club to keep in condition, or, in summer, he rose earlier and went to Fox Hills for golf. He invariably employed his day off working at his avocation—short-story writing. His stories he wrote and rewrote, polished and repolished, and now and then sold to one of the more leisurely magazines. Though he knew the address and middle initial of every prominent man in New York, though he knew the number of every gambling house, the name of every Tenderloin restaurant, the sources of opera and Wall Street gossip, in short, though he knew his city as only a city editor can, his life had been such that he knew it only as a city editor. He shared in its activities only from behind the bulwark of his copy desk. His owl-like hours of work gave him no opportunity for social intercourse. His one period of social relaxation was the morning supper at a Park Row all-night restaurant, before the night-workers went home to bed. There a lot of tired men talked shop with as much zest as if they had not worked all night. Roger lived in and for his paper six days of the week, and on the seventh he lived no less zealously and engrossingly for his ideal of literature.

When Roger was in his thirty-second year, his uncle in Newburyport, Massachusetts, died and left him $218,000, which nobody had guessed the old chap possessed. Here was a new income more than double his old. He got out the *Morning Star* conscientiously for two weeks more, and then resigned.

"You'll miss the grind," said the managing editor.

"Expect so," Roger answered. "But I want to see some of the life I've been blue-penciling. Besides, I've got some things I want to write myself."

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"YOU'D BETTER COME WITH US," SHE SAID, AND RAISED HER LASHES TILL HER LARGE EYES WERE LOOKING INTO HIS

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"It's a dog's life we lead, that's a fact," the other said. "I have dinner with my family once a week."

The parentheses curled around Roger's mouth. "Another thing," he said; "my sentimental education stopped ten years ago, when I came to the *Star*. I'm going to begin it again! Makes you laugh, doesn't it?"

"A crooked laugh," said the older man. "'Roger in quest of his youth.'"

"Hardly that," the younger man smiled. "It's new threads I'm going to pick up. Well, Jim's a good man in my place. For the Lord's sake, try to get the boss to loosen up and pay him better."

"The boss loosen up! It's time you left. You're losing your grip!" The managing editor laughed bitterly and shook Roger warmly by the hand.

"Come down and see your poor friends once in a while, old Uncle Andy," called the reporters.

Roger shook them all by the hand, patted the office-boys' shoulders, drew his last check at the counting-room window with something like a lump in his throat, and departed.

The next day he rose at the unearthly hour of nine, played squash with the professional all the morning, and went to a matinée, paying for his seat. Coming out on Broadway into the gay crowds, and wondering how he was going to become a real part of them, he met Joe Eustis, the *Star's* theatrical reporter, a youth not long out of Harvard, who was new enough at the game to feel the lure of Broadway in every fiber, and who still spent his day off walking with a cane up and down the Rialto.

"Hello, Mr. Phillips!" he cried. "Didn't see you when you left. Buy you a drink?"

Roger smiled and nodded. With an air of proprietorship, the cub led him into the Knickerbocker. Glancing over the room, Joe spied friends at a table, two men and two women. "Come on over and I'll introduce you," he said.

The party hailed Joe good-naturedly, and beckoned the waiter to bring two more chairs. One of the four was a tall, thin, weak-faced young man whose name Roger vaguely connected with the authorship of an unsuccessful play or two. The other man was short, fat, dressed in the latest mode, with a little too much of everything, and looking exactly like a sleek, overfed pussy. He, Roger gathered, was a dramatic critic, not for a newspaper, but for the more exalted magazines. His talk ran to epigrams. One of the women was an actress. She had a mouth like a frog, and Roger felt sure she must play the part of one of those pert servants who explain the plot and bore the audience. The fourth member of the party was introduced simply as Mrs. Porter.

When her hand and her eyes met Roger's, he was conscious of that warning of sex which heralds a possible sentimental adventure. She was a young woman, rather tall and firm-bodied, with large brown eyes, and curious jade jewelry at her bare throat and on her fingers. She, like the rest, was drinking a high-ball. Roger sat down beside her and mechanically said, "The same." Then the talk flowed on from the point of interruption.

"You can't get it over, Bill," the pussy-cat critic said to the playwright. "I tell you, Platonic love is impossible except between husband and wife."

Roger chuckled.

"Don't laugh at him," cut in Bill. "He stole it from some play he saw. Sounds like Channing Pollock."

"Well, isn't it true, anyhow, Mrs. Porter?" the critic protested. Roger looked at the woman curiously.

"How should I know?" she said.

"Well, you've got a husband, haven't you?" laughed the actress.

"'Sh!" said the playwright. "She keeps him in Harlem!"

"What did I tell you!" cried the critic, triumphantly.

Roger, amazed and uncomfortable, looked covertly at the woman beside him, but she betrayed neither annoyance nor shame. What incredible people these were!

Presently their chatter led into plans for a Sunday-night supper. "Everybody get all of the gang he can rounded up. Napoli's at seven, down-stairs. You'll come, Mr. Phillips?"

"Well, I don't know. I was going out to the country to see if the links are still playable."

"Golf!" cried the critic. "Golf is the pastime of small men with large incomes who are too old to play tennis and too dull to talk to women."

Roger was about to reply when Mrs. Porter rested a hand on his arm. "You'd

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"THE BEAUTY OF BOHEMIA IS THAT I DON'T HAVE TO KNOW YOU A THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE WE CAN SHARE THIS REGRET."

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better come with us," she said, and raised her lashes till her large eyes were looking into his.

"I'll come," he said.

"It's the real literary Bohemia you're going to get," said Joe Eustis, as he conducted him, the next evening, through crooked streets in an old part of town, toward Napoli's. "Of course, a lot of the crowd don't *have* to eat at a sixty-cent table d'hôte, though it helps me a whole lot. But it's informal without being tough, and the women can smoke."

They entered an old brick house in what was now a tenement quarter of town. In the faded grandeur of the parlor many Italians were dining at small tables, in a most matter-of-fact manner. They watched the two Americans pass through as if they had been travelers in a strange land. Roger's companion led him down a flight of stairs, and they found themselves in the barroom, the bar being closed from the street, as it was Sunday. Half a dozen small tables had been placed together, making a single long one, which was covered with a ragged and dirty cloth. The place smelled of garlic and stale liquor slops. A crowd of "literary Bohemians" were already there, the women, with their feet up on the rail of the bar, drinking cocktails, which were being mixed by a gentleman of Hebraic countenance, one of "the crowd," who seemed to extract unlimited satisfaction from pretending to be a barkeeper.

Roger looked about for Mrs. Porter. She was at the end of the room, her foot, too, on the rail, a cigarette between her lips. She saw him, removed the cigarette, and raised her glass, smiling. Roger bowed, sought a glass for himself, walked over to her, and their glasses clinked.

"To your introduction to Bohemia," she said.

"To my introduction to a Bohemian," he replied, and set the glass to his lips.

He took one swallow, and stopped. Pretending to turn away for a moment, he emptied the contents into a receptacle. The stuff was awful. "How do you get it down?" he whispered to Mrs. Porter.

"You drink one, and then you don't care what you do," she smiled. "This is my third."

Roger was conscious of a sudden twinge of repulsion. "Is that necessary for the dinner, too?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulders and pouted over her cigarette. "Don't begin to regret you came, quite so soon," she said.

He met her eyes a second for reply. "Tell me who's here," he said.

"Oh, well, there are the ones you met yesterday. That tall woman there with a big black hat like a mushroom is Mabelle Morse, the story-writer. You've read her stuff, of course. Her latest novel is a best seller."

"As bad as that!" said Roger.

"Shut up and don't be nasty. That tall, sweet-faced boy with her is an artist, a real high-brow artist. He admires her greatly. That's why he comes here. I know he hates the food and the smell. He's one of those terribly fastidious, normal people. Don't you hate normal people?"

"I never met one," said Roger.

The woman appeared a little dubious how to take this, and plunged into her category again. "They've both got other halves somewhere, but they don't bring 'em here. Then that man with bad teeth is a press agent. You ought to know *him!* And the very large lady with him, drinking the cocktail now, is an interior decorator."

"So I observed," smiled Roger.

"How clever! Then that's another actress with Flo Fortesque; you met Flo yesterday. And that's the editor of the weekly *Dope Sheet*—the big theatrical paper, you know—talking with her. And the big man just taking off his overcoat is Billy Evarts, who wrote 'The Pink Parrot.' Came in his car, I bet. He gets eight hundred dollars, even for his shortest stories! That's his wife, the little woman with the ugly dress and a Southern accent. She's a man-eater! Oh, and there'll be lots more here. Come, I'll introduce you."

The smile on Roger's face was extremely parenthetical as he moved to meet the author of a best seller who drove down in his motor-car to be Bohemian!

When the crowd had all arrived, they sat down at the long table. The only rule observed was that nobody should sit anywhere near his own wife. Roger took his seat beside Mrs. Porter. On the other side he found the tall authoress with the mushroom hat. He spread a damp, ragged napkin on his knees, and, being extremely hungry after an afternoon of squash, awaited the first course eagerly.

It came presently, brought by two dirty

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"WHAT HAVE WE DONE!" HE WHISPERED.

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waiters—great plates of thick, badly made chicken soup. Roger picked a pin-feather out of his and laid it on the edge of his plate. "This reminds me of the stew Brother Juniper cooked for the Franciscan monks," he remarked to the authoress.

"I don't get you," was her reply.

The soup was eaten amid a babel of chatter. The pussy-cat critic made epigrams. The two actresses continued to act. The authoress tried to look unconscious of the fact that she had written a best seller. Mrs. Porter, on Roger's right, said little, but she seemed to be enjoying herself hugely, now and again leaning confidentially against his arm to make a comment. The touch of her shoulder pleased him more than her comments.

The next course was spaghetti with tomato sauce.

"It looks like a sunset by Matisse," said Roger, gazing at his plate. The gentle-faced artist, who sat on the other side of the authoress, looked at him with a grin. The authoress appeared indifferent. Roger decided that was her way of veiling ignorance. He began to wish he had read her book.

"What is it like, her book?" he whispered to Mrs. Porter.

"It's a plea for woman's freedom," his companion whispered back. "Haven't you read it? Not moral freedom, of course; everybody grants *that* nowadays! But freedom to know all phases of life, to have every kind of experience men have. There's a great big note of liberty in the book. I wish *I* could sound such a note in my poor little stories!"

"Why?" Roger smiled, meanwhile racking his brains for a recollection of anything she had written. He had not guessed she was literary before. "Everybody is sounding a great, big note of liberty just now. There's so much liberty, nobody is allowed to obey a law or a custom."

"You are joking," laughed Mrs. Porter, "you naughty cynic." She slapped him lightly on the hand.

"If I should become really cynical, what would you do?"

"I might *hold* your hand," she replied.

"It's the fear that you would which deters me," he smiled.

But that cynicism was a little too subtle for her. She pouted, and turned away. Meanwhile the spaghetti had been succeeded by some cold meat and a rusty salad, dressed with oil, sand, and garlic. Roger pushed his plate aside, tried some of the "red ink" from a claret bottle on the table, found it undrinkable, and lit a cigarette.

"May I?" The authoress stretched a jeweled hand toward his case.

"Certainly. What does Mrs. Porter write?"

"Short stories. Not bad for a beginner."

"Thank you," Roger replied. "You see, being only a newspaper man, I'm not up on modern literature." The woman affected him unpleasantly, and he did not disguise it.

"Ah, now I like you!" she exclaimed, "because you don't like me. You think my book is unwomanly, eh? So you reason I'm unwomanly, too. Just like you men. You're a beautiful specimen of your class. I adore you!"

Mrs. Porter turned again quickly at these words. Roger was smiling into the rather pretty, petulant, rebellious face under the mushroom hat. "Come again," he said. "I've never read your book. But if I must to keep your adoration, I will."

The authoress was deciding whether to take this good-naturedly or not, when the press agent with the bad teeth suddenly arose, rapped the table with a knife, and began to pretend he was toast-master at a banquet.

"We'll now have a speech from Bill's wife," he cried, "if Bill can tell which his wife is."

The actress with the mouth like a frog and another woman both rose. The crowd clapped and jeered. "Which one is it, Bill?" they shouted.

"I think it's the one that's got a ring," said Bill.

"They both have rings," somebody laughed. "Make 'em both talk."

The two women started in to chatter, but nobody heard them for the babel, and the delicate exhibition was soon over.

"They don't mean anything by it," Mrs. Porter whispered in Roger's ear. "You're looking shocked, you know. It's just a joke because Bill's trying to make a manager put Flo into his new play as leading woman."

Roger smiled. "I see; a Bohemian sense of humor," he whispered back.

The toast-master now called on another girl for a speech. "On the table!" cried the

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crowd. The girl was hoisted upon the table. It was a rickety affair, and shook under her. She raised a glass of the unspeakable claret. "Girls, to the other woman's husband!" she said. Then the table wabbled, she swayed to keep her balance, and kicked over a bottle of the red wine, which flowed across the dirty table-cloth and splashed on the floor.

"What would you do if you caught your husband holding another woman's hand?" came a voice.

"Hold another man's," said the authoress next to Roger—"like this!" She took the hand of the mild-faced artist.

With a general laugh, there was a reaching for hands all around the table. This was a form of innocent merriment for which Roger had hardly been prepared. He cherished an old-fashioned instinct of personal sanctity and the significance of contact. He turned to Mrs. Porter, however, held out his hand, and said with a smile: "I don't wish to be remiss in my social obligations. You may revenge yourself through me."

"You don't sound very enthusiastic," she smiled back over her cigarette. But she took his hand. Half instinctively, Roger dropped his below the table. The rest abandoned the sport as quickly as they had begun it. But Roger found his hand and hers still clasped beneath the table. Now that the rest had ceased, it became secret, intimate. The woman gave a gentle pull, but his fingers tightened. She raised her eyes cornerwise to his, then dropped them and colored. She did not attempt to withdraw her hand again for some moments.

The meaningless chatter kept up. Somebody sang a song. The authoress held forth on her ideas of freedom for women, freedom to have the same adventures men have. "I want to hear men talk just as they would if no women were present," she cried. "I thirst to see people as they are! Men are so refined when there are petticoats about!"

"So I've noticed this evening," said Roger in her ear; but she ignored him.

Finally several people began to be bored. The party broke up. The men divided the reckoning, the author of "The Pink Parrot" took half a dozen into his car, and Roger, holding Mrs. Porter's coat, asked if he might see her home.

In the fresh night air of the street, he took a long breath. She tucked her arm into his, the way the girls used to do in the country village where he was born and reared, and said: "We'll walk. I live near Washington Square. Well, what did you think of Bohemia?"

"It left me hungry," Roger replied. "Won't you walk over to the Brevoort and get a square meal?"

"No," she said. "Here we are at my apartment. You come up and I'll make you a rarebit."

"But," said Roger, dubiously, "it's late. Your husband may not want to be disturbed with callers."

"I don't live with my husband," she answered. "I live with a bachelor girl. We support ourselves—or try to—writing."

"Oh, I am so sorry!" he exclaimed, with genuine sympathy.

"You needn't be," she answered simply. "I am much happier. Mr. Porter had old-fashioned ideas of a woman's place, and I could not submit to them."

"Then I am sorry for Porter," said Roger.

"That is very nice of you," she smiled at him, as she opened the door of her flat.

"Sue's evidently not home yet," she remarked, turning up the gas. She took off her wraps and bustled into a tiny kitchenette, rummaging in the ice-box. "Yes, there's everything," she called out. "It won't take ten minutes."

"So you'll yield to old-fashioned convention enough to feed the hungry male?" said Roger.

"Certainly, as a pleasure; never as a *duty*," she replied.

When the cooking was done they sat on either side of a small table, wherefrom the magazines but not the dust were removed, and ate a very good rarebit. She smiled across at him cozily. "The beauty of Bohemia is that I don't have to know you a thousand years before we can share this rarebit," she said. "Now, if you'd give me a cigarette, and if you wrote stories so we could talk the craft, all would be complete."

"Talk the what?" said Roger, passing his cigarette case.

"The craft," she answered.

Roger shook his head. "I don't know anything about short-story writing," he said.

"Didn't you ever try to write one? Most newspaper men have."

"I've written exactly one hundred and

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twenty-one in the past ten years," he smiled.

"Oh, have you?" she cried. "Why have I never seen them?"

"One reason is that I have consigned a hundred and six of them to the fireplace," he answered.

"You didn't even *try* to sell them?" was her incredulous question.

He shook his head. "I'm not of the craft," he answered. "Let's not talk shop. Tell me, is Bohemia always like that—to-night?"

"You didn't like it," she pouted. "You didn't have a good time!"

He looked at her in the eyes. "On the contrary," he replied, "I had a very wonderful time!"

She colored. "It's always free and easy, like that," she said; "but you mustn't be a nasty old Puritan—I know you're from New England by your broad *a*—and think everybody means just what he says. Only we can't stand talking like a bunch of old maids round the visiting bishop at a pink tea in the rectory. Besides, you can't live in such a walled-in niche and do any real creative work, can you? You don't know anything about life."

"No, of course not. Look at the case of Jane Austen and the Brontés," Roger smiled.

"Well, what magazine would buy 'Pride and Prejudice' to-day?" she retorted triumphantly.

"I guess you have me there," the man acknowledged.

"Besides, it's *fun*. It lets off the steam."

Roger looked at her thoughtfully. "Yes, it *is* one way, that's a fact," he said. "I hadn't thought of that. But it would be a dangerous safety-valve for me."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I mean you," he smiled, meeting her eyes.

Again she colored, and spoke quietly. "You are not in a roomful of people now," she said.

The ensuing silence was broken by a step in the hall. Sue entered—a breezy, nervous young person, who had affected an intense manner so long, apparently, that she had finally driven herself to live up to it—and plunged at once, after a how-d'you-do, into a discussion, in highly technical and meaningless terms, of a concert she had been to.

"She sounds like the music critic's assistant when the old man is sick," thought Roger.

He soon rose to go. Mrs. Porter came with him into the little hall.

"Perhaps you will breakfast with me some day, very unbohemianly, at the Waldorf? I have a favorite corner there. Such coffee!" he said. "You ought to see how the other half lives!"

"That is all a part of experience, isn't it?" she smiled. "Of course, I'll come!"

She held out her hand. Roger took it. Their eyes met. It was the second time their hands had been clasped. Their eyes held the memory of the first. The jade pendant on her neck rose and fell. The mutual pressure lasted till she dropped her lashes. Then he slipped out.

Once in the street, he emitted a low whistle. "And this is you, Roger Phillips," he half muttered to himself, "who ought to know better!"

But Roger was not the first man who has known better and done worse. Their intimacy continued and ripened. It may very well be that his ten years of absorbing labor were bound to be followed by a reaction. Now that he had seven days in the week, instead of one, to devote to his literary practise, Roger found himself neglecting his practise altogether. His brain refused to run without the spur. Besides, he was but thirty-two. At thirty-two one has not wholly lost the zest of youth! One still hears the siren call to sentimental adventuring!

Mrs. Porter interested him as a type, he told himself. Her mind and talents did not amount to much, of course. But she had a zest for existence, for pleasure. She had, evidently, that vague thing Ibsen and his imitators are always talking about in their plays, "the joy of life." All this "Bohemian" nonsense about freedom had turned her rather commonplace head, to be sure, but there was no harm in her, and probably there was some deeper cause, undisclosed, for her desertion of her husband than the mere tyranny of a too conventional male. Roger was curious to learn its nature, but he asked no questions. They lunched together about town, they went to the theatre, they walked in the sun about Washington Square, they became Roger and Elsie to each other, without the woman's speaking again of her husband.

One night as they came out of the theatre

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she tucked her arm into his—a trick he found very pleasant on the dark side streets, but a little embarrassing in the glare of Broadway—and they started to walk. Suddenly he felt her arm withdrawn. He glanced at her quickly. She was looking straight ahead, her color had vanished, she seemed deeply affected. He, too, looked ahead. A young man, spare, neatly dressed, with a rather delicate, sensitive face, was standing stock-still on the curb, staring at them both as if he did not want to, but as if he could not help it and it was breaking his heart. His cheeks, too, were colorless.

That face suddenly became to Roger the one thing visible. The crowd all about melted into indistinguishable background. The sensitive mouth, the accusing eyes, the death-pale cheeks, were all he saw. Intuitively he knew whose face it was. He stepped quickly past, and the crowd closed in behind them. The woman did not again take his arm.

Presently she spoke. "That was my husband."

"I knew," said Roger. "He loves you."

"Yes," she replied.

They parted briefly at her door.

But she seemed to have forgotten at their next party in "Bohemia." She drank cocktails gaily with her foot on the bar-rail, and she shouted and chattered loudest of all. Half a dozen of the "Bohemians" adjourned to her flat when the dinner broke up—Roger and Flo Fortesque and Bill and Mrs. Bill and the authoress and the pussy-cat critic, and one or two more. There they had a rarebit and high-balls, and the talk and banter grew even freer. Sue had retired early with a headache, but that restrained nobody. "Her bedroom's at the other end of the flat, behind the kitchen," said Mrs. Porter. "Let her go!"

At midnight the authoress broke up the party. As the pussy-cat critic was holding her coat, his hands thus coming over her shoulders, he remarked: "If I followed my purely masculine instincts, as you say you desire men to do in your company, I should embrace you."

"I am logical," said the authoress.

The critic took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Was that part of the instinct, also?" she said with some asperity.

"Certainly," said he. "I hoped you'd be flattered."

Bill emitted a silly guffaw. "I've got a bunch of instincts," he cried, putting out both arms, and gathering in the waists of the two women nearest him. As neither chanced to be his wife, that lady turned to the man nearest her. "Have *you* no instincts?" she asked.

The man laughed and kissed her.

If Roger had been in a calm enough mood for reflection, he would have reflected that a month ago all this would have turned his stomach. But he was not in a calm mood. The constant suggestion to his mind of such speech and action had gradually wrought its deadly effect. He looked at Elsie beside him, flushed and laughing, laughed a brief, nervous laugh himself, and put his arm about her. She, in turn, put hers about him. Thus they walked behind the departing guests to the door. As the door was closing, Roger saw the critic look back at them with a disagreeable leer, and then whisper to the authoress. He slammed the door quickly.

The little hall was dim. He turned to the woman and put his other arm about her. She suddenly clasped her hands behind his neck, and their lips met in a long, passionate kiss.

But behind his closed lids Roger suddenly saw a face, a death-pale face, with a sensitive mouth and accusing eyes. He released the woman from his embrace abruptly, and put his hand over his eyes. "My God, what have we done!" he whispered.

"We—we have followed our instincts, I guess," she whispered in reply.

"Instincts! We have followed the damnable suggestions of this 'innocent' Bohemia—drip, drip, drip, till the rock of resistance is dissolved!" he cried out.

He led her quickly into the sitting-room. She sank bewildered on a couch. "Now you must tell me about him—Porter," he said. "I must know everything. His face haunts me. You want the real male instinct? Well, mine is to be on the square with *him*. Was he cruel to you? Was he unfaithful to you? Did he wrong you in any way?"

"No," she murmured. "Frank was never unfaithful, and he never meant to be cruel. But he was so dull!"

"Dull? What do you mean?"

"He—he couldn't talk our language. He didn't like my friends. He wouldn't go to our parties with me, or if he did he was a

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horrible wet blanket. He said my stories were cheap and sensational, and—and—oh, you wouldn't, you *couldn't* understand!"

"Maybe he wanted you to stay at home and entertain *his* friends?"

She nodded. "They talked politics and direct primaries, and said Arnold Bennett is a faker, and Frank tried to make me read Cardinal Newman for my style, and—and—oh, I can't tell you!"

"Can't tell me what?"

"He—he wanted me to—to—have children."

Roger looked down at the woman huddled on the couch, all his feeling toward her changed to pity. It seemed ages ago that he had burned to hold her in his arms.

"Where did you meet Porter?" he said. "And what is his business?"

"I met him back home; we grew up in the same town. He came East to college and stayed in New York. He's a lawyer. He came home and got me. You don't think I loved him, I suppose, but I did. Only I've got my career, too; my right to enjoy myself in my way, to meet people that are going to write big plays, like Bill, or who are making literature, like Mabelle Morse. I never knew such people back home. I never knew what freedom meant. And Frank couldn't see that I was just born when I got to know it in New York."

"Bill will never write a great play," said Roger gravely, "and neither has Mabelle Morse ever created, nor will she ever create, literature—only trash. All your Bohemia is only trash. Bill has neither the education nor the brains nor the warmth of human sympathy to write a good play, let alone a great one, and Mabelle is only a commonplace woman with a tomboy mind. It's the big, wholesome, normal people, with big, wholesome, abnormal sympathies, who write literature that lasts. One baby would teach you more about short-story writing than all the sixty-cent table d'hôte Bohemian dinners in creation."

The woman on the couch raised her eyes to his. "That's just what Frank said!" she muttered.

"Did he want you to stop writing?" he asked.

"Oh, no." She shook her head.

"But he scented a danger in this crowd of yours, and you resented it, and there was a final bitter quarrel, and a parting forever?"

She lowered her head in assent.

"Was he right?"

The woman made no reply.

"Was he right?"

Her head sank still lower.

"Elsie," said the man, slowly, "I have grown very fond of you, God help me, very fond! I thought a few moments ago I had done you—and him—a terrible wrong. Perhaps, however, it is all for the best. I want to be still your friend, your very good friend. I want you to let me go to see your husband."

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried.

"He loves you. But he doesn't understand, perhaps. Maybe he hasn't so much of this 'joy of life.' I think I could make him see. I think I could."

The woman was silent.

"You loved him once? Very much?"

She bowed her head.

"You love him still—a little? You know this drip, drip, drip of suggestion, of innuendo, in your Bohemia isn't good for the soul? You'd feel him clean and strong beside you again?"

The woman suddenly burst into tears, and buried her face. Presently she looked up, half whispered an address, and again put her face in the cushions.

Roger, without a word, stole from the room.

Some weeks later he met the pussy-cat critic at a matinée.

"We haven't seen you, or Elsie either, at Napoli's for some time," said that person, with one of his unpleasant leers. "Come on down to-night. We're going to have a little dinner—all the discomforts of Bohemia for sixty cents! Bring Elsie."

"Damn your table d'hôte Bohemia!" said Roger, bruskly. "I'm going down to Park Row to smell a good, hot, healthy matrix and old Cap Simonds's corn-cob pipe!"

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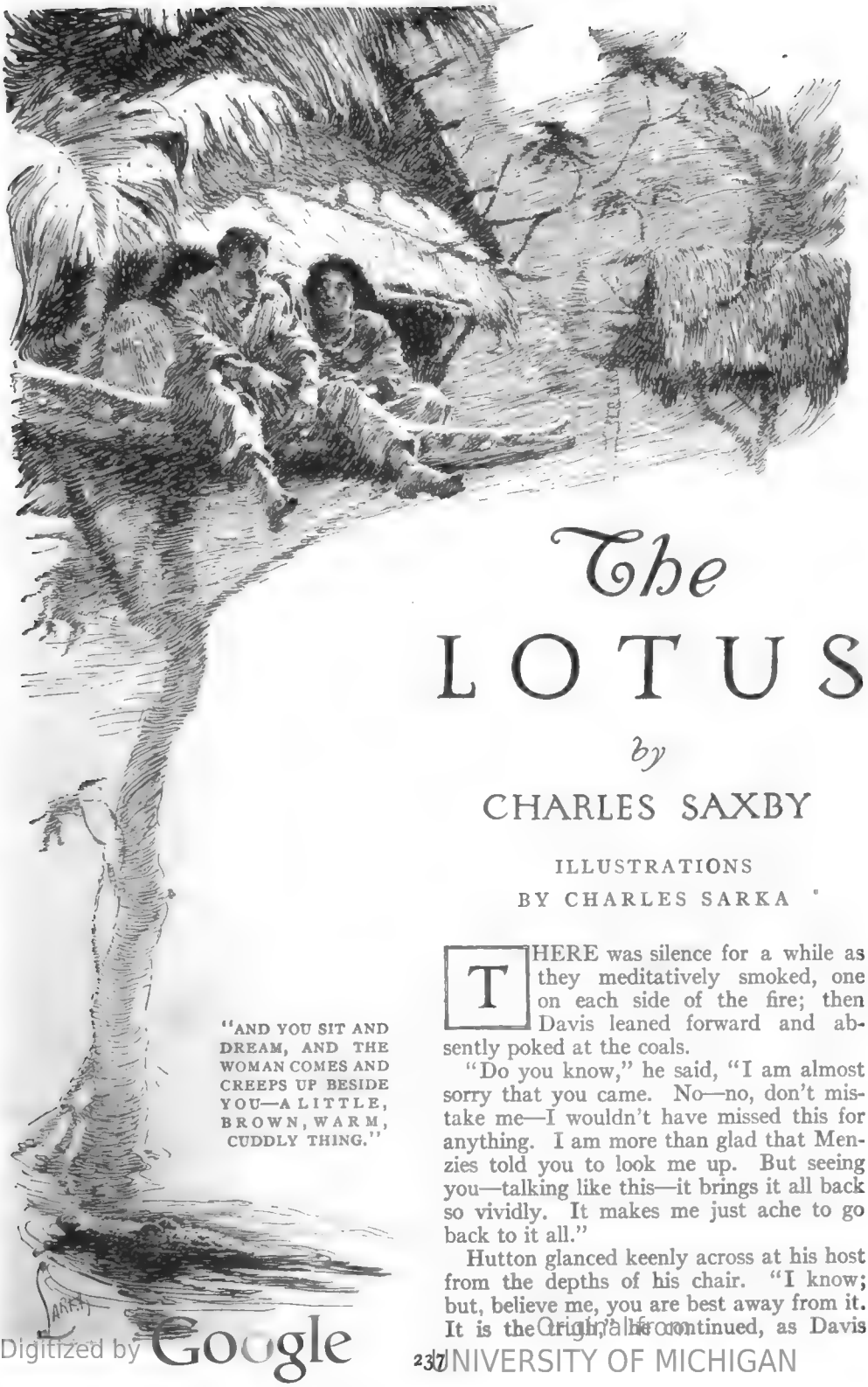

"AND YOU SIT AND DREAM, AND THE WOMAN COMES AND CREEPS UP BESIDE YOU—A LITTLE, BROWN, WARM, CUDDLY THING."

The LOTUS

by

CHARLES SAXBY

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY CHARLES SARKA

THERE was silence for a while as they meditatively smoked, one on each side of the fire; then Davis leaned forward and absently poked at the coals.

"Do you know," he said, "I am almost sorry that you came. No—no, don't mistake me—I wouldn't have missed this for anything. I am more than glad that Menzies told you to look me up. But seeing you—talking like this—it brings it all back so vividly. It makes me just ache to go back to it all."

Hutton glanced keenly across at his host from the depths of his chair. "I know; but, believe me, you are best away from it. It is the Orient," he continued, as Davis

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raised his head in inquiry. "Here in New York you are safe, but down there in the West Indies—" He stopped, hesitated inquiringly, and then, in obedience to the other's nod of assent, he went on: "You are too open on the imaginative side, too sensitive. Most of us Americans are. That is why the British beat us in tropical countries; their ideas are done up in bomb-proofs, and there is little chance for the lotus poison of the tropics to seep in."

All the evening they had talked, always of the West Indies—not the young continents of Cuba, Porto Rico, and Haiti, which the American journals fondly imagine to be the West Indies, but of the West Indies of the West Indians, that chain of enchanted islets that stretches from St. Thomas to the Orinoco.

At first they had merely gossiped—of the crop, how young so-and-so was married, of the hurricane. Then, gradually feeling their way into the recesses of each other's minds, they had begun to delve under the surface, and to talk of the vital, elemental facts of the tropics, which a man rarely speaks of unless he is sure that the other man already knows:

The lure, the brooding mystery of it all, the hidden secrets of that seething population of black and brown, of negro, Hindu, and half-caste. The eery, voiceless messages of the night, when the veil wears thin. The lush forms, human, non-human, cast forth by the immense fecundity. The swift decay, the tremendous vegetal rush and battle under the brilliant surface.

"I knew a man once," began Hutton musingly.

Davis looked up with quick interest. "A story?"

"Yes, and a true one. It illustrates the point I was trying to make. This fellow—he was English, by the way—was, as I said you were, 'open.'"

Davis battered at the fire, his face troubled with a vague reminiscence. "Did he get swamped?" he asked.

Hutton shook his head. "No; he escaped. I helped to—to shut him up."

He filled his pipe, settled himself more comfortably in his chair, and began. "You remember the Guaraoons?—those queer little savages from the Orinoco Delta, who suddenly appear in the island in June, trot about for a few days, sell their baskets, and then disappear again until the next year, and no one knows exactly where they land or how they come. I shall never forget the first time I saw them. It was soon after I had gone down to take over the estate; I was down in Sainte Madalaine one afternoon and had dropped in at the Ice House for a drink.

"There was only one other man there—a Cockney overseer from Plein Palais, an unpleasant sort of person whom one only recognized because he was white under his shirt and had half-moons on his nails. He was three parts drunk, and very indignant about somebody he called a 'beach-comber.' 'Dirty beach-comber' was his precise term, and he insisted on pouring out to me how this person, 'with no shoes to 'is feet and 'is 'ide busting out through 'is clothes,' had insulted him by asking the loan of the railway fare to Georgetown.

"I wasn't paying any attention, but sat there, drinking my cocktail, and looking down on Coffee Street, when along came the most extraordinary procession I had ever seen.

"A single file of little people, men and women, coppery brown, beautifully molded, with flat, catlike faces and great shocks of coarse black hair. They just escaped absolute nakedness, and on their shoulders they carried piles of woven grass baskets. They never turned their heads, but padded along, on their square-toed, brown feet, at a sort of swift lope; their eyes were everywhere, though, darting a thousand glances, alert, but uncomprehending, like the eyes of animals.

"At first I could not imagine what it was those eyes lacked, what it was that made them so unhuman; then I saw that they were strangely innocent—or no, not innocent; it was ignorance; for there was in them absolutely no conception of right or wrong.

"'Who are they?' I asked the overseer, with some excitement.

"He looked down at them with a bleary contempt and spat over the rail. 'Ow—it's just the Guaraoons,' he said. 'They're a stinking lot.'

"They were nearly all past, all but a woman, a plump little thing, padding along rather blindly at the last; as she passed she looked up—she was the only one who did—and I saw that she was crying. It seemed ridiculous, yet strangely pathetic—

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that smudge of tears on the flat, kitten-face of that woman, with nothing on her but a scant yard of grass-cloth: one doesn't expect tears from a savage, somehow.

"The man ahead of her turned and chattered at her. I suppose it was words he was using, but it sounded like no human language; just a sort of sibilant lip-chatter, with short, high squeaks in it. However, the woman evidently understood, for she gave an answering, whimpering squeak, shifted the load on her shoulders, and pattered off.

"I can hardly tell you the effect upon me of that little procession of naked people, trotting unconcernedly up Coffee Street that afternoon. Sainte Madalaine had seemed strange and outlandish enough before seeing them, but it became suddenly flat and stale—a mere down-at-heels outpost of civilization, for there was about them such a hint of wildness—of mystery——"

Davis nodded as Hutton stopped. "I know. I was always wanting to go back with them, to find out—what, I don't know. I suppose that was it—I didn't know."

"That is just it; and I didn't know either," assented Hutton. "I rode home in a sort of dream, wondering about those little people, trying to picture their daily life down there in the mazes of the Delta. How did they live? What did they do? What did they know—what did they not know—what *might* they not know? What mysteries might there not be down there in that No Man's Land? So wondering, I hardly noticed where I was going until my horse shied suddenly and, looking up, I saw a man sitting under a mango-tree. It was only a confused impression I got at first, a glimpse of a disreputable straw sombrero, a blue shirt, and a pair of trousers, all in the last stages of disintegration.

"What made me do it, I can't imagine; it was one of those unthinking slips we are all liable to at times—a mere kick-back of mental machinery too suddenly arrested, but I exclaimed aloud: 'By George—the beach-comber.'

"The fellow raised his head and looked at me. He had a pair of wide-set gray eyes, and he swept them over me, as if coating me with a film of ice. He took his time about it, and when he was quite finished he spoke. 'Yes, I am the beach-comber. Have *you* any particular title you would care to have me address you by?'

"You can imagine how I felt. The term 'beach-comber' had stuck in my mind; you know the picture it generally conveys—a burly, unshaven sort of ruffian, with red, swollen feet, and rags that give unwanted glimpses of gross flesh. But this fellow—he was hardly more than a boy; twenty-two, to be exact—was built like a greyhound, with slim, sunburned ankles and feet, the face of a faun, and clothes that, though ragged enough, were obviously clean. By his voice he was a gentleman, and he looked it, in spite of his costume, and I sat there on my horse, stammering some apology.

"'Don't mention it,' he said, with a sort of blank courtesy. 'I expect you have been talking to that insufferable cad at Plein Palais. Excuse me if he is a friend of yours.'

"'The description fits,' I snapped back. 'And—damn you—no, he isn't!'

"He laughed and came forward. Looking back, I can see that that was the moment I fell under the spell of his magnetism; it was as potent as it was unconscious. There was about him such an impression of things back of him, an authority, coupled with a vague suggestion of bewilderment and an unwilling appeal—an appeal that I, naturally enough, attributed to what I imagined his circumstances were.

"'All right—*Pax*,' he laughed. 'But really you deserved it, you know. Can you oblige me with a cigarette?'

"He took one, lit it, and turned to me with a little nod of thanks and dismissal that made me furious—there was about it such a coolly insolent air of classing me, along with the Plein Palais creature, as one of those persons from whom it was impossible for a gentleman to ask a favor. I felt, illogically enough, that it was necessary for my own self-respect that he should accept a favor at my hands. But he refused all my offers of help with a smiling unconcern, as if it were the most natural thing for a man of his stamp to be trudging the West Indies without shoes or money, and almost without clothes. Finally, after much persuasion—for his refusals only made me the more determined—he agreed to come back to the estate with me as my guest.

"Even while I was doing it, I wondered at myself for my strange insistence. I am

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not given to picking up stray acquaintances in that fashion. Of course there was the common tie of white blood in a nigger country, but even that did not explain why I felt so bound to force him to accept my hospitality. Looking back, I can only call it fate—one of those strange rulings of something we don't understand.

"I gave him the room next mine and the run of my wardrobe. He showed a discriminating taste that proved he knew what clothes were, and, purely as a favor, he gave a vague account of himself.

"He had been visiting friends on the Main, he said; but, as the Venezuelan coast there is entirely uninhabited by any civilized people, I did not quite see it. He had tired of it, he said, and had come across the Gulf by himself in a canoe. His people lived in Georgetown, but, as I had never heard the name—Arthur—that he gave me as his, I did not quite see that either.

"Whether the story was true or not, it did not matter; I was glad to have him

"HE SWEPT HIS WIDE-SET GRAY EYES OVER ME, AS IF COATING ME WITH A FILM OF ICE."

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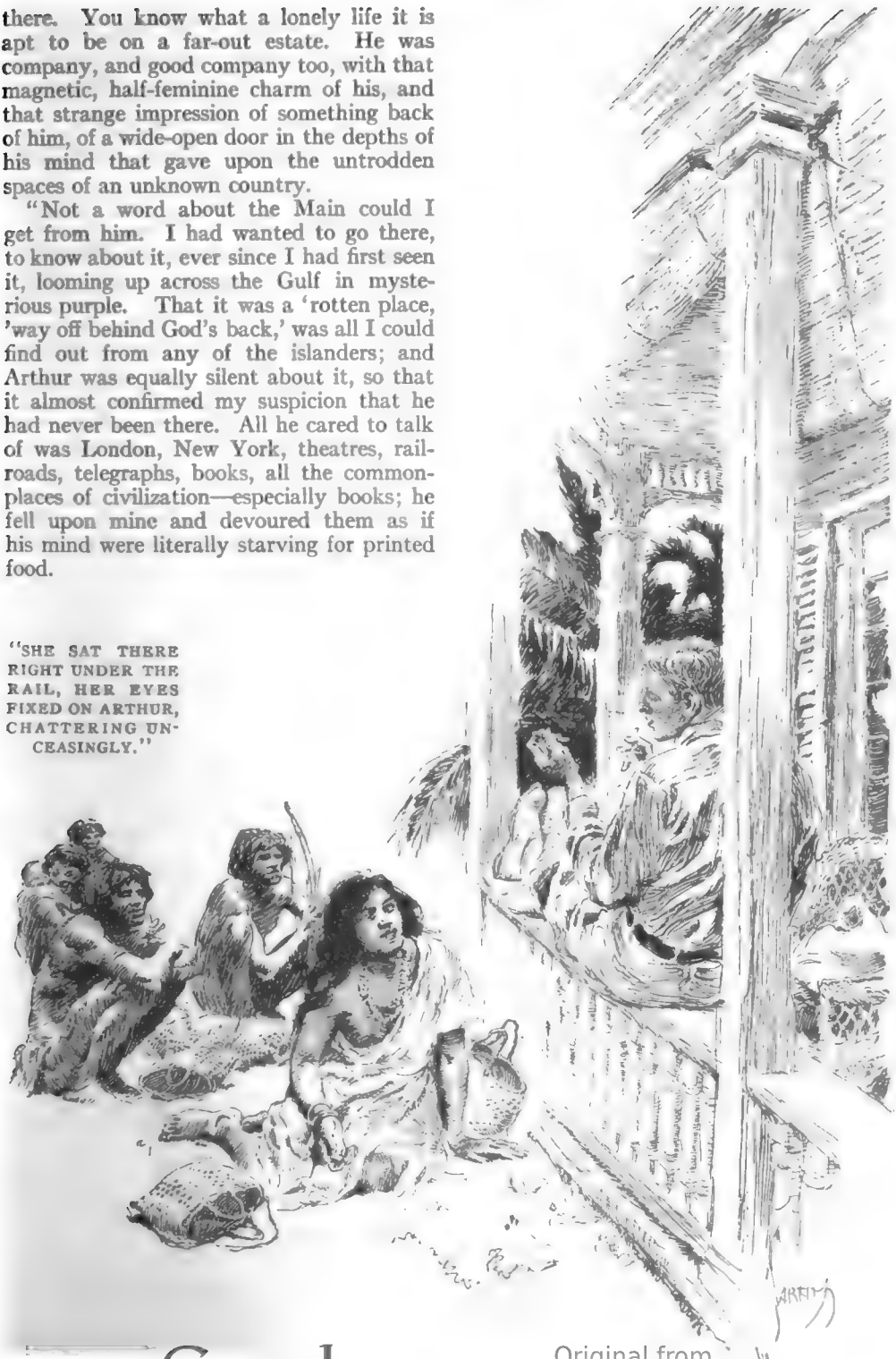
there. You know what a lonely life it is apt to be on a far-out estate. He was company, and good company too, with that magnetic, half-feminine charm of his, and that strange impression of something back of him, of a wide-open door in the depths of his mind that gave upon the untrodden spaces of an unknown country.

"Not a word about the Main could I get from him. I had wanted to go there, to know about it, ever since I had first seen it, looming up across the Gulf in mysterious purple. That it was a 'rotten place, 'way off behind God's back,' was all I could find out from any of the islanders; and Arthur was equally silent about it, so that it almost confirmed my suspicion that he had never been there. All he cared to talk of was London, New York, theatres, railroads, telegraphs, books, all the commonplaces of civilization—especially books; he fell upon mine and devoured them as if his mind were literally starving for printed food.



"SHE SAT THERE RIGHT UNDER THE RAIL, HER EYES FIXED ON ARTHUR, CHATTERING UNCEASINGLY."

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"He was evidently in no hurry to get to Georgetown, but lingered day after day; having once accepted my hospitality, he continued to do so, naturally and unthinkingly. Most of his time he spent lying in a hammock, reading, or listening to the gramophone. He was welcome, thoroughly welcome, and I even came to dread the time when he would leave.

"He had the same effect upon me as the Guaraoons; he stimulated my imagination in the same way. When he was about, I caught a hint of a life that, while it was all around me, in the very air, was yet separated from me by a difference of consciousness, like a blank wall. He stood to me for a door in that wall behind which lay —God knows what—I didn't. I could only catch its feelings, not its perceptions.

"He himself never turned his head to look at it, if he could help it; but at times it seemed too strong for him—the lure of what lay behind; I could see him deliberately turn and walk back into it before my eyes, and disappear from my sight. Oh, yes, his body was there—I could touch him, speak to him, get some sort of an answer; but *he* was off where I could not follow.

"It was all right when he was entirely there—with me, I mean—or when he was entirely gone, out of sight, into that secret country of his; but when he was half-way between the two, struggling to go, struggling to get back, then it was ghastly.

"That was generally at night. A strange sort of restlessness would take hold of him, and he would pace the gallery, always turning at the same spot, like a wild animal in a cage, and about as soothing to have about. Up and down he would go, always looking out across the Gulf to where, by day, the coast of the Main loomed up. But he would never talk of it, and if I asked him a question about it he would shake himself and say: 'Oh, it's a devil of a hole over there. Have you seen "The Merry Widow"?'

"He wanted to talk of 'The Merry Widow,' of taxicabs and shoeblacks, while he stood there, looking out into the night with such an expression of brooding recollection on his face that it seemed as if I must fall upon him and literally choke out of him whatever it was that he was remembering.

"He had been with me about four days when, returning one afternoon, I found a group of little brown people before the house. They were squatting on their haunches in a half-suspicious, fugitive sort of way, like a flock of birds alighted in a wheat-field. They were chattering loudly, evidently in good humor, their soft, ignorant eyes all turned up to Arthur, who lay stretched out on the gallery rails, tossing them lumps of sugar.

"One of them, a plump little woman, was sitting right under the rail, and as I looked at her I remembered the woman who had cried as she went up Coffee Street that afternoon; but they all looked so much alike that I could not be sure. She sat there, her eyes fixed on Arthur, chattering unceasingly. I thought she was getting more than her share of the sugar, and she was obviously, in an artless, barbaric way that was none the less effectual, snubbing the other women.

"As I rode up, Arthur waved his hand and said something; they all sprang up, seized their baskets, and pattered off down the road into the high cane. The last to go was the woman, and as she parted the cane-stalks she looked back and gave a little, crooning cry.

"I could get nothing out of Arthur about them. He lay on the rail, smoking a cigarette and blinking up at me with smiling, impenetrable eyes. Yes, they were the Guaraoons; they had come to sell baskets; they had been scared by my coming up so suddenly. Yes, they were rum little beggars, and wouldn't I please put a record on the gramophone?

"That evening he went to bed early. He seemed to want to avoid me, as if he were afraid of what I might ask, or, it may be, of what he would tell me. I was sitting on the gallery, and I could see him, through the open door of his room, lying under the mosquito nettings. He was not asleep, and soon he got up and came out, slim and straight in his white pajamas. He took a cigarette, muttering something about its being too hot to sleep, and began pacing the gallery in that nightly devil's march of his.

"Up and down, restlessly, noiselessly, with the lithe, tense spring of a young panther, his eyes gazing out over the cane-fields as if through bars; and I sat there, pretending to read, wondering how long the bars would hold. His eyes were full of wild impulse, his muscles quivering to be off and away, somewhere out into that dim,

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gray expanse under the moonlight; but his mouth was set in a thin, straight line of pain.

"Neither of us spoke, but we were on each other's nerves until it was almost unendurable; I could feel him longing to tell me something, aching for me to do something, almost hating me for not doing what it was so necessary to him that I should do, yet prepared to escape the moment I made a move to do it.

"It was a hot night, the moon hanging low over the Rock; a thin mist veiled the cane-fields, and the *palmistes* reared their crest above it as if above a flood.

"Finally he came up and leaned on the back of my chair. His hand fluttered stealthily a moment about my shoulder, as if with an instinct of appeal, then stole back again without touching me.

"I laid down my book, yawned, and lit a cigarette. 'Well, what is it?' I asked, as carelessly as I could. 'I thought you were going to tell me something.'

"He gave a sulky shake of his shoulder. 'What the devil should I have to tell you? I'm going to bed again.'

"But he still stood there, tense and still, yet quivering inwardly with some strange excitement; he was obviously loath to leave me. It was as if I were in some way a mooring to which he was clinging in the stress of a mental storm.

"I waited in silence until at last he began to speak, in short, jerky sentences that seemed squeezed out of him against his will. 'God, what a rotten country this is!' he said, spitting the words out between his teeth. 'Look at those silly palms sticking up out of the mist. I hate palms when they stick up like that.'

"He stopped, and I knew that I had been given a cue. 'Why?' I asked, with an uninterested yawn. 'They have to stick up out of something.'

"He was silent so long that I feared I had missed fire in some way; it would not have mattered—I can see that now; he was bound to speak, anyway. He sank down on the floor at my side, his chin on his knees, and at last he began:

"'They remind me of the Delta, that is why. That is just how they stick up out of the water down there—only there are more of them; a different kind, too—Choriche palms, with fans big enough to roof of a house. And the nuts hang down in great strings. You can eat them. You get to like them after a while.'

"He was in full flood now; the words came pouring from his lips—all the things he had determined never to tell, never to let any one even suspect.

"'When the river is down it is just mud and palms,' he went on. 'Then the river rises, and everything is twenty feet under water for hundreds of miles around. Then you live in little huts on platforms 'way up in the tops of the palms. You get up to them by ladders made of lianas and bits of bamboo. It is dizzy work at first, getting out of a tippety canoe, for the ladder just hangs loose and sways and swings as you swarm up it and crawl on your stomach over the edge of the platform. That is all swaying and swinging too, up there among the big, green fans, where the nuts hang down and the monkeys and parrots chatter over your head.'

"He moved nearer to me and laid an arm across my knee. He was less tense, now the first plunge into speech was over, and his voice was more even; he spoke as if half dreaming, his head thrown back, his eyes gazing out over the cane-fields he did not see.

"'Sometimes it is all blue and green, blue sky and water and green fans, with the orchids hanging on them. Then again it is all gold, and the palms stand up black against the sky—I suppose that is at evening—or perhaps it is morning—one doesn't take much notice of time down there. Then at night the mists come up and it is still, except for the lip-lap of the water down below and the creaking groan of the palm trunk as a floating log hits it. Sometimes the mists don't get up as high as the platform; then you sit on the edge and paddle your feet in them, like water. You don't hear the real water then—the mists shut out the sound; all you hear is the sleepy chirp of a parrot, the crash of a falling fan, or the grunt of an alligator down below, under the mist.

"'There is nothing but mist below and sky above, and you sit and dream, and the woman comes and creeps up beside you—a little, brown, warm, cuddly thing. She snuggles up to you and chatters softly. She doesn't really say anything—why should she? There is nothing to say. There is only the mist and the sky and the hot, soft darkness. There is nothing to say—or

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think—or do—but you dream—God—how you dream!

"'There is nothing to do—nothing to be—there never will be anything more than just to dangle one's feet in the mist and feel it blow cool about one's legs; to listen to the creak of the palms in the night breeze, and the wuff of the sea-pigs down below.

"'And then—there—there is—It.'" He stopped and shivered a little, pressing close against me.

"'It?—what is It?' I asked.

"'Oh—I don't know. It is just—It. The something you are always just going to know. It is here, too, but it is outside. The lamp and the books and the gramophone keep it outside—out there where the palms stick up out of the mist. But down there, it is inside of yourself. You never do know it, you never will know it, but you are always just going to, so it is just as good—don't you see? It swells up your throat with a sort of ecstasy of longing, and you dream—dream that you know it—and you feel——'

"'And the woman?' I asked. 'Does she dream and feel and long, too?'

"He shook his head. 'I don't think so. You can never be sure, but I don't think so. She is outside of you. She is everything that is outside of you—the palms and the mist and the moonlight, the sudden furies of the storms, the implacable wildness of it all—they are all her. But the others—the dreams, the longings, they are inside of you; it is the things outside of you that make them possible—it is really she that makes them possible—but— She is waiting for me down there in the cane. The others have gone, but she is waiting. The canoe is down in the mangroves, and I could go to-night. We would run away through the cane, she in front, looking back at me and laughing. We would go back and sit on the platform above the mist, and I would dream—but I don't think she dreams; why should she? And she doesn't feel—not as I do. They can't feel much, those people, or they wouldn't——'

"He broke off with a shudder and looked up at me. I shrank back from the sight of his eyes. There was no longer any concealment there. I looked straight down, past the drawn veils, into all that he had not told, all that he could not tell. There were other things in the Delta, I saw, than just mist and moonlight.

"'It is all right when you are young,' he went on. 'But when you are old—but you don't grow old down there. I should be safe for twenty years, perhaps thirty. I am white, and I should last longer. But some day I should be trying to keep up, trying to be young, trying to show off all the time, as they do when they begin to get old, and wondering when it would come. And it would come, and the other old men—those who were waiting their turn—would be the worst. They think it will put off their own time a little. It comes suddenly. A chance stumble, anything may bring it; then the young men swarm round, and the old men yap and squeak and show off, and the one they set upon shrieks—even *they* shriek—but they can't feel as I do; if they did they couldn't do it. But I—I should feel that—just as I feel the other, I should feel that. It lasts for days sometimes; it is something for them to do. And I—I should feel——'

"He pressed his face on my knee for a moment, shuddering so that it shook the chair under me. Then he sprang up. 'But I'm going. I must! I can't help it! I can't come back to this any more. There is no place in it for me now. I have eaten the fruit, and the poison is in my veins. It is the end down there, the bottom, the limit, and when one has touched the limit there is no coming back.'

"He stopped, his body bent and tense for the spring, and listened. Out of the cane came a little, crooning cry, and he knew, and I knew, that down among the dew-wet leaves the brown woman crouched and waited.

"I jumped to my feet in front of him. Bah!—I might just as well have tried to hold a whirlwind. He did not see me; he actually tried to walk through me, tossing me aside with his shoulder as he leaped the rails.

"I knew it was the deciding moment: if he went, there would be no coming back. I fell back against the table, and my hand struck a paper-weight, a great, clumsy square of glass. My fingers closed on it instinctively, and before I realized what I was doing, I had thrown it.

"It struck him on the head, and he went down; it was only a few minutes before he began to come round again, but I had had time to drag him in and lash him down to a couch there on the gallery. It was not

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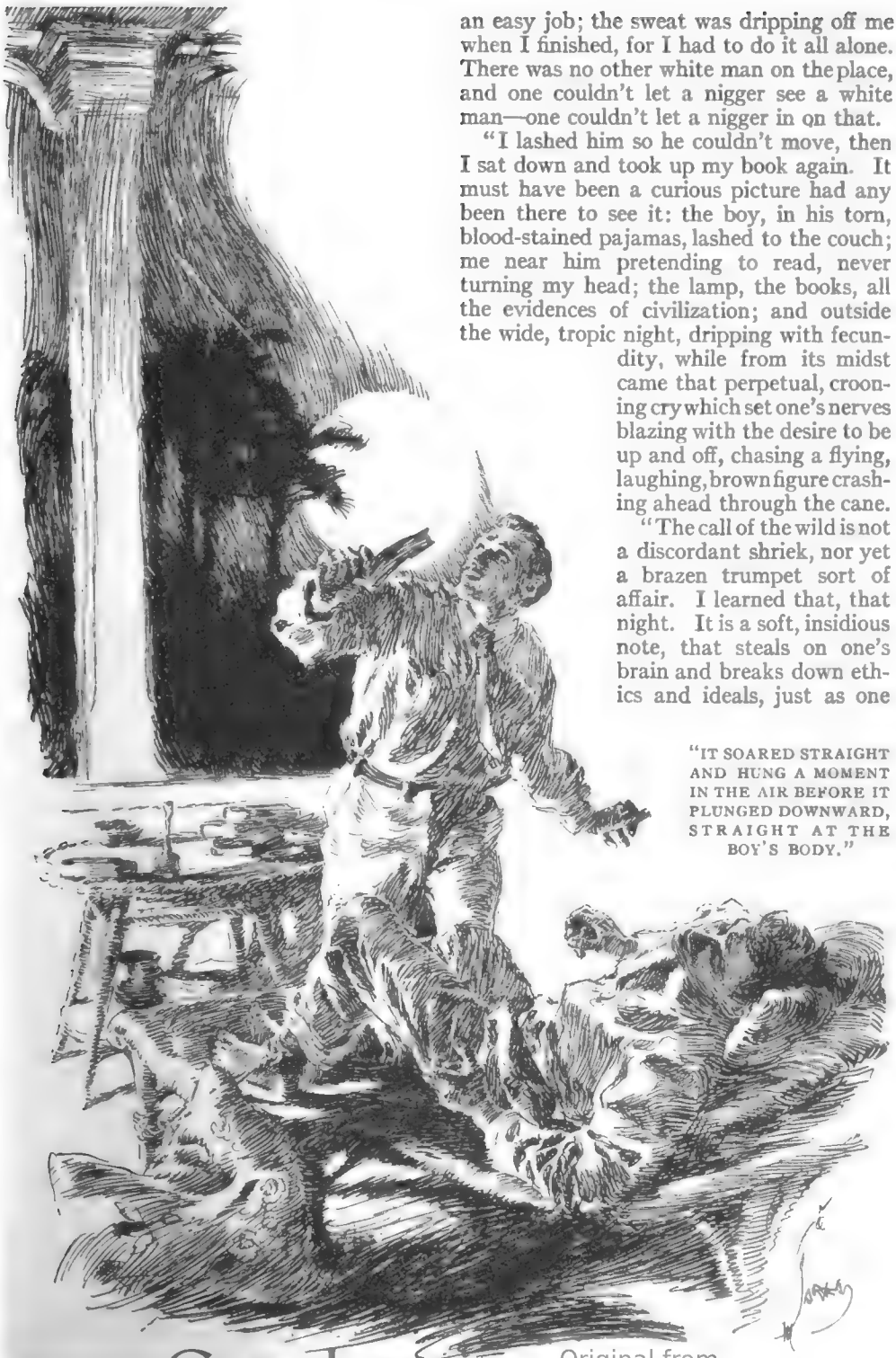
an easy job; the sweat was dripping off me when I finished, for I had to do it all alone. There was no other white man on the place, and one couldn't let a nigger see a white man—one couldn't let a nigger in on that.

"I lashed him so he couldn't move, then I sat down and took up my book again. It must have been a curious picture had any been there to see it: the boy, in his torn, blood-stained pajamas, lashed to the couch; me near him pretending to read, never turning my head; the lamp, the books, all the evidences of civilization; and outside the wide, tropic night, dripping with fecundity, while from its midst came that perpetual, crooning cry which set one's nerves blazing with the desire to be up and off, chasing a flying, laughing, brown figure crashing ahead through the cane.

"The call of the wild is not a discordant shriek, nor yet a brazen trumpet sort of affair. I learned that, that night. It is a soft, insidious note, that steals on one's brain and breaks down ethics and ideals, just as one



"IT SOARED STRAIGHT AND HUNG A MOMENT IN THE AIR BEFORE IT PLUNGED DOWNWARD, STRAIGHT AT THE BOY'S BODY."

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perpetual tone on a violin will disintegrate an iron bridge.

"The boy lay there, turning his head from side to side, like a trapped animal. Neither of us spoke. I simply sat, my eyes glued to my book, mechanically turning the pages; it helped him, I knew that—just the steady turn of the pages of a book.

"The crooning cry went on. It was getting louder, and there was a hint of anger in it. I could see the boy quiver every time it came stabbing through the night. Then something sailed softly overhead. I thought it was a bird at first—it soared so straight, and hung a moment in the air before it plunged downward, straight at the boy's body. I dashed at it with my book, and it fell clattering harmlessly to the floor—a fragile shaft of bamboo, sharpened to a needle point and tipped with a sticky, evil-smelling substance. The wild was aroused. It would rather kill than not possess.

"I could understand, even sympathize a little; but poisoned arrows were too much. I drew out my revolver and fired in the air. The explosion was enough: there came a little squeak out of the cane, a rustling of leaves, and then silence."

Hutton stopped, staring grimly into the fire while he tapped the ashes from his pipe. "It was a bad night," he went on. "We will let it go at that—a bad night. It was dawn before he quieted down, from sheer exhaustion, and I carried him in and laid him on his bed to sleep it off.

"The next evening he asked to go back to his people, and I drove him up to Georgetown. It was nearly two o'clock when we got there. Arthur directed me to a big place out by the Savannah; and by the flagpole on the tower, and the sentries at the gates, I saw that it was Government House.

"He jumped down and threw gravel up at a *jalousie* on the second story until a woman answered. 'It is I,' he called. 'I have come home—come on down and let me in, mother.'

"She came down to a side door, carrying a lighted candle; she was Lady Fredericks, the governor's wife, a large woman, with a commanding eye, attired in a dressing-gown and patent curlers.

"I would have whipped up the horses and escaped, but Arthur insisted on drawing me in, and I went because I felt that he needed me. He was dreading that moment. It was the last thing I must do for him.

"'Come and meet my mother,' he pleaded. 'Mother—this is Mr. Hutton. He has been awfully good to me. If it had not been for him I might not have got home at all.'

"The boy seemed fated to give me bad moments, and I am not sure but that was the worst. Have you ever been presented to the wife of a British colonial governor in her dressing-gown and curlers? She rose above it magnificently, dominating the situation with the instant competence of perfect breeding. Not the quiver of an eyelash betrayed her. It might have been a Doucet and a tiara; but I saw that I should never be forgiven. I stood there, replying somehow to her cool, measured sentences, conscious only of an insane desire to laugh, to babble at her of moonlight and mist, of blood-stained pajamas, of brown women and yapping old men, of monkeys, tippety canoes, and alligators grunting down below.

"Somehow I got away and was climbing blindly into the phaeton when Arthur was at my side; with his hands on my shoulders he tore me from the step and turned me round to face him. For a moment neither spoke. There was no need; we were each thinking the same thing as we stood there, staring at each other. Back of us was Government House, in its arrogant pillared stateliness: the tower, the flagstaff, the tramp of the sentries, the dominant, poised woman—all of it the epitome of a thousand years of civilized empire.

"And all about was the night—the throbbing, passionate darkness of the tropics, like a black cup of subtle poison; poison of the mind, not of the body, elixir of fire to the veins, a rotting death to the mind of him who drinks of it.

"'Good-by, old man,' whispered Arthur. 'I may see *you* again, but you will never see me—not the fellow you knew. He died last night.'

"'I'm sorry for that,' I said. 'I liked that fellow.'

"'Then why did you kill him?' he asked bitterly. 'Oh, yes, I am grateful; at least I shall be—I see that. It would have almost killed my mother; you see—she is fond of me. Oh—I'll go through with it. I shall probably be a governor myself some day, and kow-tow to get tin medals to string across my chest. But for what you have done—I don't know yet whether to curse you or to bless you.'"

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A NATIONAL DIAGNOSIS

by

WALTER LIPPMANN

IF ANY one came through the McNamara confessions and the Lawrence strike with his political dogmas untouched, his platitudes as well polished as ever, his optimism unclouded, then that man may boast that nothing on earth can teach him anything. To thoughtful people it was plain that the old-fashioned theories and beliefs about labor were fit only for the scrap-heap. For Lawrence was the dramatic climax to a series which had included the sixteen months' labor war at West Moreland, the steel strike at Bethlehem, the cloak-makers' struggle in New York; the confession of the McNamaras pointed to an exasperation among some workingmen so great that every tie of civilized life had broken down. It announced in a way that every one might see—the greatest news item in fifty years:

America's industrial system, like the chattel slavery it supplanted, is facing a crisis.

Those who imagine that keeping Ettor in jail nine months is a cure for what caused the Lawrence strike, those who think that an American flag with "I Should Worry" on it will solve this problem, might remember that a very short time after the trouble in Lawrence the safest, steadiest, most perfectly devised, unsinkable ship—went to the bottom of the ocean. They should remember that fifty years ago an unbelievable thing happened—this nation was at war with itself. They should ponder the fact that Lawrence is not the last strike of its kind; that Lawrence will be repeated this year, next year, again and again; that the McNamaras are not the only men in America who will fight its civilization with any weapon that seems effective.

Only the broadest, the most imaginative statesmanship can deal with the crisis. Whether such statesmanship exists in America is still an open question. It did not exist fifty years ago, for America was not wise enough to free the slaves without a bitter war. At this moment it is not wise enough to solve the industrial problem. With the best intentions in the world, with unlimited courage, we as a people are not intelligent enough to remedy the conditions which came to the surface at Lawrence and Los Angeles.

We live in an age that we do not understand. All our notions of what public policy should be—the whole tradition of business and labor—are left over from a time when the woolen trust was undreamed of and the steel corporation beyond the scope of any man's imagination. We haven't a map or a compass for the vast and tangled industrial life of this nation. Out of ignorance grows helplessness. In a dumb sort of way we know that there is much wrong in America, monstrous evil that should make us ashamed. We are all squeezed a bit—helplessly we clap a millionaire into jail, or dissolve a trust. And underneath, where the pressure is most cruel, the muttering gathers in volume until only a fool, and a deaf one at that, can fail to hear it.

No man, no party, no sect, is wise enough to solve so difficult a question. Before any masterly solution is possible this country will have to understand its problem, as no one understands it to-day. No state government, no private organization, can study the whole question. Only the nation is competent and adequate.

And so last winter, after the McNamara confession, a self-constituted committee of social workers petitioned President Taft for a Federal Commission on Industrial Relations. They asked for a scrutiny of our problem. About every possible political faith was represented on that committee. There were conservatives and radicals, Democrats and Bull-Moosers, Socialists, Single Taxers, and what not. They had

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found one point of absolute agreement: No matter what the remedy is, the facts must come first; whatever the theory you deduce, the only solid foundation is the facts; the way to begin is to find out.

That petition worked a political miracle. The President took it up heartily and urged it before Congress. In about eight months the Commission had been authorized and money appropriated. The miracle is in the speed. Our Congress does not always act so quickly, as patient lobbyists for social reform can tell you. But in this case the need was so evident, the proposal so sane, and—elections so close, that Congress actually became sensitive to the nation's problem.

It is to be a Commission composed of nine men appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Organized labor and the employers are to have three representatives each; the other three may be chosen from the public at large. One hundred thousand dollars is appropriated, to last until June 30, 1913. But the understanding with the Congressional leaders was that the Commission should plan its work on the basis of half a million dollars. Large as it sounds, this is not an enormous amount for the task. The recent Immigration Commission had eight hundred thousand dollars.

THE BIGGEST JOB OF THE AGE

The scope of the inquiry is so vast that it may justly be called a National Diagnosis: the Commission is to study "the general condition of labor in the principal industries of the United States, including agriculture, and especially in those which are carried on in corporate forms. . . . *It shall seek to discover the underlying causes of dissatisfaction in the industrial situation.*"

That is a large order and there are many ways of carrying it out. The whole range of possibilities from stupidity and partisanship to imagination and statesmanship is open to the Commission. Everything now depends upon the Commissioners, their plans, their insight, their freedom from dogma, their open-mindedness, their courage. They can produce nineteen volumes that will be buried in a library and used for Ph.D. theses in the colleges, or they can make a report that will be a landmark in the history of this country.

They can do that if they come to this problem as scientists, remembering that effects have causes, that poverty has causes, that unrest has causes; that if those causes are in institutions that now seem sacred, it is their business as scientists to report it, no matter whom it hurts or what it hits. No moral, constitutional, economic, or legal prejudice is of the slightest importance to the Commissioners. They are there to investigate—as with the physician, no question is too embarrassing for them to ask.

The public must help. If business men will tell what they know, their philanthropy will be greater than if they gave what they have. To-day the biggest service our millionaires could perform would be to answer questions. Organized labor can help in a thousand obvious ways. The state governments, no matter what party controls them, can push the investigation. Private organizations can make detailed and specialized studies. The newspapers and magazines can do an enormous service by giving the Commission constant publicity and by subjecting it to constant criticism. Questions should be put; conclusions should be challenged and debated; findings should be analyzed.

No effort is too much, for this is our greatest problem. If there is any question under the sun that is worth answering thoroughly, it is the question of why in America, with all its resources and hopes, profound and widespread dissatisfaction exists. It is greater than the tariff, the currency, or the bosses, for it includes them. Rightly understood, the progressive movement, Socialism, all muck-raking—or the assault on Mr. Mellen—are nothing but special phases of the unrest that rises out of our industrial relations.

This Commission is set the task of studying and explaining the central issue of our politics. It can be of incalculable service to the nation if it will clear up the confusion, show what matters and what does not, direct the thinking of this nation to an understanding out of which constructive action can spring. To-day, with our ignorance, any scheme is necessarily premature, a house built on sand. The opportunity of this Commission is historic. By studying and defining the nation's problem, it can, if it will, direct the solution.

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The PLAYERS

by

CLAYTON HAMILTON

AUTHOR OF "THE THEORY OF THE THEATRE," ETC.

Photograph by White, New York.

SAXONE MORLAND IN "THE YELLOW JACKET."

IT IS interesting to compare the two plays of the present season which are localized in China. "The Daughter of Heaven" is produced in our modern manner, with many sumptuous sets of scenery; and "The Yellow Jacket" is produced without any scenery at all, according to the custom that has been maintained in the Chinese theatre for several hundred years. "The Daughter of Heaven" tells its story to the eye, and reminds the spectator that he is sitting in a theatre; but "The Yellow Jacket" tells its story to the imagination, and awakens at many inspired moments a vivid illusion of reality. In the former piece we are offered an imitation of life, and in the latter a suggestion of life. It is scarcely necessary to maintain that in the drama, as in every other art, the method of suggestion is more effective than the method of imitation.

A single instance will serve to illustrate the difference between the two productions. "The Daughter of Heaven" opens with a scene that is a marvel of modern mechanism. We look upon a picture of a shimmering and rippling river that races between a foreground of dark rocks and a background of shadowy cliffs dimming away mysteriously into a distant twilit sky. Down the river a little boat comes slowly drifting, with a tawny sail and a red lantern at the masthead; and in this boat two lovers are reclining and singing a serenade.

The picture is pretty enough, as our stage-pictures go; but it does not woo the spectator out of his orchestra chair and make him dream that he is really drifting down a river half the world away. The

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Photograph by White, New York.

ROSE BENDER AS *HERO* AND HENRIETTA GOODWIN AS *URSULA* IN "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

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reason for this failure is that the scene resembles actuality so closely as to call attention to the few details in which its mechanism is deficient. For instance, while the river races rapidly, the boat drifts very slowly—in obvious defiance of the laws of nature; and this fact alone is sufficient to prevent the spectator from imagining the scene as real.

It is easier for the spectator to realize the boating scene in the second act of "The Yellow Jacket," because it makes no attempt at all to reproduce the aspect of actuality. Three or four chairs are piled together before our very eyes by a bored property-man smoking a tired cigarette. Two lovers climb upon the chairs and tell us that they are getting into a boat. A couple of attendants, with slender bamboo rods, pole rhythmically at the unresisting air; and we know that they are punting the boat slowly down a shallow stream. A musician, in plain sight, rubs two bits of sandpaper together and thereby suggests the whisper of little, listless waves along the shoulders of the skiff. The lovers lean back at their ease and tell each other their fond tale of love.

And in a moment we find ourselves no longer in a theatre, but in a love-boat of our own, drifting drowsily down some sweet river far away. The scene becomes real, because we make it so by an easy exercise of the imagination.

In this comparison there lies a lesson for many of our modern stage-directors. The illusion of a play depends less upon what happens on the stage than upon what happens within the mind of the spectator. People go to the theatre to enjoy themselves; and this is only another way of saying that they go to the theatre to enjoy the exercise of their own creative faculties. It is futile to set an actual locomotive on the stage unless you succeed by so doing in making the audience imagine a real locomotive that has no habitation in the theatre; and more often than not it is easier to achieve this imaginative result by omitting the actual engine and asking the audience frankly to

ANNIE RUSSELL, STAR AND PRODUCER OF "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

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Photograph by Mattsene, Los Angeles.

MARGUERITE CLARK IN "SNOW WHITE."

make-believe. And the fact that it has taught this simple lesson at a time when it was sorely needed is perhaps the best of all the many merits of "The Yellow Jacket."

"THE YELLOW JACKET"

This extraordinary play was devised and written and produced by Mr. J. Harry Benrimo and Mr. George C. Hazelton, Jr. It unfolds an imaginary Chinese story in accordance with the traditional conventions of the Chinese stage. By an interesting coincidence, these conventions happen to be almost identical with those of the Elizabethan theatre; and "The Yellow Jacket" therefore exhibits a strong structural resemblance to such Elizabethan chronicles as Shakespeare's "Henry V."

The Chinese stage is devoid of scenery, but is amply equipped with furniture and properties; and a decorative effect is produced by the gorgeous costumes and fantastic make-ups of the actors. At the rear

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of the stage there are two doors—one for entrances and one for exits. Between these doors is an alcove, or recess, which houses the small orchestra that accompanies the action with incidental music; and over this alcove there is a practicable balcony, or upper stage.

The scene at any moment is imagined to be wherever the actors say that it is; and a change of scene is effected simply by emptying the stage through the exit door and bringing on another set of actors through the entrance door. Meanwhile, whatever shift of furniture may be desirable is effected, in full view of the audience, by the property-man and his assistants. The property-man is dressed in black, and is regarded, by convention, as invisible. Often, during the very progress of a dramatic incident, he moves about with quiet self-effacement and hands the various actors whatever properties they need. There is also a chorus, who explains the play to the audience—announcing the imaginary

Photograph by Frank C. Bangs, New York.

GERTRUDE HOFFMANN, PANTOMIME DANCER IN "BROADWAY TO PARIS."

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Photograph by Strong, New York.

JULIE OPP AS *PORTIA* IN FAVERSHAM'S SPECTACULAR PRODUCTION.

changes of scene and commenting whimsically on the action and the characters.

Nearly all of these theatrical conventions were employed habitually by Shakespeare in what is generally regarded as the greatest period of the English drama; but they seem so crude and childish to a public that is unaccustomed to them that their effect upon our modern audience is funny. Of this effect the authors of "The Yellow Jacket" have cleverly made capital. They frankly invite their audience to laugh at the expedients by the aid of which they tell their strange and Oriental story. The property-man does not speak a single line; but he makes a deliciously humorous effect as he drifts about his business in utter boredom, smoking all the while a drooping cigarette.

As a single instance of the comic handling of the Chinese stage-conventions, we may note an incident in which a despairing lover hangs himself upon a tree but is cut down providentially by a passing traveler. The tree is a bamboo fishing-rod held aloft by the property-man. From the end of this rod depends a noose of rope, which the tragic lover fits around his neck. As the wayfarer enters, the property-man hands him a sword, and with this sword the traveler pretends to cut the rope. The lover then removes the noose from his neck; and the property-man returns the sword and the tree to the chest in which he keeps the necessary adjuncts to the action.

But the effect of "The Yellow Jacket" is not merely funny. Whenever the story becomes dramatically tense, the audience forgets the unusual conventions by which the action is exhibited and thinks only of the reality of the intention. Mr. Hazelton's text is written with rare literary tact. The story moves through many moods—capricious, pathetic, extravagant, lyrical, and tragic; and each of these moods is conveyed convincingly in lines that are always adequate to the occasion. In its exquisite intermingling of poetry and humor, sentiment and whim, "The Yellow Jacket"

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WILLIAM FAVERSHAM
AS *MARC ANTONY*
IN "JULIUS CAESAR."

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

ranks high as a literary achievement. A word of praise must also be accorded to Mr. William Furst, who composed the incidental music. Several of his themes are memorably eloquent, and they are blended with a deft suggestion of the Oriental mode of orchestration.

"SNOW WHITE"

We have had many plays in the past—like "The Blue Bird" and "Peter Pan"—that were addressed to those poetical grown-ups who wished to be reminded of the children that they used to be; but this is the first season when the managers have devoted serious attention to the production of plays intended entirely for children.

The new movement was inaugurated by Mr. Winthrop Ames at his cozy Little Theatre. While Schnitzler's "Anatol" was running in the evenings, he turned his theatre over to the children in the afternoons; and every day at three-thirty, after school was out, the little folks could flock to the performance of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." The experiment was so successful that Mr. Ames was soon forced to add an extra performance every week at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning.

"Snow White" is a dramatization of the famous fairy-story of the Brothers Grimm by a lady who has hidden her identity under the pseudonym of Jessie Braham White. The main merit of the piece is its extreme simplicity. The story is not burdened with any symbolic or philosophic implications; and even to a grown-up mind it means no more than what it seems to mean. It must also be recorded to the author's credit that the story has no moral. Children are never interested in moralizing, for the reason that their minds are healthy; and the best of tales for children are those that are mercifully free from ethical intention.

Shall we remind ourselves a moment of the story of the loveliest little princess in

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Photograph by White, New York.

HENRY KOLKER IN "OUR WIVES."

IRENE FENWICK IN "HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A."

Photograph by White, New York.

the world? . . . . Her stepmother, the gorgeous Queen Brangomar, was so jealous of her beauty that when Prince Florimond of Calydon (hark to the music of the name!) came to woo the princess, the wicked queen had her lured away to a dark forest by Berthold, the Chief Huntsman, who was instructed to murder her. But Snow White pleaded so prettily with Berthold that he lost the heart to kill her and left her free to wander in the forest. She came upon the little hut inhabited by the seven lovable and funny dwarfs; and soon she was mothering the lot of them and keeping their house in order.

The jealous queen, learning that Snow White was still alive, went to the witch's cave—a gloomy cavern with a magic caldron—and had herself disguised by enchantment. In the aspect of a pedler she made her way to the hut of the seven dwarfs, and wheedled Snow White into taking a bite of a poisoned apple. The little princess sank to the floor, and the wicked queen believed her to be dead. The seven dwarfs bore her through the forest in a crystal coffin to the royal palace.

But there the poisoned apple, which has merely lodged in her throat, is providentially loosened; and the princess comes alive again, to the final discomfiture of the

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furious queen. Need it be added that Snow White weds Prince Florimond of Calydon, and lives happily forever after?

With the exception of the diminutive Miss Marguerite Clark, whose performance of the heroine is charmingly simple, nearly all the actors of this little play are children; and they seem to have just as good a time as the children in the audience.

The piece is beautifully staged. The picture of the throne-room in the queen's palace will serve excellently as an illustration of the point that was discussed at the outset of the present article—namely, that suggestion is more potent than imitation as a means for making the spectator imagine reality. In this picture the stage is entirely tented with a cloth of heavenly blue, which is enriched with a decorative motive of repeated peacocks. The only furniture is a marble throne mounted on a little dais. At the rear of the stage four marble steps lead up to a cleft of the curtains, through which we look afar to a crystal sky. These are the only details of the picture, except the notes of color that are added by the rich costumes of the characters; and yet the spectator knows for certain that at last he is really and truly in the fairy palace of his dreams.

This convincing effect could not have been produced by any array of onyx columns with gilt Ionic capitals and all the other data in which actual palaces resemble the offices of Fifth Avenue hotels. The only way to show a Castle in Spain upon the stage is not to build an imitation of an actual castle, but to hang up a few curtains so disposed as to launch the spectator on a drift of dreams. Children appreciate this point (though it may be argued against by certain of our modern stage-directors); and perhaps the main merit of the production of "Snow White" is that it allows the little folks to make-believe.

"BELLA DONNA"

It is a long descent from such imaginative compositions as "The Yellow Jacket" and "Snow White" to such a mechanical melodrama as "Bella Donna," which was dramatized from the novel of Mr. Robert Hichens by Mr. James Bernard Fagan.

In this play the Honorable Nigel Armine insists on marrying an erotic lady with many pasts, against the advice of his intimate friend, Dr. Meyer Isaacson, who is a famous physician and is possessed of worldly wisdom. Armine takes his bride to Egypt, where he is engaged on a great task of engineering. The lady soon tires of him, and enters into an illicit intrigue with a rich Egyptian named Mahmoud Baroudi. In order that she may marry Baroudi, she slowly poisons her husband by sprinkling sugar of lead daily in his coffee.

Armine is reduced to the point of death, when Dr. Isaacson suddenly appears from nowhere at all and defeats the wicked heroine by restoring him to health. Armine is ultimately persuaded that his wife has tried to murder him, and casts her forth. She rushes to Baroudi; but he in turn discards her, because he is unwilling to accept her at the price of a public scandal that would damage his reputation with the English. So the wicked woman is doomed to wander forth alone into an inhospitable world.

There is nothing in this stage version of Mr. Hichens's novel that need detain the attention of the intelligent observer. The piece has succeeded merely because of the popular appeal of Mme. Nazimova, who plays the leading rôle. In her rendering of this part she exhibits skilfully the physical idiosyncrasies of a woman pathologically over-sexed; and her sinuous and serpentine performance is interesting to those who choose to study the abnormal.

"A RICH MAN'S SON"

In "A Rich Man's Son," Mr. James Forbes has made a wholesome and a pleasant comedy; but he has not allowed himself an opportunity for the exercise of his particular gift for depicting the atmosphere of some chosen phase of American life. The story is commonplace and lacks a central theme. Some of the characters are true to life and others are obviously artificial. Much of the dialogue is written in that racy slang of which Mr. Forbes is easily a master; but the rest is composed in a curiously artificial rhetoric that bears no resemblance to the speech of every day. The impression of the play is disappointing. The piece is not bad; but it is not so good as might have been expected from the author of "The Chorus Lady."

A rich man's son falls in love with a well-equipped young woman who is his father's secretary. She loves him in return,

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but refuses to marry him, because she knows that his father would be opposed to the match. By a crafty subterfuge, he carries her off from his father's house in an automobile. An arrest for speeding puts a stop to the impromptu elopement, and gives the young man's parents time to overtake the fleeing couple. The father is irate; but the boy's mother ultimately persuades him to consent to the marriage, because she realizes that it will be the making of her son.

The best part in this play was that of the mother, which was very truthfully depicted by Miss Jessie Ralph. But although the piece was adequately acted in nearly every part, it seemed lacking in ultimate importance.

"NEVER SAY DIE"

It is not in a mood of derogation, but in a spirit of continuous contentment, that the critic calls attention to the fact that all of the farces which are fashioned to exploit the personality of Mr. William Collier are concocted in accordance with a single formula. Every year the public that welcomes this comedian is offered an entertainment which is essentially the same, although its subject-matter may be different. All that is necessary in a play for Mr. Collier is a series of incidents so devised that the hero may behave with surprising self-possession under a stress of circumstances that would fling an ordinary mortal into flutters of hysterical excitement.

"Never Say Die," which was fabricated by Mr. W. H. Post in collaboration with Mr. Collier, is even more amusing than several of its predecessors. The hero is assured by his physicians that he is certain to die within a month. He is possessed of great wealth; and, having no one else to leave it to, he decides to help out a friend of his, who is an impecunious painter, by formally marrying the latter's fiancée and bequeathing all his money to her, so that she may subsequently bring a large dowry to his friend.

Having left his bride at the altar, the hero proceeds to embark upon a life of dissipation, which, instead of killing him, results in the alleviation of his malady. A year later his bride, having fallen out of love with her former fiancée, allures the hero into an actual acceptance of his marriage. This playful story is embroidered with innumerable witticisms of the brand for which Mr. Collier is noted; and the piece offers a refreshing entertainment for the tireless attendant at innumerable plays.

"THE HIGH ROAD"

"The High Road" is described by its author, Mr. Edward Sheldon, as "a pilgrimage, in five parts." It is constructed not like a modern play but like an early nineteenth-century novel. The action is stretched out over a period of twenty-three years; and the purpose of the author was apparently to exhibit the gradual development of the character of the heroine. But since Mr. Sheldon's piece does not begin to be dramatic until the fourth part of his narrative, the critic can not help wondering why the author did not begin his play at that period of the story and reveal the matter of the preceding three parts by the ordinary method of retrospective exposition.

The governor of New York state is married to a woman who, having labored twenty years before in a shirt-waist factory, has been active for many years in furthering the passage of laws more liberal for working girls. The governor is nominated, upon a progressive platform, for the presidency of the United States. His most vigorous political opponent—a man who is the head of many trusts—discovers that in her early youth the governor's wife had lived for three years with a wealthy painter without the formality of legal marriage. He threatens to publish this fact unless the governor shall renounce a plank in his presidential platform that calls for a further amelioration of the lot of the laboring classes.

The governor's wife dares the hostile politician to publish this scandal and threatens at the same time to publish a statement of the politician's motives for attacking her. She is no longer ashamed of the error of her youth, and is willing to let the public judge between her and the blackmailer who opposes the election of her husband. The politician backs down; and it is presumed that the heroine's husband is elected subsequently to the presidency.

All of the events that have been narrated in the foregoing summary are crowded into the last two parts of Mr. Sheldon's five-part play. He has preceded this dramatic crisis by three desultory acts which exhibit—

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quite unnecessarily—three passages in the antecedent experience of the heroine. These three passages are not dramatic, and serve only to weary the spectator before the proper business of the play is launched.

In spite, however, of this technical defect, "The High Road" exhibits an advance over Mr. Sheldon's earlier efforts in the fact that it reveals an earnest endeavor to look at life in the large, and a sustained effort to draw a character consistently from act to act. The piece is admirably performed by Mrs. Fiske and the associated members of her Manhattan Company, and enjoys, like all of Mrs. Fiske's productions, the advantage of very careful stage direction.

"THE PAPER CHASE"

"The Paper Chase" is an old-fashioned comedy of intrigue by Mr. Louis N. Parker. The scene is set in 1780, in the palace of Versailles. The Duke of Richelieu has written a satirical lampoon against the queen, Marie Antoinette. This paper, together with a list of the ladies and gentlemen among whom Richelieu had intended to circulate it, is stolen by the clever Baroness von Schoenberg, who intends to turn it over to the king. Richelieu employs the Marquis of Belange to recover the incriminating document. Belange is a skilled detective; but his paper chase is complicated by the fact that he falls in love with the brilliant baroness. In the end, the baroness outwits her enemies, reduces Richelieu to discomfiture, establishes the honor of the queen, and marries the perturbed but honorable Marquis of Belange.

This old-fashioned comedy of plot—which dates from the period of Eugène Scribe—is, in itself, scarcely worthy of attention; but it affords that very skilful actress, Mme. Simone, an adequate opportunity for the display of her incisive talents. Acting of the first order of excellence is so rare on the American stage that this performance of the visiting Parisian artist deserves to be noticed with greater emphasis than Mr. Parker's play requires.

"THE WHIP"

"The Whip" is an unusually interesting example of that type of popular melodrama which still flourishes at the Drury Lane Theatre in London and which used to flourish in New York on Third Avenue and Eighth Avenue before the advent of the moving-picture show. The action is unfolded in a panorama of thirteen scenes, many of which are notable for their mechanical efficiency. There is a beautiful and virtuous heroine, a treacherous and handsome villain, and the usual complement of comic characters.

The future happiness of the heroine depends upon the winning of a two-thousand-guinea race by a famous horse that is the property of her family. This horse is to be transported to the race-track in a box-car. The villain boards the train, and uncouples the box-car so that the next express will be certain to crash into it. Various friends of virtue in distress arrive just in time to rescue the horse from the disconnected box-car. A moment later, the oncoming express surges into the empty car and smashes it to splinters. The horse ultimately wins the race; and every one we care about is assured thenceforth of everlasting happiness.

The railway wreck in this aspiring melodrama is genuinely thrilling. The comic passages, although amusing to the populace, make the judicious grieve. A piece of this sort should be estimated from the point of view of the public it appeals to; and of the taste of this particular public there are no better judges than the authors of "The Whip"—Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, the darlings of Drury Lane.

WEBER AND FIELDS

It has been so long a habit of the present writer's to praise the Aristophanic parodies of Messrs. Weber and Fields that a feeling of regret must accompany the record that the initial entertainment at their sumptuous new Music Hall can not be ranked with the burlesques that used to be exhibited in the good old days before the great divide.

The actors in "Without the Law"—a parody of Mr. Bayard Veiller's successful melodrama—seem to miss the essential note of satire; and the rest of "Roly Poly" is merely a meaningless agglomeration of dialogue and song. Mr. Weber and Mr. Fields are as amusing as ever, but their efforts are expended on material that falls below the standard of the years that were.

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SHE WAS SORRY SHE HAD COME TO YERBA BUENA. SHE ALREADY DISLIKED THE WIDE, SILENT, HALF-SAVAGE VALLEY, AND FELT OUT OF PLACE HERE.

Austin's Girl

by

Kathleen Norris

AUTHOR OF "MOTHER," "THE RICH MRS. BURGOYNE," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EMLEN McCONNELL

IN THE blazing heat of a July afternoon, Mrs. Cyrus Austin Phelps, of Boston, arrived unexpectedly at the Yerba Buena rancho, in California. She was the only passenger to leave the train at the litte sunburned platform that served as a station, and she found not even a freight agent there of whom to ask the way to Miss Manzanita Boone's residence. There were a few glittering lizards whisking about on the dusty boards and a few buzzards hanging motionless against the cloudless pale blue of the sky overhead. Otherwise nothing living was in sight.

The train roared on down the valley and disappeared. Its last echo died away. All about was the utter silence of the foot-hills. The even spires of motionless redwood-trees rose, dense and steep, to meet the sky-line with a shimmer of heat. The sun beat down mercilessly; there was no shadow anywhere.

Mrs. Phelps, trim, middle-aged, richly and simply dressed, typical of her native city, was not a woman to be easily disconcerted; but she felt quite at a loss now. She was already sorry that she had come at all to Yerba Buena, sorry that, in coming, she had not written Austin to meet her. She already disliked this wide, silent,

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half-savage valley, and felt wholly out of place here. How could she possibly imagine that there would not be shops, stables, hotels, at the station? What did other people do when they arrived here? Mrs. Phelps crisply asked these questions of the unanswering woods and hills.

After a while she sat down on her trunk, though with her small back erect and her expression uncompromisingly stern. She was sitting there when Joe Bettancourt, a Portuguese milkman, happened to come by, with his shabby milk-wagon and his lean, shaggy horses, and—more because Joe, not understanding English, took it calmly for granted that she wished to drive with him, than because she liked the arrangement—Mrs. Phelps got him to take her trunk and herself upon their way. They drove steadily upward, through apple-orchards that stretched in hot, zigzag lines, like the spokes of a great wheel, about them, and through strips of forest, where the corduroy road was springy beneath the wagon-wheels, and past ugly low cow-sheds, where the red-brown cattle were already gathering for the milking.

"You are taking me to Mr. Boone's residence?" Mrs. Phelps would ask, at two-minute intervals.

And Joe, hunched lazily over the reins, would respond huskily: "Sure. Thaz th' ole man."

And presently they did turn a corner and find, in a great gash of clearing, a low, rambling structure with wide, unpainted porches all about it, and a straggling line of outhouses near by. A Chinese cook came out of a swinging door to stare at the arrival; two or three Portuguese girls, evidently house-servants, entered into a cheerful, nasal conversation with Joe Bettancourt from their seats by the kitchen door; and a very handsome young woman, whom Mrs. Phelps at first thought merely another servant, came running down to the wagon.

This young creature had a well-rounded figure, clad in faded, crisp blue linen, slim ankles that showed above heavy-buckled slippers, and a loosely braided heavy rope of bright hair. Her eyes were a burning blue, the lashes curled like a doll's, and the brows were as even and dark as a doll's, too. She was extraordinarily pretty.

"Don't say you're Mother Phelps!" cried this young person delightedly, lifting the older woman almost bodily from the wagon. "But I know you are!" she continued joyously. "Do you know who *I* am? I'm Manzanita Boone!"

Mrs. Phelps felt her heart grow sick within her. She had thought herself steeled for any shock—but not this! Stricken dumb for a moment, she was led indoors, and found herself listening to a stream of gay chatter, and relieved of hat and gloves, and answering questions briefly and coldly, while all the time an agonized undercurrent of protest filled her heart: "He can not—he *shall not* marry her!"

Austin was up at the mine, of course, but Miss Boone dispatched a messenger for him in all haste. The messenger was instructed to say merely that Manzanita had something she wanted to show him; but the simple little ruse failed. Austin guessed what the something was, and before he had fairly dismounted from his wheeling buckskin his mother heard his eager voice:

"Mater! Where are you! Where's my mother?"

He came rushing into the ranch-house and caught her in his arms, laughing and eager; half-wild with the joy of seeing his mother and his girl in each other's company, and too radiant to suspect that his mother's happiness was not as great as his own.

"You got my letter about our engagement, Mater? Of course—and you came right on to meet my girl yourself, didn't you? Good little Mater, that was perfectly great of you! This is just about the best thing that ever—and isn't she sweet—do you blame me?" He had his arm about Manzanita; their eyes were together, his tender and proud, the girl's laughing and shy—they did not see Mrs. Phelps's expression. "And what did you think?" Austin rushed on. "Were you surprised? Did you tell Cornelia? That's good. Did you tell every one—have the home papers had it? You know, mother"—Austin dropped his voice confidentially—"I wasn't sure you'd be awfully glad—just at first, you know. I knew you would be the minute you saw Manzanita; but I was afraid—but now it's all right—and it's just great!"

"But I thought Yerba Buena was quite a little village, dear," said Mrs. Phelps, accusingly.

"What's the difference?" said Austin cheerfully, much concerned because Man-

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zanita was silently implying that he should remove his arm from her waist.

"Why, I thought I could stay at a hotel or at least a boarding-house—" began his mother.

Miss Boone laughed out. She was a noisy young creature. "We'll 'phone the Waldorf-Astoria," said she.

"Seriously, Austin—" said Mrs. Phelps, looking annoyed.

"Seriously, Mater," he met her distress comfortably, "you'll stay here at the ranch-house. I live here, you know. Manz'ita'll love to have you, and you'll get the best meals you ever had since you were born! This was certainly a corking thing for you to do, mother!" he broke off joyfully. "And you're looking awfully well!"

"I find you changed, Austin," his mother said, with a delicate inflection that made the words significant. "You're brown, dear, and bigger, and—heavier, aren't you?"

"Why don't you say fat?" said Manzanita, with a little push for her affianced husband. "He was an awfully pasty-looking thing when he came here," she confided to his mother. "But I fed him up, didn't I, Aus?" And she rubbed her cheek against his head like a little friendly pony.

"And he's going to marry her!" Mrs. Phelps said to herself, heart-sick. She felt suddenly old and discouraged and helpless; out of their zone of youth and love. But on the heels of despair her courage rose again. She would save Austin while there was yet time, if human power could do it.

The three were sitting in the parlor, a small, square room, through whose western windows the sinking sun streamed boldly. Mrs. Phelps had never seen a room like this before. There was no note of quaintness here; no high-boy, no heavy old mahogany drop-leaf table, no braided rugs or small-paned windows. There was not even comfort. The chairs were as new and shining as chairs could be; there were a "Mission style" rocker, a golden-oak rocker, a cherry rocker, heavily upholstered. There was a walnut drop-head sewing-machine, on which a pink saucer of some black, liquid fly-poison stood. There was a "body Brussels" rug on the floor. Lastly, there was an oak sideboard, dusty, pretentious, with its mirror cut into small sections by little empty shelves.

It all seemed like a nightmare to poor little Mrs. Phelps, as she sat listening to the delighted reminiscences of the young people, who reviewed their entire acquaintanceship for her benefit. It seemed impossible that this was her Austin, this big-voiced, brown, muscular young man! Austin had always been slender and rather silent. Austin had always been so close to her, so quick to catch her point of view. He had been nearer her even than Cornelia——

Cornelia! Her heart reached Cornelia's name with a homesick throb. Cornelia would be home from her club or concert or afternoon at cards now—Mrs. Phelps did not worry herself with latitude or longitude—she would be having tea in the little drawing-room, under the approving canvases of Copley and Gilbert Stuart. Her mother could see Cornelia's well-groomed hands busy with the Spode cups and the heavy old silver spoons.

"I beg your pardon?" she said, rousing herself.

"I asked you if you didn't have a cat-fit when you realized that Aus was going to marry a girl you never saw?" Manzanita repeated with friendly enjoyment. Mrs. Phelps gave her only a few seconds' steady consideration for answer, and then pointedly addressed her son.

"It sounds very strange to your mother to have you called anything but Austin, my son," she said.

"Manz'ita can't spare the time," he explained, adoring eyes on the girl.

"And you young people are very sure of yourselves, I suppose?" the mother said lightly, after a little pause.

Austin only laughed comfortably, but Manzanita's eyes came suddenly to meet those of the older woman, and both knew that the first gun had been fired. A color that was not of the sunset burned suddenly in the girl's round cheeks.

"She's not glad we're engaged!" thought Manzanita, with a pang of utter surprise.

"She knows why I came!" Mrs. Phelps said triumphantly to herself.

For Mrs. Phelps was a determined woman, and in some ways a merciless one. She had been born with Bostonian prejudices strong within her. She had made her children familiar, in their very nursery days, with the great names of their ancestors. Cornelia, when a plain, distinguished looking child of six, was aware that her nose was "all Slocumb," and her forehead just

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"NO, I WANT YOU TO SEND HER OFF, AND SEND HIM WITH HER. THAT'S WHY I'M TELLING YOU THIS."

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like "great-aunt Hannah Maria Rand Babcock's." Austin learned that he was a Phelps in disposition, but "the image of the Bonds and the Baldwins." When it was time for him to enter college, he went to the university in whose archives the names of his kinsmen bore an honorable part. And Cornelia, having skated and studied German cheerfully for several years, with spectacles on her near-sighted eyes, her hair in a club, and a metal band across her big white teeth, suddenly blossomed into a handsome and dignified woman, who calmly selected one Taylor Putnam Underwood as the most eligible of several possible husbands, and proceeded to set up an irreproachable establishment of her own.

All this was as it should be. Mrs. Phelps, a bustling little figure in her handsome rich silks, with her crisp black hair severely arranged, and her crisp voice growing more and more pleasantly positive as years went by, fitted herself with dignity into the rôle of mother-in-law and grandmother. Cornelia had been married several years when Austin came home from college; and while proudly taking him with her on a round of dinners and calls, his mother naturally cast her eye about her for the pearl of women who should become his wife.

Austin, it was understood, was to go into Uncle Hubbard Frothingham's office. All the young sons and nephews and cousins in the family started there. When Austin, agreeing in the main to the proposal, suggested that he be put in the San Francisco branch of the business, Mrs. Phelps was only mildly disturbed.

So Austin went, and quite distinguished himself in his new work for about a year. Then suddenly out of a clear sky came the astounding news that he had left the firm —actually resigned from Frothingham, Curtis, and Frothingham!—and had gone up into the mountains, to manage a mine for some unknown person named Boone! Mrs. Phelps shut her lips into a severe line when she heard this news, and for several weeks she did not write to Austin.

But as months went by, and he seemed always well and busy, and full of plans for a visit home, she forgave him, and wrote him twice weekly again; charming, motherly letters, in which newspaper clippings and concert programs likely to interest him were enclosed, and amateur photographs; snapshots of Cornelia in her furs, laughing against a background of snowy Common, snapshots of Cornelia's children with old Kelly in the motor-car, and of dear Taylor and Cornelia with Sally Underwood on the yacht. Did Austin remember dear Sally? She had grown so pretty, and had so many admirers.

It was Cornelia who suggested, when the staggering news of Austin's engagement came to Boston, that her mother should go to California, stay at some "pretty, quiet farmhouse near by," meet this Miss Manzanita Boone, whoever she was, and quietly effect, as mothers and sisters have hoped to effect since time began, a change of heart in Austin.

And so she had arrived here, to find that there was no such thing in the entire valley as the colonial farmhouse of her dreams; to find that, far from estranging Austin from the Boone family, she must actually be their guest while she stayed at Yerba Buena; to find that her coming was interpreted by this infatuated pair to be a sign of her entire sympathy with their plans. And added to all this, Austin was different —noisier, bigger, younger than she remembered him; Manzanita was worse than her worst fears; and the rancho, bounded only by the far-distant mountain ridges, with its cañons, its river, its wooded valleys and trackless ranges, struck actual terror to her homesick soul.

"Well, what do you think of her? Isn't she a darling?" demanded Austin, when he and his mother were alone on the porch just before dinner.

"She's very *pretty*, dear. She's not a college girl, of course?"

"College? Lord, no! Why, she wouldn't even go away to boarding-school." Austin was evidently proud of her independent spirit. "She and her brothers went to this little school over here at Eucalyptus, and I guess Manz'ita ran things pretty much her own way. You'll like the kids. They have no mother, you know, and old Boone just adores Manzanita."

"And you think she's the sort of woman to make you happy, dear? Is she musical? Is she fond of books?"

Austin, for the first time, looked troubled. "Don't you *like* her, mother?" he asked, astounded.

"Why, I've just met her, dear. I want you to tell me about her."

"Every one here is crazy about her,"

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Austin said, half sulkily. "She's been engaged four times, and she's only twenty-two!"

"And she *told* you that, dear? Herself?"

The boy flushed quickly. "Why shouldn't she?" he said, uncomfortably. "Every one knows it."

His mother fanned for a moment in silence. "Can you imagine Cornelia—or Sally—engaged four times, and talking about it?" she asked gently.

"Things are different here," Austin presently submitted, to which Mrs. Phelps emphatically assented, "Entirely different!"

There was a pause. From the kitchen region came much slamming of light wire doors, and the sound of hissing and steaming, high-keyed remarks from the Chinaman and the Portuguese girls, and now and then the ripple of Manzanita's laughter. A farm-hand crossed the yard with pails of milk, and presently a dozen or more men came down the steep trail that led to the mine.

Just before Manzanita appeared in the kitchen doorway, to ring a clamorous bell for some sixty ear-splitting seconds, her father, an immense old man on a restless claybank mare, rode into the yard, and the four brothers, José, Marty, Allen, and the little crippled youngest, eight-year-old Rafael, appeared mysteriously from the shadows. Martin Boone, senior, gave Mrs. Phelps a vigorous welcome.

"Well, sir! I never thought I'd be glad to see the mother of the fellow who carried off my girl," said Martin Boone, wringing Mrs. Phelps's aching fingers, "but you and I married in our day, ma'am, and it's the youngsters' turn. But he'll have to be a pretty fine fellow to satisfy Manzanita!" And before the lady could even begin the spirited retort that rose to her lips, he had led the way to the long, overloaded dinner-table.

When Manzanita had left her for the night in her bare, big bedroom, Mrs. Phelps opened her writing-case upon a pine table over which hung, incongruously enough, a large electric light, and wrote to Cornelia:

I am too terribly heart-sick to go into details. Austin is apparently blind to everything but her beauty, which is really noticeable—not that it matters. What is mere beauty beside such refinement as Sally's, for instance? How far will it go with *our friends* when they discover that Austin's wife is an untrained, common little country girl? Even when I tell you that she uses such words as "swell," and "perfect lady," and that she asked me who Phillips Brooks was, and had never heard of William Morris or Maeterlinck, you can really form no idea of her ignorance! And the dinner—one shudders at the thought of beginning to teach her correct service. *Hors d'œuvres*, finger-bowls, butter-spreaders, soup-spoons, and salad-forks will all be mysteries to her! And her clothes! A rowdyish-looking little tight-fitting cotton a servant would not wear, and open-work hose, and silver bangles! It is terrible, *terrible!*

I don't know what we can do. She is very clever. I think she suspects already that I do not approve, although she began at once to call me "Mother Phelps"—with a familiarity that is quite typical of her. My one hope is to persuade Austin to come home with me for a visit, and to keep him there until his wretched infatuation has died a natural death.

But the right moment for approaching Austin on the subject of his return to Boston did not immediately present itself, and for several days Manzanita, delighted at having a woman guest, took Mrs. Phelps with her all over the countryside.

"I like lady friends," said Manzanita once, a little shyly. "You see, it's 'most always men who visit the rancho, and they're no fun!"

She used to come, uninvited but serene, into her prospective mother-in-law's room at night, and artlessly confide in her, while she braided the masses of her glorious hair. She was as eagerly curious as a child about the older woman's dainty toilet accessories, experimenting with manicure sets and creams and powders with naive pleasure. "I'm going to have that, and do it that way!" she would announce, when impressed by some particular little nice touch about Cornelia's letters, or some allusion that gave her a new idea.

"If you ever come to Boston, you will be expected to know all these things," Mrs. Phelps said to her once, a little curiously.

"Oh, but I'll never go there!" she responded confidently.

"You will have to," said the other sharply. "Austin can hardly spend his whole life here! His friends are there, his family. All his traditions are there. They may not mean much to him now, but in time to come they will mean more."

"We'll make more money than we can spend, right here," Manzanita said, in a troubled voice.

"Money is not everything, my dear."

"No—" Manzanita's brown fingers went slowly down to the last fine strands of the braid she was finishing. Then she said, brightening:

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"I'VE BEEN LYING HERE THINKING THAT I'VE WASTED QUITE ENOUGH TIME, IF WE ARE TO HAVE A WEDDING HERE BEFORE I GO HOME—"

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"But *I* am everything to Aus! I don't care what I don't know, or can't do, *he* thinks I'm fine!"

And she went off to bed in high spirits. She was too entirely normal a young woman to let anything worry her very long—too busy to brood.

She was never idle. Mrs. Phelps more than once saw the new-born child of a rancher's or miner's wife held in those capable young arms. She saw the children at the mine gathering about Manzanita, the women leaving their doorways for eager talk with her. And once, during the Eastern woman's visit, death came to the Yerba Buena, and Manzanita and young José spent the night in one of the ranch-houses, and walked home, white, tired, and a little sobered, in the early morning, for breakfast.

Manzanita rode and drove horses of which even her brothers were afraid; she handled a gun well; she chattered enough Spanish, Portuguese, Indian, and Italian to make herself understood by the ranch hands and dairymen. And when there was a housewarming, or a new barn to gather in, she danced all night with a passionate enjoyment. It might be with Austin, or the post-office clerk, or a young, sleek-haired rancher, or a miner shining from soap and water; it mattered not to Manzanita, if he could but dance. And when she and Mrs. Phelps drove, as they often did, to spend the day with the gentle, keen, capable women on other ranches thereabout, it was quite the usual thing to have them bring out bolts of silk or gingham for Manzanita's inspection, and seriously consult her as to fitting and cutting.

Mrs. Phelps immensely enjoyed these day-long visits, though she would have denied it; hardly recognized the fact herself. One could grow well acquainted, in a day, with the clean, big, bare ranch-house, the very old people in the shining kitchens, the three or four capable, companionable women who managed the family; one with a child at her breast, perhaps, another getting ready for her wedding, a third newly widowed, but all dwelling harmoniously together and sharing alike the care of men-folk and children.

They would all make the Eastern woman warmly welcome, eager for her talk of the world beyond their mountains; and when she and Manzanita drove away it was with jars of specially chosen preserves and delicious cheeses in their hands, and perhaps a jug of cider in the little wagon-body, or a loaf of fresh-baked cake or bread, still warm, in a white napkin.

It was an "impossible" life, of course, and yet, at the moment, absorbing enough to the newcomer. And it was at least surprising to find the best of magazines and books everywhere. "The advertisements alone seem to keep them in touch with everything new," wrote Mrs. Phelps.

Her whole attitude toward Manzanita might have softened sometimes, if long years of custom had not made the little things of life vitally important to her. A misused or mispronounced word was like a blow to her; inner forces over which she had no control forced her to discuss it and correct it. She had a quick, horrified pity for Manzanita's ignorance on matters which should be part of a lady's instinctive knowledge. She winced at the girl's cheerful acknowledgment of that ignorance. No woman in Mrs. Phelps's own circle at home ever for one instant admitted ignorance of any important point of any sort; what she did not know she could superbly imply was not worth knowing.

And even though she might secretly enjoy the universal, warm hospitality of the rancho, Mrs. Phelps never lost sight of the fact that Manzanita was not the wife for Austin, and that the marriage would be the ruin of his life. She told herself that her opposition was for Manzanita's happiness as well as for his; and after several vain efforts to convince Austin of his short-sightedness, in sudden desperation she decided to try an idea of Cornelia's.

So the word went all over the ranch-house next day that Mrs. Phelps was ill. The nature of the illness was not specified, but she could not leave her bed. Austin was all filial sympathy, Manzanita an untiring nurse. Hong Fat sent up all sorts of kitchen delicacies, the boys brought trout and rare ferns. An old doctor came up from Emville at once.

But days went by, and the invalid was no better. She lay, quiet and uncomplaining, in the airy bedroom, while October walked over the mountain ranges, and the grapes were gathered, and the apples brought in. She took the doctor's medicine, and his advice, and agreed pleasantly with him that she would soon be well enough to

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go home, and would be better off there. But she would not try to get up.

One afternoon, while she was lying with closed eyes, she heard the rattle of the doctor's old buggy outside, and heard Manzanita greet him from where she was labeling jelly glasses on the porch. Mrs. Phelps could trace the old man's panting approach to a porch chair, and heard Manzanita go into the house with a promise of lemonade and crullers. In a few minutes she was back again, and the clink of ice against glass sounded pleasantly in the hot afternoon.

"Well, how is she?" said the doctor presently, with a long, wet gasp of satisfaction.

"She's asleep," answered Manzanita in a cautiously lowered tone. "I just peeked in—There's more of that," she added, in apparent reference to the iced drink. And then, with a change of tone, she added: "What's the matter with her, anyway, Doc Jim?"

To which the old doctor with great simplicity responded: "You've got me, Manzita. I can diagnose as good as any one," he went on after a pause, "when folks have *got* something. But these rich women——"

"Well, you know, *I* could prescribe for her, and cure her, too," said Manzanita. "All I'd do is tell her she'd got to go home, right off. I'd say that this climate was too bracing for her, or something."

"Shucks! I did say that," interrupted the doctor.

"Yes, but you didn't say you thought she'd ought to take her son along, in case of need," the girl added significantly.

There was a long pause.

"She don't want ye to marry him, hey?" said the doctor, ending it.

Manzanita evidently indicated an assent, for he presently resumed indignantly. "Who does she want for him—Adelina Patti?" he marveled, over a third glass. "Well, what do you know about that!" he murmured. Then, "Well, I'll be a long time prescribing *that!*"

"No, I want you to send her off, and send him with her," said Manzanita decidedly. "That's why I'm telling you this. I've thought it all over. I don't want to be mean about it. She thinks that if he saw his sister, and his old friends, and his old life, he'd get to hate the Yerba Buena. At first I laughed at her, and so did Aus. But I don't know, Doc Jim—she may be right!"

"Shucks!" said the doctor, incredulously.

"No, of course she isn't!" the girl said, after a pause. "I know Aus. But let her take him and try. Then, if he comes back, she can't blame me. And"—she laughed—"this is a funny thing," she said, "for she doesn't like me. But I like her. I have no mother and no aunts, you know, and I like having an old lady round. I always wanted some one to stay with me, and perhaps, if Aus comes back some day, she'll get to liking me, too. She'll remember"—her tone grew a little wistful—"that I couldn't help his loving me! And besides"—and the tone was suddenly confident again—"I *am* good—as good as his sister! And I'm learning things. I learn something new from her every day! And I'd *like* to feel that he went away from me—and had to come back!"

"Don't you be a fool," cautioned the doctor. "A feller gets among his friends for a year or two, and where are ye? Minnie Ferguson's feller never come back to her, and she was a real pretty, good girl, too."

"Oh, I think he'll come back," the girl said softly, as if to herself.

"I only hope, if he don't show up on the minute, you'll marry somebody else so quick it'll make her head spin!" said the doctor fervently.

Manzanita laughed out, and the sound of it made Mrs. Phelps wince and shut her eyes.

"Maybe I will!" the girl said hardily. "You'll suggest his taking her home, anyway, won't you, Doc Jim?" she asked.

"Well, durn it, I'd jest as soon," agreed the doctor. "I don't know as you're so crazy about him!"

"And you'll stay to dinner?" Manzanita instantly changed the subject. "There's ducks. Of course the season's over, but a string of them came up to José and Marty and pushed themselves against their guns—you know how it is."

"Sure I'll stay," said the doctor. "Go see if she's awake, Manzanita, that's a good girl."

So Manzanita tiptoed to the door of Mrs. Phelps's room, and noiselessly opened it, and smiled when she saw the invalid's open eyes.

"Well, have a nice nap?" she asked,

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coming to put a daughterly little hand over the older woman's. "Want more light? Your books have come."

"I'm much better, dear," said Mrs. Phelps. The Boston woman's tone would always be incisive, her words clear. But she kept Manzanita's hand. "I think I will get up for dinner. I've been lying here thinking that I've wasted quite enough time, if we are to have a wedding here before I go home——"

Manzanita stared at her. Then she knelt down beside the bed and began to cry.

On a certain Thursday afternoon, a little over a year later, Mrs. Phelps happened to be alone in her daughter's Boston home. Cornelia was attending the regular meeting of a small informal club whose reason for being was the study of American composers. Mrs. Phelps might have attended this, too, or she might have gone to several other club meetings, or she might have been playing cards, or making calls; but she had been a little bit out of humor with all these things of late, and hence was alone in the great, silent house. The rain was falling heavily outside, and in the library there was a great coal fire.

Cornelia was always out in the afternoons. She belonged to a great many clubs, social, literary, musical, and civic clubs, and card clubs. Cornelia was an exceptionally capable young woman. She had two nice children, in the selection of whose governesses and companions she exercised very keen judgment, and she had a fine husband—a Harvard man, of course—a silent, sweet-tempered man some years her senior, whose one passion in life was his yacht, and whose great desire was that his wife and children should have everything in life of the very best.

The library in her beautiful home, where her mother was sitting now, was like all the other drawing-rooms Cornelia entered. Its mahogany reading-table bore a costly lamp, and was crossed by a strip of wonderful Chinese embroidery. There were heavy antique brass candlesticks on the mantel, flanking a great mirror whose carved frame showed against its gold rare touches of Florentine blue. The rugs on the floor were a silken blend of Oriental tones; the books in the cases were bound in full leather. An oil portrait of Taylor hung where his wife's dutiful eyes would often find it; lovely pictures of the children filled silver frames, on a low bookcase.

Eleanor, the ten-year-old, presently came into the room, with Fräulein Hinz following her. Eleanor was a nice child, and the only young life in the house since Taylor, Junior, had been sent off to boarding-school.

"Here you are, grandmother," said she, with a kiss. "Uncle Edward brought us home. It's horrid out. Several of the girls didn't come at all to-day."

"And what have you to do now, dear?" Mrs. Phelps knew she had something to do.

"German for to-morrow. But it's easy. And then Dorothy's coming over, for mama is going out. We'll do our history together, and have dinner up-stairs."

"That's nice," said Mrs. Phelps, claiming another kiss before the child went away. She had grown quite used to seeing Eleanor only for a moment now and then.

When she was alone again she sat staring dreamily into the fire, and a smile kept coming and going in her eyes. She had left Manzanita's letter up-stairs, but, after all, she knew the ten closely covered pages by heart. It had come a week ago, and had been read several times a day since. It was a wonderful letter.

They wanted her—in California. In fact, they had always wanted her, from the day she came away. She had stayed to see the new house built, and had stayed for the wedding, and then had come back to Boston thinking her duty to Austin done, and herself free to take up the old life with a clear conscience.

But almost the first letters from the rancho demanded her! Little Rafael had painfully written to know where he could find this poem and that to which she had introduced him. Marty had sent her a bird's nest, running over with ants when it was opened in Cornelia's breakfast-room; but he never knew that. José had written for advice as to seeds for Manzanita's garden. And Austin had written that he missed her—it was "rotten" not to find Mater waiting for them when they came back from their honeymoon.

But best of all, Manzanita had written, and ah, it was sweet to be wanted as Manzanita wanted her! News of all the neighbors, of the women at the mine, pressed wild-flowers, scraps of new gowns, and

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questions of every sort—Manzanita's letters brimmed with them. "Mother Phelps" could have her own rooms, her own bath; she could have anything she liked, but she must come back!

"I am the only woman here at the house," wrote Manzanita, "and it's no fun. I'd go about ever so much more if you were here to go with me. I want to start a club for the women at the mine, but I never belonged to a club, and I don't know how. Rose Harrison wants you to come on in time for her wedding, and Alice has a new baby. And old Mrs. Labaree says to tell you——"

And so on and on. They didn't forget her, on the Yerba Buena, as the months went by. Mrs. Phelps grew to look eagerly for the letters. And now came this one, and the greatest news in the world! And now—it was as it should be—Manzanita wanted her more than ever!

Cornelia came in upon her happy musing, to kiss her mother, send her own hat and furs up-stairs, ring for tea, and turn on the lights, all in the space of some sixty seconds.

"It was so interesting to-day, Mater," reported Cornelia. "Cousin Emily asked for you, and Edith and the Butlers sent love. Alice is giving a bridge lunch for Mrs. Harye; she's come up for Frances's wedding on the tenth. And Anna's mother is better; the nurse says you can see her on Wednesday. Don't forget the Shaw lecture Wednesday, though. And there's to be a meeting of this auxiliary of the political study club—I don't know what it's all about, but one feels one must go. I declare," Cornelia poured a second cup, "next winter I'm going to try to do less. There isn't a single morning or afternoon that I'm not attending some meeting or going to some affair. Between pure milk and politics and charities and luncheons—it's just too much! Belle says that women do all the work of the world, in these days——"

"And yet we don't *get at* anything," said Mrs. Phelps, in her brisk, impatient little way. "I attend meetings, I listen to reports, I sit on boards—but what comes of it all! Trained nurses and paid workers do all the actual work——"

"But, mother dear, a great deal will come of it all," Cornelia was mildly reproachful. "You couldn't inspect babies and do nursing yourself, dear! Investigating and tabulating and reporting are very difficult things to do."

"Sometimes I think, Cornelia, that the world was much pleasanter for women when things were more primitive. When they just had households and babies to look out for, when every one was personally *needed*."

"Mother *dear!*" Cornelia protested indulgently. "Then we haven't progressed at all since *Mayflower* days?"

"Oh, perhaps we have!" Mrs. Phelps shrugged doubtfully. "But I am sometimes sorry," she went on, half to herself, "that birth and wealth and position have kept me all my life from *real* things! I can't help my friends in sickness or trouble, Cornelia; I don't know what's coming on my own table for dinner, or what the woman next door looks like! I can only keep on the surface of things, dressing a certain way, eating certain things, writing notes, sending flowers, making calls!"

"All of which our class—the rich and cultivated people of the world—have been struggling to achieve for generations!" Cornelia reminded her. "Do you mean you would like to be a laborer's mother, Mater, with all sorts of disgusting economies to practise, and all sorts of inconveniences to contend with?"

"Yes, perhaps I would!" her mother laughed defiantly.

"I can see you've had another letter from California," said Cornelia, pleasantly, after a puzzled moment. "You are still a pioneer in spite of the ten generations, mother. Austin's wife is *not* a lady, Austin is absolutely different from what he was, the people out there are actually *common*, and yet, just because they like to have you, and think you are intelligent and instructive, you want to go. Go, if you want to, but I will think you are mad if you do! A girl who confused 'La Bohême' with 'The Bohemian Girl,' and wants an enlarged crayon portrait of Austin in her drawing-room! Really, it's—well, it's remarkable to me. I don't know what you *see* in it!"

"Crayon portraits used to be considered quite attractive, and may be again," said Mrs. Phelps mildly, "and some day your children will think Puccini and Strauss as old-fashioned as you think 'Faust' and Offenbach. But there are other things, like the things that a woman loves to do

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Einlen McConnell

AND WHO-BUT GRANDMOTHER COULD FILL GRANDMOTHER'S PLACE?

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when her children are grown, and her husband is dead, that never change!"

Cornelia was silent, frankly puzzled. "Wouldn't you rather do nothing than take up the stupid, routine work of a woman who has no money, no position, and no education?" she asked presently.

"I don't believe I would," her mother answered, smiling. "Perhaps I've changed. Or perhaps I never sat down and seriously thought things out before. I took it for granted that our way of doing things was the only way. Of course I don't expect every one to see it as I do. But it seems to me now that I belong there. When she first called me 'Mother Phelps' it made me angry, but what sweeter thing could she have said, after all? She has no mother, and she needs one, now. I don't think you have ever needed me in your life, Cornelia—actually *needed* me, my hands and my eyes and my brain."

"Oh, you are incorrigible!" said Cornelia, still with an air of lenience. "Now—" she stooped for a kiss—"we're going out tonight, so I brought you 'The Patrician' to read—it's charming. And you read it, and be a good mother, and don't think any more about going out to stay on that awful, uncivilized ranch. I'll come in and see you when I'm dressed."

And she was gone. But Mrs. Phelps felt that enough had been said to make her begin to realize that she was serious, and she contentedly resumed her dreaming .

The years, many or few, stretched pleasantly before her. She smiled into the coals. She was still young enough to enjoy the thought of service, of healthy fatigue, of busy days and quiet evenings, and long nights of deep sleep, with slumbering Yerba Buena lying beneath the moon outside her open window. There would be Austin close beside her, and other friends almost as near, to whom she would be sometimes necessary, and always welcome.

And there would be Manzanita, and the child—and after a while other children. There would be little bibs to tie, little prayers to hear, deep consultations over teeth and measles, over morals and manners. And who but grandmother could fill grandmother's place?

Mrs. Phelps leaned back in her chair and shut her eyes. She saw visions. After a while a tear slipped from between her lashes.

WILDERNESS

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

Within white walls a garden lay,
Close-hid from all who walked that way,
Its sheltered sweetness seen of none
Save the wand'ring moon and the marching sun.
The high winds traveled overhead;
They barely shook the rose's head
    Or bowed the lily's stalk.
And just where flower-edged walk met walk
A fountain whispered like a child,
While the crowding blossoms listened and smiled,
    Breathed and smiled.

Each evening, in the aftermath
Of rose and gold, along the path
A woman came to linger where
The fountain murmured its child-voice prayer.
But the wild wind that traveled high
Beat on her heart as it passed by,
    Sobbing a name she knew . . .
The flowers paled to a deadly hue,
And the fountain muttered like the sea,
Or drifting rain on a barren lea—
    A haunted lea.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

THE FICTION AND THE FACT

BY MELVILLE CHATER

NOWADAYS the masses take their fiction condensed on a sheet, in the dark. In less than ten minutes, by the laws of motion-picture romance, fire-fighter Bill unsuccessfully woos Masie, the beautiful telephone-girl, is rediscovered on duty with an alarm being turned in, dashes away on the truck to the burning tenement, bears Masie through the sixth-story window, sustaining injuries, is visited by her at the hospital, and—"Heroism Rewarded" flits upon the sheet—weds her amid a congestion of friends and rubber-plants; while the adaptable "professor" at the piano, having rambled through "All That I Want Is Love," "When I Walk, I Walk with Billy," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and "Everybody's Doing It Now," strikes the wedding-march chords as the house-lights leap up.

Now, be it known to you that before you witnessed "Heroism Rewarded," certain people met in a committee-room, put this film through its paces, and decided whether or not it was a proper thing for you to see. Gravely they debated as to its influence on you for good or evil; they visualized you as something like a shop-girl, an inebriated thug, an impressionable adolescent, an *enfant terrible*, a convict, and a child in arms, all rolled into one; and they referred to you as the Average Spectator. Finally, by voting for or against the public production of the film, they expressed their conviction as a Fact.

The only trouble with this procedure is that the Average Spectator is such a volatile creature that one can not depend upon his moral nature's reacting as per schedule, nor prophesy as to the same. But our audience has paid its money and wants its photo-play. Down with the house-lights! Start the machine! *Br-r-r!*

We discern four social experts, armed with blank votes, sitting in semi-darkness. At the other end of the committee-room, "*The Evil that Men do—Scopograph Co.*" flits on the sheet, dissolving into: "*Molly, discontented, leaves home,*" which in turn gives place to a young girl washing dishes, feeding poultry, quarreling with the old folks, and rushing angrily into her own room, from whence she reissues with a straw suit-case and a proud smile, and boards the city-bound train at Peapack Station, N. J.

Next, in a small, squalid room Molly clips from a newspaper—"Salesgirls Wanted: Apply Bingle's Big Store, Sixth Avenue"—and is instantly seen, with a tired, overworked look, serving customers from behind the cut-glass counter past which strolls handsome Jack Bingle, of the frock coat, silk hat, and evilly rolling eye, showing his fiancée, Alice Medford, in sealskins and picture-hat, through his father's store. Alice looks at marked-down shirtwaists while Jack leans upon the cut-glass counter, ogling Molly, who, having declined to joy-ride in his limousine that evening, walks homeward counting over her four dollars per week; pauses in front of a theatre,

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can't afford it; she is spoken to but repulses the speaker; then passes an East Side dance-hall which gay young couples are entering, and follows them into a scene of lights and merriment where Kid Devine, the flashily dressed gang-leader of the quarter, invites her to drink with him, just as Jack Bingle—who has pursued Molly thither—sidles leeringly up and takes her arm. The two men scowl, blows pass, then Bingle whips out a revolver and leads forth Molly, the fatally fascinated victim of his smooth, suave smile.

There flashes upon the sheet "*Three months later: deserted,*" and we see Molly, poorly dressed and anguishing, refused admittance at Bingle's front door, from whence she staggers down the steps, rolling reckless eyes, just as Kid Devine walks up. Once in Devine's power, she is forced to support him by shoplifting, the proceeds of which, she soon learns, are spent on one younger and fairer than herself. On her knees she begs him not to throw her over; but the heartless Kid takes her out on a Coney Island excursion boat, and does so. Coming up for the last time, she is hauled aboard a private yacht and finds herself in the presence of Alice Medford, to whom she pantomimes her story—flannel-clad Bingle entering just in time to quail beneath her gesture, "That is the man!" General recoil. Under Alice's scornfully leveled forefinger, Bingle slinks off like a whipped cur.

There flashes upon the sheet the final caption, "*Sisters,*" and we see the two deceived women, hatless and happy, shelling peas on the steps of Alice's shack in the Catskills, and vowing eternal sisterhood.

The buzzing ceases, the lights spring up, the committee engages in earnest argument.

"Its influence for good with the shop-girl class," declares one man, "is simply incalculable. It reveals the seamy side of life, shows that one downward step leads to another. How many a working-girl might be dissuaded from entering some 'tough' dance-hall merely by having seen this picture?"

"But," interrupts a woman, "what of its reaction on a wealthy, idle young fellow such as the department-store man? Why, it would simply remind him of the shop-girl's inadequate wage, her craving for amusement, her susceptibility to temptation. Its influence upon him would be bad, unqualifiedly bad."

"Ah, but the story's beautiful ending!" observes a clerical-looking gentleman. "Sisterhood! How many a wealthy, selfish young woman, such as Alice Medford, might have her eyes opened by this picture—might go forth awakened, warmed with sympathy toward her less fortunate wage-earning sister who serves her from behind the counter! Yes, it's a splendid moral lesson!"

"Not at all!" exclaims a woman hotly. "The villain experiences neither retribution nor remorse. He enslaves the unfortunate girl, lives on her profits of shoplifting, attempts to drown her, and goes scot-free. I can imagine a so-called 'tough' character, such as Devine, witnessing this film and going forth with a callous laugh, even more hardened and brutalized than before. I can imagine——"

But let us leave them to their well-meant imaginings. Enough of fiction: let us confront the Fact. The film of our narrative makes an instantaneous skip of one week, and we are

A TAWDRY POSTER, FEATURING "THE EVIL THAT MEN DO," FASCINATED HER.

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"YOU LEAVE THAT TO ME—SEE!" HE SAID IN AN INDIGNANTLY PROTECTIVE TONE.

introduced to a flesh-and-blood reality named May Whelan.

May was as industrious and steady a girl as ever worked in the Enormous Emporium, and carried her pay-envelope straight home to her widowed mother every Saturday evening. But the long departmental day, relieved only by nightly perusals of some newspaper's heart-throb column, followed by retirement to bed, is apt to engender dull gray mists of dissatisfaction in the brain of a sixteen-year-old girl. May had never even known the excitement of having a regular avenue-walking, waist-encircling "steady;" consequently when, on one particular evening, she went to a motion-picture show, she was alone. A tawdry poster, featuring "The Evil That Men Do—Special To-day," fascinated her. She entered and beheld the story of Molly.

To her it was absorbing, compelling, because absolutely real. She saw Molly, the tired-faced employee, and she recognized herself; she watched her trudge homeward, gazing wistfully at theatre entrances, and she knew just how Molly felt. The carefully prepared "moral" of the photo-play was soon forgotten; but upon her imagination one scene lay deeply seared—the dance-hall scene. With the insatiable curiosity of the inexperienced, May drank in its every detail—the gaily pivoting couples, the showy dresses, the hilarious abandon. Yes, at last she had beheld it, the thing which Nellie Neil—who always arrived at the store yawning and heavy-eyed—referred to as "a real swell time, last night."

Throughout the morrow, even when May's hands were busiest, her thoughts fluttered moth-like about the memory of the dance-hall scene. That night, after supper, she leaned on the window-sill, breathing wafts of the newly budded April, with a gnawing unrest in her heart. Below, a piano-organ was thrumming a popular waltz. Its strains smote her poignantly as with the magic of a love-potion. She jumped up and reached for her hat.

"My, but it's hot in here!" she said to her mother. "I'm going to walk around the block."

As she gained the street the organ-strains burst upon her, *crescendo*. May knew no more of dancing than Nellie had shown her, at odd moments, in the store basement, but her young blood was an apt prompter. She began to pace up and down the sidewalk, her head and shoulders swaying slightly in time with the music. A couple, boy and girl, brushed past her, calling to another pair who were seated on some near-by steps.

"Come on, if you're going to the racket! It's at Shulto's dance-hall."

Suddenly last night's picture, all the jollity and garish excitement of the dance-hall scene, took possession of the girl's mind. Youth, music, the spring night swayed her senses, prompting to the "real swell time" that she had never experienced. May cast one glance up at her mother's window, then hurried across to the avenue, in the wake of the couple who would act unconsciously as her guides.

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Shulto's dance-hall was not overprepossessing either as to appearance or patronage. A floorful of boisterous men and tawdrily dressed women, a smoke-laden atmosphere, and an anteroom with small tables at which drinks were served—these were its attractions. On the outskirts of the half-time dancing lounged Kid Carlin, a thick-set, flashily attired young man of local notoriety, regarding the scene with sullen indifference. As a connoisseur might survey a collection of cheap bric-à-brac, even so Mr. Carlin took stock of the women-dancers.

"A bunch of old pikers!" he muttered ungallantly.

Presently the Kid straightened, as with sudden interest. Across the room there was a strange girl, one of a type not commonly seen in Shulto's. Young, pretty, quietly dressed, she stood watching the scene with bright eyes, her fresh face aglow with excitement. What was she doing there—this girl who taxed his powers of classification? Adjusting his lurid necktie and experiencing sensations of courtesy quite foreign to his breast, the Kid swaggered across the floor and, vernacularly speaking, "bored in."

He was laboriously polite, although conscious of not knowing just what to say. Alternately the girl thrilled with the excitement of the scene and relapsed into tongue-tied bashfulness. She said "Please," and "Thanks," and "Yes, sir," and the Kid almost gasped when, wishing to address her as Flossie, Kitty, or Pearl, as the case might be, he was met by the timid reply that her name was Miss Whelan. And, above all, her shyly drooping glances told him that she trusted him and was glad, yes, grateful, for his protecting presence—whereat Mr. Carlin felt, somehow, unwarrantedly pleased and proud.

Presently, Gus, the floor-manager, walked across and said to him: "Take your friend inside for a drink 'on the house.'" With offensive familiarity he turned to May: "Ain't you thirsty, Kiddo?"

With an indignantly protective sense, at which he would have scoffed had it been labeled chivalry, Mr. Carlin sprang to his feet.

"You leave that to me—see?" he said almost menacingly.

When Gus had retreated, Carlin turned to May, a burning question on his tongue. "Say," he muttered awkwardly, "have you—have you ever been here before?"

Half in surprise, half guiltily, she shook her head.

"Do you dr——" He swallowed hard. "I mean, are you thirsty, Miss Whelan?"

She smiled her thanks. "I think I'll take a raspberry soda, please."

A man and two women who stood near by were casting amused glances in May's direction. A loud guffaw and some feminine giggles greeted her announcement. The Kid's ears flamed scarlet, and the dormant bulldog growled within him.

"A ra-aspberry soda!" he announced in unnecessarily loud tones. "I'll get you one right off, *Miss* Whelan."

He escorted her to a secluded nook and, explaining that he would return immediately, departed for the corner drug-store.

Now, just after the Kid vanished, a tall, well-dressed young man observed May seated alone and was simultaneously observed by her. To her surprise, she recognized young Mr. George Barnes, whose father owned the Enormous Emporium. Young Barnes, after leading an idle, dissipated life abroad—so the rumor ran—had engaged himself to Miss Adler, the wealthy heiress, whom May had once beheld, proud and befurred, sweeping through the store. Now she saw that young Barnes had recognized her, and was smiling at her pleasantly.

Ten minutes later, as the Kid hurried back with a raspberry soda, he espied a red motor-car anchored outside of Shulto's. Regaining the floor, he beheld May chatting pleasantly with a young man who, he instantly divined, was the owner of that motor-car. Such evidence, coupled with the stranger's well-tailored appearance and self-assured air, marked him as one to be hated on sight with a deadly class-rancor. Yes, the Kid instantly recognized him as a debonair, dissolute scion of wealth who was there with the fell intent of dazzling some poor working girl with the tale of his millions. Very methodically he set down his glass of raspberry soda in the anteroom, then crossed the floor and faced the couple. Favoring the stranger with a pugnacious stare, he took May's arm.

"Come on inside and have that drink," he said.

The stranger turned upon the Kid a cold, impassive glance. Apparently the opinion he formed was not a flattering one. He took May's other arm.

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"You will stay with me," he said decisively.

"It's Mr. Barnes," stammered May, apprehensively. "I work in his father's store. He's going to take me home in his automobile."

Villainy unmasked! Ha-ha!

The Kid approached his rival with craned neck and clenched fists. "Take nothin'!" he lowered. "You——!"

His well-aimed blow was answered by another. With all the rapidity of a motion-picture, knockdowns were exchanged, chairs were lifted, chandeliers were smashed, tumult reigned, passers-by on the pavement shouted that some one up-stairs was killing some one, and Officer O'Brien, with drawn night-stick, rushed on the scene.

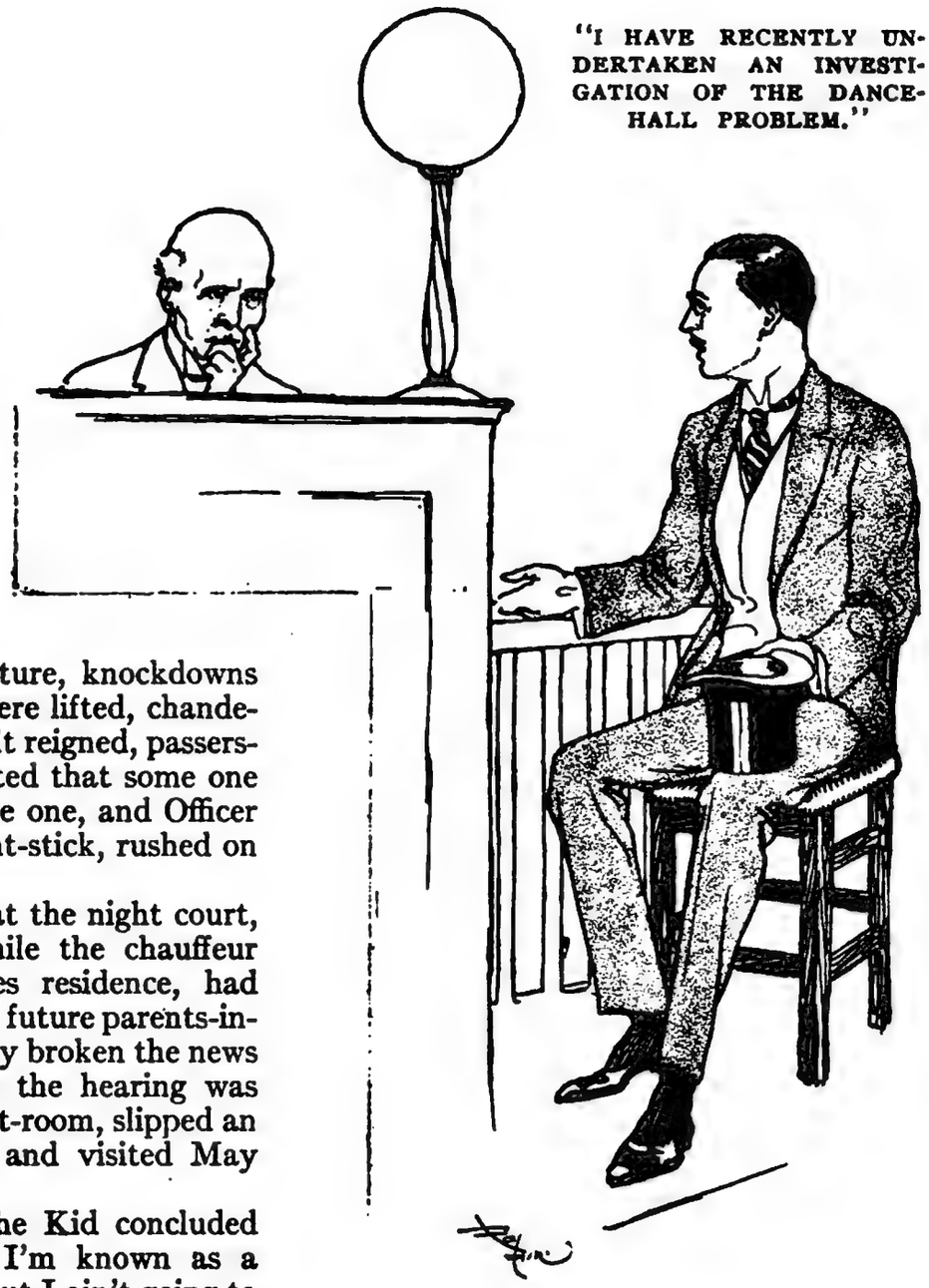
The affair terminated at the night court, an hour later. Meanwhile the chauffeur had driven to the Barnes residence, had found Miss Adler with her future parents-in-law, and had very unwisely broken the news in her presence. Before the hearing was over, she entered the court-room, slipped an arm through her fiancé's, and visited May with a vitriolic glance.

"And Judge"—thus the Kid concluded his testimony—"maybe I'm known as a bad lot, as the cop says, but I ain't going to stand by and see no millionaire take advantage of a poor workin' girl, even if he *is* her boss's son."

"Your Honor," stammered young Barnes, "I fear I am somewhat misrepresented. Realizing that the recreations of our girl-employees are inadequate, often demoralizing, I have recently undertaken an investigation of the dance-hall problem. To-night I encountered Miss Whelan, one of our saleswomen, in a resort of obviously rough character. Feeling a personal responsibility, I urged her to let me drive her home. When this young man asked her to drink with him, of course I interfered."

May, who was in tears, elucidated the misunderstanding with a faltered, "Raspberry soda, your Honor."

When the judge had announced "Dismissed!" two couples left the scene, one couple in a red motor-car, the other on foot.



"I HAVE RECENTLY UNDERTAKEN AN INVESTIGATION OF THE DANCE-HALL PROBLEM."

"You see what comes of amateur altruism," said Miss Adler tartly, as she leaned back upon the cushions. "Whatever started you to investigating dance-halls, George?"

"Something we saw together the other night," he answered. "Do you remember that motion-picture called 'The Evil That Men Do'? It impressed me profoundly; it made me realize that I led a selfish, thoughtless life and that it was my duty to ameliorate the conditions of our girl-employees. But, really, you needn't have been so harsh with Miss Whelan. Remember that, humanitarianly speaking, you are, after all, sisters."

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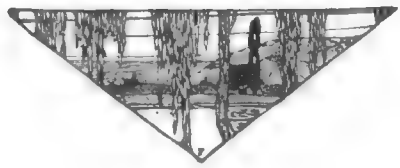
"That film," returned Miss Adler with withering irony, "impressed me just as profoundly as it did you. Only in *quite* a different way, George. I realized that if the engaged girl in the picture had had one grain of sense, she'd have put her foot down long before her fiancé had the chance to become interested in some pretty girl in his father's store. George, your weakness for chivalry will cause serious trouble between us yet. *Sisters!* If you've the slightest consideration for my feelings you'll have that girl discharged to-morrow."

And meanwhile, as the other couple neared Miss Whelan's home, Kid Carlin unbosomed himself.

"I've gone with a pretty hard gang all my life," he confessed, "and I'm called the toughest guy in the precinct. But if you'll be my friend I'll cut it all out, honest! You see, I got a kind of a jolt yesterday that set me thinking, for the first time, about what a working girl is up against in this town, and what a raw deal she gets, once she's down and out. And so when you dropped in to-night— Say, Miss Whelan, what took you into a rough-neck joint like Shulto's, anyway?"

"I saw something like it in a moving-picture," she faltered. "I didn't know— I just wanted to see what those dance-halls looked like, that's all. But, as you were saying?"

"Why," resumed the Kid slowly, as they gained May's doorstep, "seeing as you were a lady, I thought I'd do the decent thing, for once in my life, and steer you out of harm's way. Yes, and it was one o' them moving-pictures that gave me the change of heart, as you might say. It was called 'The Evil He Done,' or something like that. . . . Then Sunday afternoon's all right, Miss Whelan? We'll take the Coney Island excursion boat and have a real swell time."



WATCHING GOD GROW

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

ARE your nerves as a harp for the devil?
Does he pick at the strings as he screechily sings
And ask you to join in his revel?
Are you barrenly hurried and halted?
Are you pettily sieged and assaulted?
Out of doors with you! dig in the yard!
Be a grub in the garden, a blade in the sward!
There's a blue sky above and a firm earth below,
And you're sure of them both, as you watch things grow.

Is your God but a mummified man?
Is the Universe sick? Is Creation a trick,
A planless and pitiless plan?
Out of self with you! look through the years
At the tempests and triumphs and tears!
Look backward to Chaos, look forward to Us,
From an infinite Minus to infinite Plus,
And whatever of faith or of unfaith you know,
You are one with it All, as you watch God grow.

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STRAIGHT TALK

STOCK GAMBLING THE EXCUSE, NOT THE REASON

As nearly as I can make out, Mr. Lawson's chief proposition is this: The high cost of living is caused by direct and indirect robbery on the Stock Exchange. Of these, the indirect robbery is much the more important as regards the general public. By it, excessive stock and bond issues are created through the "System's" manipulations, and the unearned profits on watered capital cause high prices.

Let us grant, for argument, that the increment of high prices does go ultimately into these excessive profits. Can overcapitalization be the *reason* for high profits? Is it not rather just the *excuse* for taking high profits if the *chance* offers? And is this *excuse* really important?

Individuals or corporations may evaluate themselves as high as they please, but can not get any higher returns on that account unless by virtue of powers arising independent of the evaluation process. I would, in fact, hazard the guess that, when any such powers exist, the business will be found in the last analysis to have lost, from that very fact, its truly competitive character; and further that such powers arise often from monopolistic control of real capital (the "money trust").

Such control of capital, as also the direct robbery in Stock-Exchange gambling, should certainly be curbed; but the ability to issue fictitious capital without the ability to extract profits upon it (which latter ability is quite a different matter) is of much less moment.

Earlier in the article Mr. Lawson argues that because we have each year several billions more property on hand than the year before, we ought to have automatically lower prices; but prices are made, as he himself suggests, by matching goods with a circulating medium, and I think it will be found true (as nearly as statistics can show) that our circulation of money and credit has increased proportionately more than our wealth of ordinary goods. Moreover, the price-level pure and simple is of rather academic import, and the high cost of living that hurts us is rather a maladjustment of different sorts of prices, wherein direct human labor is priced down and the products of human labor are priced up.

I made a considerable study of high prices a couple of years ago and it seemed clear to me then that price movements in different countries corresponded in level but seldom in particular commodities, and that this international price level strikingly paralleled (if proper allowances are made for various factors) the supply of money metal. The present high price-level all over the world and the resulting maladjustment between fixed and variable incomes result in excessive profits to capitalists, but from natural causes and not primarily from any trickery.

TRICKERY UNIMPORTANT

The case with labor and some other movements is deeply affected by the general gold-caused derangement of prices; and both the slow wage advance and the rapid increase of land values indicate unfair distribution of returns, made possible primarily by natural causes which we do not seem to know enough to circumvent by reforming our media of exchange on the one hand, or by reforming our tax system on the other.

In the case of raw materials, except perhaps those of the mines, there is comparatively little play for high finance, unless it be by produce-exchange trickery instead of the Stock-Exchange trickery which Mr. Lawson exposes.

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On the side of manufactured goods there is more room for the System's machinations, but any sweeping deductions from the general high cost of living can not stand, for manufactured goods have often risen less in price than the raw materials composing them. The prices of trust-ruled, System-ridden, tariff-coddled products, when compared with prices of less aristocratic articles, only go to show that comparative price movements alone afford scant basis for muckraking.

There remains the possibility—which I believe a certainty—that the trusts have not passed on to the consumer the proper share of benefit from the lessening costs of production in their industries, and some writers have been at pains to blame this on the tariff by comparing prices of American goods at home and of American goods abroad. The mere fact that an American product is profitably sold abroad (whatever the price) in the face of freight costs and perhaps a hostile tariff, is plain evidence that tariff protection at home is certainly superfluous and probably harmful.

I believe that Stock-Exchange gambling should be stopped, and also that the money power of Wall Street is one of the most sinister forces in American industry, but to say that juggling with stock issues and stock values is the chief cause of high-cost living, is to me no such A-B-C proposition as Mr. Lawson urges. There is plenty of artifice and crime, as well as blunder and force of circumstance, in our national ills; but Mr. Lawson, being so intimately familiar with "frenzied finance," appears to fall into the error of emphasizing rather superficial evidences of manipulations made possible only by more deep-seated weaknesses in our economic and political structure.

Washington, D. C. G. W. H.

QUO USQUE TANDEM?

I sat down rather late last night to read "The Remedy," but I did not lay the magazine down until I had finished the article. The subject is gripping. Yet I do not think the conditions Mr. Lawson describes are new to most of us. We have all known for a number of years that overcapitalization or watered stock is one of the mighty problems that this generation has to solve. But as I see it, Mr. Lawson is doing this: He shows us where to place the blame, tells us what the real enemy is, and finally how to attack it so its defeat is assured.

After reading the article last night I did a little figuring for myself. Mr. Lawson claims there are 2,000 millions of dollars paid annually on these fictitious stocks and bonds. There are 100 millions of people in our country. This means $20 annual tribute from each man, woman, and child in the United States. Supposing the average working man's family to consist of a wife and three children, a very conservative number, he will pay a tribute of $100 to these barons of industry each year. Counting his wage as $2.00 per day, which I think is quite a little too high, he will have to work fifty days just to square this account. Thus he spends two months of working days, or one-sixth of his time, in forced service for a gang of thieves.

Although I believe I am a public-spirited citizen, our recent political campaign has interested me very little. It seems to me to be the same old thing over again, tariff, *tariff*, TARIFF—and the same old political mud-slinging by the men who are supposed to be going to uplift and purify the standards of our government. When, oh! when will we learn to put aside all the alleged intricacies of government, introduced simply to give power to the upper classes, get down to the common law once more, and learn to apply a little more of the Golden Rule?

Topeka, Kan. H. E. B.

MR. LAWSON IS RIGHT

"The Remedy" is of surpassing interest, most lucid in its exposition of what enters into the cost of living.

Watered stock has been something that we have all known about and smiled about in a cynical manner as being a swindle that did not touch us, who had no money to invest in Wall Street. We knew that the promoters and insiders in these little games made thousands, yes, millions of dollars through their "business acumen," but we thought that so long as we did not dabble in the stock market no coin came out of our pockets.

We knew that foodstuffs and clothstuffs and every other kind of stuff cost us more and more; but we read of schedule K and some things about the rubber interests and cursed the tariff as the source of our diminished dollar's worth.

We saw fake investment schemes milk some of our friends and relatives of their surplus cash and sneered at them for being "suckers," little realizing that we were suckers ourselves.

Thomas W. Lawson IS RIGHT. There WILL be a "reign of terror" in these United States of America if there is not a change along economic lines in this "land of the free and home of the brave,"

Southampton, L. I. C. D. F.

ON A CERTAIN HUMAN FAILING

The crusade inaugurated by Mr. Lawson for the elimination of the Stock Exchange as a gambling device will unquestionably receive the hearty support of every right-minded, unbiased, thinking man. The evil that is there is undoubtedly a great one and needs correc-

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tion. But is it not sufficiently great in itself not to need to be bolstered up by the demagogic device of taking that other evil—high-cost living—and loading it on the already overburdened shoulders of Stock-Exchange gambling? The high cost of living is a condition with which unfortunately we are all familiar.

Perhaps Mr. Lawson will be able to show me clearly and convincingly how it follows directly and inevitably from Stock-Exchange gambling. Probably it does, some of it. But the point I want to make is, that in his enthusiasm Mr. Lawson should not make the mistake we are all so apt to make, and try to show that the particular evil he is after is the sole cause of all our ills. Let him give due recognition to the overproduction of gold, for example, as one of the prime causes, if not the principal one, of this particular evil, which is admittedly world-wide and not confined to the United States. Let him also admit some of the other causes.

The evils of Stock-Exchange gambling are surely great enough in themselves to give plenty of scope for Mr. Lawson's splendid striking-without-fear-straight-from-the-shoulder attack without alienating thinking men by a demagogic appeal to class prejudice. I hope you will pass this for-what-it-is-worth suggestion along to him, from one who is strongly in sympathy with the object of his crusade.

Oakland, Calif. L. S. G.

"AT THE BOTTOM"

DEAR MR. WHITE:—May I acknowledge through your columns the great number of sympathetic letters received from your readers in response to my article in your October issue, "At the Bottom"? These letters have been far too numerous for me to answer all with personal communications.

And here is a matter that I think will interest both you and your readers. Though I believe that the primary trouble with our country is economic, and that any considerable betterment of the living conditions of the majority must be preceded by fundamental economic changes, yet, while we are struggling for the betterment of all, it is certainly worth while to make life a little more livable for as many separate individuals as possible. Your readers have expressed this sympathy not alone in words, but also in money. I think it will interest you, and EVERYBODY'S readers, to know that through the financial response to my article, several children who would otherwise have been without opportunity, and who probably would have been doomed to remain at the bottom, are now receiving training in a trade school which will give them, at least, the great advantage of starting life's struggle as *skilled* workers.

In the name of these few, I thank the readers of EVERYBODY'S most heartily.

Very sincerely yours, MIRIAM FINN SCOTT.

Editor's Note:—Once in a great while we make a mistake. In our mathematics—almost never. But we know when we're caught. After much figuring and consultation, we have to admit that the little girl whose letter is reproduced below has caught us napping.

3425 18th Av. S.
Seattle, Wash.,
Nov 15. 1912

Oh Mister Everybody's Magazine
You made a big mistake on the cover of your last paper You said

$2 + 2 = 4$
$2 - 2 = 4$
$2 \div 2 = 4$

I know better than that even if I am a little girl only 7 years old.

Yours truly
Florence E. Shiach.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

GEORGE MOORE records a conversation which he once had with Whistler, a conversation which, he says, "went to the very bottom of my soul, frightening me." Whistler's remark was as simple as the knocking at the door in "Macbeth," and calculated to strike terror to the conscience of many a guilty novelist:

"Nothing, I suppose, matters to you except your writing."

For the artist to whom nothing matters save his art, no confidence is sacred; he is the sneak-thief of other men's joys and sorrows; when friendship expands into confession is the choicest moment for his nefarious operations. All experience, whether his own or another's, is so much loot to be appropriated without censure and banked in the brain, from which his imagination is free to draw at leisure.

Here the hoary question crops up, which was asked without answer in Babylon and Athens, and set out on its journey down the ages when the first realist spread his carpet in the market-place and commenced to fabricate the first story: "Can a literary man be a gentleman?" Kings have illustrated their opinion by chopping the heads off authors. And yet the most vital books have frequently been those which betrayed honorable privacy and discretion. Were one to weed out the errors in good taste from literature, how much would be left? Boswell, Cellini, Dickens would have to go; each one exploited for artistic gains the weakness and affectations of relatives and friends. Did anything matter to them except their writing? Nothing.

In this connection Mr. Moore quotes the famous epigram of Rochefoucauld which, as he says, has frightened thousands: that the misfortunes of our best friends are never wholly disagreeable to us. One might add that they are distinctly pleasurable when neatly phrased for a reading public. In relishing a writer's plagiarisms from life we share his guilt. We are the receivers of stolen goods and his companions in the dock; being his accomplices, we can not be his judges. And that is why the question as to whether a literary man can be a gentleman will always be asked and never answered.

"Salve" (Appleton), by George Moore, is as odd a performance as you could hope to find. It is like a neglected garden where the weeds grow tall and rank; order and decorum have vanished from its walks. Shrubs and trees fling themselves abroad in wild profusion. Above the tangle, old-fashioned flowers leap into the sunlight, scattering their fragrance.

It is full of surprises and discoveries. It took a man of daring to write such a book, or else a man who had ceased to trouble about the opinions of others. "Salve" is the second volume in the trilogy "Hail and Farewell." The first volume, "Ave," carried us up to the point of Mr. Moore's huge disgust for the Boer War and his growing infatuation for the Irish Literary Renaissance which, under the leadership of the poet Yeats, was trying to restore to Irishmen a modern literature in the ancient Irish language. In "Salve" Mr. Moore, for various comic reasons, leaves London and comes to Dublin post-haste to offer his services as an evangelist to the movement. His warmth is met with coolness. He finds himself regarded with suspicion as a lapsed Catholic and because his moral tone is not considered up to the Dublin standard. Having made various futile attempts to convince these beggars on horseback of his burning zeal and eminent respectability, it begins to dawn on him that he is not wanted.

The efforts made by his friends to convert him to Catholicism give his thoughts a theological trend. He examines the Bible, makes up his mind to join the Anglican Church, and writes to the archbishop. The archbishop foists him on to his parish priest, and the parish priest treats the distinguished Mr. Moore to a platitudinous discourse, as if he were an every-day prodigal returned from the husks and swine-troughs.

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Most men would have found all this extremely humiliating. Not so Mr. Moore; with him humor has extinguished reticence, and his sense of humor is sharpened. From monologue to anecdote, to remembered conversation, and so back to monologue his record wanders. He spares no one—least of all himself. He holds nothing back that has happened in his mind; it is all literary loot to be passed on to the public.

What impresses one most in this grotesque revelation of a curious personality is the haphazard way in which thoughts of the rarest beauty are intertwined with the coarser products of the intellectual jungle.

"Well, and isn't that life?" Mr. Moore would say. Yes, it's life; but literature is life tempered with discrimination.

"The Royal Road" (Doubleday, Page), by Alfred Ollivant, is the life-story of Ted Hankey, red-headed Cockney, product of the new industrialism. His father earned his bread by his animal strength. Ted earns his by the quickness of his wits in handling machinery. At the start, when he is young, he has money and to spare. He marries and takes pride in the modest comfort of his house. Standing at the window, looking out on the crowded streets of London, where five millions are struggling for permission to feed and clothe themselves, he taps on the pane, whispering to himself: "They're all there. Who's afraid?"

Then the child comes; life grows serious; the first careless energy of youth has been expended. Ted is sometimes tired now. He creeps to the window again and looks out, realizing that all those five million strangers outside are competitors for what he has. "It's a rum 'un," he growls.

"What is, old man?" asks his wife.

"This bag o' tricks they call a world."

The pace of modern industrialism begins to sap his strength. He falls ill, and finds when he returns to the tanneries that his place has been given to another. He is a man specialized to a high point of efficiency to go through half a dozen motions with lightning rapidity. As a specialized man he is useless at any other trade. He becomes aware that through all these years of seeming security he has been standing on a plank with a yawning abyss below him, and that the only thing which has kept him on the plank is his nerve. When he gets back into the tanneries again he begins to save, urged by terror. Then consumption sets in; he topples headlong into poverty and the disgrace that it entails.

As a piece of workmanship this book is perfect; pathos and comedy strive against each other even when the shadows lie deepest. Its great claim, however, is the movingly dramatic picture it gives of the economic insecurity of the artisan in an industrial age when all men are masterless. It should be read as much for its art as for its purpose. But a word of advice—it is overwhelmingly pathetic. So don't read the last chapters in the subway, as I did, or you'll attract unwelcome attention to yourself.

Edith Wharton puts humanity under a microscope and invites us to watch it wriggle. A pleasant occupation for a spare evening—if you're a scientist; otherwise it might prove a dreary relaxation. "The Reef" (Appleton) is in its essence an old-fashioned melodrama; if you listen you can hear the machinery creaking. Fate is a call-boy and the author is stage-manager; the author gives an order to the call-boy and the actors pounce into the lime-light and scurry out again with theatric appropriateness. The ingenuity of Edith Wharton's literary style does much to cover up the weakness of her story; though her plot is as hackneyed as time, her faculty for weaving words into new designs is continually active.

All the people in her story are Americans transplanted to an alien soil, who have not become European and have ceased to be vigorously American.

A young American diplomat, Darrow, is in love with a widow, Mrs. Leath. She has disappointed him in an interview. On his way to Paris he meets an acquaintance, Sophy, who has lost her situation and is going to France to become an actress. She fails to meet her friends, has very little money, is greedy for a taste of happiness, and puts herself under Darrow's protection.

Five months later, having lost sight of Sophy, he goes to visit Mrs. Leath at her Château of Givré; they have decided to become engaged. On arriving at Givré he discovers that Mrs. Leath's stepson wants to marry his sister's governess; when the governess appears—who would have thought it?—she turns out to be Sophy.

The wriggles of these unfortunate people in their attempts to wake from a nightmare situation into sanity are cruelly entertaining; but the cruelty is in excess of the entertainment.

One of the most charming books of the season is Berkeley Smith's "The Street of the Two Friends" (Doubleday, Page). The title suggests a warmth and intimacy which is not belied by the contents. These stories chronicle the adventures of a young American artist who lives the true Bohemian life in Paris. They are for the most part happily feminine—

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feminine not in the hard Anglo-Saxon but in the gaily tremulous Gallic sense. Few books since "Trilby" have captured so much of the spirit of camaraderie, and of the perpetual spring weather that exists in the hearts of men and women in the struggling studios of Paris.

"The Street of the Two Friends," we are told, is a crooked byway half-way up Montmartre. Those who live in it are rich in hopes, but poverty-stricken in the matter of pence. He who records the street's romance has a room beneath the steep and sagging roof of one of its ancient houses. Hither come various buccaneers in their quest for happiness. There is Marie, the little model; and there is Mademoiselle Coralie, who drives up to the door with a lion from the circus in her cab. When the intervals grow long between the footsteps on his stairs, the scribe goes forth to record the excitements of the gleaming cafés. Here he finds Straight-Rye Jones, who blew into the boulevards from Montana and couldn't save the money to get back to his cow-punching; and here he found the lady from Brazil who, having lit a fire in men's souls, tried to put it out by telling them stories of the death-dealing jealousy of a husband whom she kept tactfully in the background.

Reading this book is like riding through a score of exotic biographies in an express—we get tantalizing glimpses; but when we turn to look back they have vanished. One hopes that in the next book he writes Mr. Smith will travel more slowly and stop longer at the stations. This is not a complaint, but a compliment.

John Masefield has reached the stage where promise either fails or fulfils itself. Few writers of late years have roused so much controversy with their work. Some critics have asserted that he is only a clever versifier who has stunned the world into taking notice of him by the brutal subjects about which he weaves his rhymes. Others have claimed for him an immediate place among the poets who are unforgetable—this on the strength of two poems which startled by their brilliant audacity. Now comes the volume by which he will be tested, "The Story of The Round-House and Other Poems" (Macmillan); of these the longest and the only one of vital importance is "Dauber."

Dauber is a young painter who sails before the mast that he may learn the soul of the sea and interpret it on canvas. He is bullied by his shipmates for his inexperience; they destroy his pictures as soon as they are painted. Not until the vessel begins to round the Horn does his manhood assert itself. Then, in those terrific seas, he is compelled to climb the rigging and tend the sails. He comes out of the ordeal of storms a sailor, having won the men's respect.

How the poem ends does not matter here; the item of chief importance is that, working in an entirely different medium, Mr. Masefield maintains his reputation. He has written an epic of the sea as great in the thud of its astonishing lines as was "The Everlasting Mercy." By many it may not be reckoned as great a poem because its theme is not so all-embracing. But it has its own peculiar majesty and power; the strum of the waves is in its rhythm. The same magic realism is here which packs a picture in a phrase—a magic which, when analyzed, resolves itself into the simple statement that Mr. Masefield writes only of such things as he knows intensely. He himself sailed before the mast in his early days. A genuine sailor and a genuine poet are a rare combination; they have produced a rare poem of the sea, which has made Mr. Masefield's position secure in literature beyond the reach of caviling.

From penury to bill-poster grandeur—that is the story of "The Midlanders" (Bobbs, Merrill), by Charles Tenney Jackson. It is a beauty-show; the audience is never so happy as when the leading lady takes the stage.

Rome is a one-horse city of the West, which tries to believe that it is Boston, only on a smaller scale. To Rome comes Aurelie, drifting from the South by river-ways with her one-legged, tender-hearted kidnapper, Uncle Michegan. She grows up in Rome, scandalizing its prejudices, and then runs away to become a darling of the stage. She returns in time to be the heroine of a raid upon her outlawed foster-father, and to marry the son of the most Boston-like family.

The story is told with flashes of poetry; especially notable for their beauty are the passages descriptive of nature. Aurelie is an American Carmen, to whom has been added a native sweetness of temperament which was lacking to the gipsy siren of Mérimée's romance.

"The Four Men" (Bobbs, Merrill), by Hilaire Belloc, is a spirited and wholly mythical account of a journey taken by four assorted tramps into Sussex. They shout rousing songs, recount incredible scraps of county folk-lore, and distort their imagination each one for the others' diversion. Tucked away in their conversation one finds the quaintest of conjectures and the most surprising knowledge. The next best joy to breaking loose from the discipline of cities and going on such a random wander is to follow it as recorded by Mr. Belloc. It could not be bettered in its happenings, and the weather, if I know anything about it, would almost certainly prove far less courteous.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

The teacher had written on the blackboard the sentence, "The toast was drank in silence," and turned to her class for them to discover the mistake.

Little Bennie Sheridan waved his hand frantically, and, going to the board, scrawled the correction: "The toast was ate in silence."

"So you got the opinions of two lawyers on the case. Were their opinions the same?"

"Yes, twenty-five dollars each."

The colonel came down to breakfast New Year's morning with a bandaged hand.

"Why, colonel, what's the matter?" they asked.

"Confound it all!" the colonel answered, "we had a little party last night, and one of the younger men got intoxicated and stepped on my hand."

A certain household, not many miles from New York City, is made bright by the presence of a large group of cheerful and irrepressible children. They are just getting to the age when the telephone has charm, and adult members of the family frequently of late have answered the bell only to find that a woman friend of the eight-year-old daughter wishes to have personal and confidential conversation with her over the 'phone. Usually, however, the children are the first to jump for the 'phone when the bell rings, in the hope that it may be some playmate with news of importance.

The other day the small boy was the first to answer the bell. It seems that the person on the other end of the wire was a friend of his mother, and the following conversation ensued:

"Is this Mrs. Blank's residence?"

"No, ma'am; it's Mrs. Blank's little boy."

Said James B. Curtis, the president of the Indiana Society of New York, speaking about the recent heckling of Detective Burns when he was on the witness stand in a memorable case:

"I'm afraid that sometimes we get a little too personal and severe with witnesses. How much better was the handling of a detective who was testifying in a London court. It was a divorce case, and Frank Lockwood was the opposing counsel. The detective witness came to the stand dressed in black broadcloth, wearing a gold fob and seals, and looked much more like a respectable middle-aged solicitor than a member of the police force. The man's testimony was likely to be damaging to his client, so Mr. Lockwood began his cross-examination very gently and was excessively polite.

" 'I believe you are John Blank, of the firm of Blank & Co., the eminent detectives?'

" 'Yes, sir,' said the witness, 'I represent that firm.'

" 'And I presume,' continued the counsel,

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'that in the course of your duties as a detective you have, at times, to assume many disguises?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Then,' said Lockwood, smiling, 'will you have the goodness to tell the court just what you are disguised as now.'"

Col. G—— is a fine commander, but not a musician. He sent for the chief musician of his regimental band one day and delivered this scathing criticism:

"I notice a lack of uniformity about the band which must be regulated. Yesterday morning they were out on parade, and the largest man in the band was playing a little bit of an instrument—flute or something of the kind—and you had the big drum played by a small man. That sort of thing doesn't look well, and must be attended to. I want the small men to play small instruments, and the big men the big instruments. And another thing—I want the trombone players to slide their instruments in and out in unison. It annoys me to see them all out of step with their hands."

George, a well-known chicken expert in a small Southern town, had just finished a term in the county jail.

When the sheriff let him out, he said: "Well, George, where are you going this time?"

"I doan' know, boss, whar I's goin', but I's goin' so far from dis heah jail dat it's goin' tak' nine dollahs to sen' me a postal card."

A lawyer was cross-examining an old German about the position of the doors, windows, and so forth, in a house in which a certain transaction occurred.

"And now, my good man," said the lawyer, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in the house?"

The German looked dazed and unsettled for a moment. "How do the stairs run?" he queried.

"Yes, how do the stairs run?"

"Vell," continued the witness, after a moment's thought, "ven I am oop-stairs dey run down, and ven I am down-stairs dey run oop."

Judge M. W. Pinckney at a recent banquet recalled an incident to show that there is some humor associated with such a serious thing as the law. In Dawson City a colored man, Sam Jones by name, was on trial for felony. The judge asked Sam if he desired the appointment of a lawyer to defend him. "No, sah," said Sam. "I's gwine to throw myself on the ignorance of the cote."

A "Weary Willie" of the genus hobo lay down to enjoy a noonday siesta under an apple-tree beside the road. The season was midsummer, the sun was piping hot, and the hobo's nap disposed him to good humor with all the world. So it was that on opening his eyes he lay for some time observing the flies and the mosquitoes swarming on his greasy clothes, until up buzzed a busy mosquito, lit on Mr. Tramp's breast, and stung him.

Aroused to action by this impertinence, the tramp indignantly brushed off the insects, exclaiming:

"Just for that, now, every one of you get right off!"

Lambert Caspers, a Chicago attorney, told this story at a recent Y. M. C. A. banquet:

A Kansas farmer, a Dane, applied for naturalization papers. The judge asked him:

"Are you satisfied with the general conditions of the country?"

"Yas," drawled the Dane.

"Does the government suit you?" queried the judge.

"Yas, yas; only I would like to see more rain," replied the farmer.

It had been a hard day at the polls. The addition of nearly a thousand women's votes to the poll made the counting a prolonged proposition.

"Well, James," said Mrs. Wallicky, as her husband returned from his arduous labors as a teller, "how did the vote go?"

"Nine hundred and two votes for Bildad, seven hundred and fifty-three for Slathers, eight recipes for tomato ketchup, four wash lists, and a milliner's bill," said Wallicky. "It was a mighty interesting vote."

General Gordon, the Confederate commander, used to tell the following story: He was sitting by the roadside one blazing hot day when a dilapidated soldier, his clothing in rags, a shoe lacking, his head bandaged, and his arm in a sling, passed him. He was soliloquizing in this manner:

"I love my country. I'd fight for my country. I'd starve and go thirsty for my country. I'd die for my country. But if ever this damn war is over I'll never love another country!"

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Everybody's Magazine
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With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

THERE'S a new sport that is rising fast into popularity.

Or, rather, though by no means new, it is being adopted by a larger and larger number of people.

It's a fine, wholesome sport, good alike for man and woman, good outdoors and indoors, helpful to those who are playing it and to every one else.

The only apparatus required is a head with a thinking machine in it. The only rules are that you must want to win and that you must keep on playing.

It hasn't been named, but it is easy to describe. Call it "chasing the fundamentals."

Do you play?

No more helpful sign of betterment can be found than the effort of a man or a community or a nation to get down to fundamentals in solving problems and issues. To fundamentals—to bed-rock—to brass tacks, as various formulas have it. And what a change is apparent in the last few years in the swift, racing interest to do that very thing. It is apparent in individuals, and certainly in magazines.

Haven't you noticed even in dinner-table conversations that discussion turns oftener to underlying opinions or ideas or theories, and less often to concrete things?

Business is business as ever; but also business is ideas.

Just as honest builders learned to cut through surface earth and sand and silt and gravel and clay to lay foundations on eternal rock, so honest thinkers are trying to cut through to underlying principles upon which to build. The real puzzle is to know when you get there.

That's where the sport comes in.

You keep on digging with the same frantic eagerness displayed by the farmer's dog that gets a molly-cottontail rabbit holed up under a brush heap. Then, just when you think you have pursued at least one idea to its lair, you find it has slipped out through a cross-burrow that you passed in your haste.

And even that isn't altogether bad luck—if you keep on chasing ideas.

IN PURSUIT OF MOUNTAINS

Sometimes the fundamental seems to recede instead of getting nearer, like the Western mountain range that the greenhorn tourist tries to reach in a before-breakfast walk.

And even that isn't altogether bad luck—if you keep on after you've rested and provisioned.

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You'll get a new vision—both ways—from the foot-hills.

Also, perhaps you'll find that what you thought the main range was itself only a chain of foot-hills.

Sometimes you'll find when you reach the fundamental—that it isn't.

The serious side of magazines changes as truly as that of men. Think back a few years to the stirring subjects that you read with avidity.

And make no mistake about it—the honest writers and honest magazines that turned on the light so that the housecleaning could begin, are proud of the old "muck-raker" characterization which some people still think carries opprobrium.

Things had to be told.

Lincoln Steffens in "The Shame of the Cities" made revelations that astounded readers. "The System" was exposed. The trail of the Beast was followed through city and state and business and judicial jungles. It was all revelation.

Does it need to be done all over? Surely not. If there remains now a city or a state that has not got its eyes open—that can not check up for itself through its own citizenship such evil administrations, such crooked mayors or legislatures or senators or business oppressors as may still infest its jungle, another blast of exposure from without would not do much good.

It is recognition they need—not revelation; and they'd better do some recognizing for themselves.

For the trained, intelligent group of readers such as has become loyal to EVERYBODY'S, the story of another localized graft would be merely another citation.

We had a typical one in view recently—public-owned canal in a certain state, gone to decay, fenced across by the farmers, who used it for duck ponds, and yet "maintained" by annual appropriations for the support of repairs, lock-tenders, and a long salary-list. Nursed by each party in the legislature for the "fat" that was in it.

We abandoned it.

If the people of that state can't see such things and purge themselves, after all these years of revelation, outsiders can't do much for them.

We'd rather aim for fundamentals.

Under such a broad term, anything really worth while in our affairs might find a place. A search for fundamentals in economics, for instance, does not exclude a similar search in the school system, or health, or chemistry, or business efficiency.

It doesn't mean any such narrow specialization as that of the dear old professor of Latin whose grief is told to every college freshman. He died after spending his life in preparing a monumental work on the cases of the Latin noun, lamenting that he had not confined himself to the Ablative.

It does mean that year by year we are going deeper in the search for the righteous principles on which Americans should build their citizenship and their fellowship.

The reason why will be the chief question asked.

Perhaps the thing that seemed fundamental last year or even this year is not so. It may be only a foot-hill.

That was perilously near a mixed metaphor. Let's get back to the digging.

What countless variations of strata have overlaid the fundamentals through the centuries that have produced our present political and social system! Is it any wonder if the search sometimes follows what geologists term a "fault"? That history, or race temperament, or the intrusion of a "practical" or an "expedient" issue misleads?

KEEN SPORT

The farmer's dog, desiring most earnestly to catch that rabbit, may be diverted by something drawn across the trail.

Given — not frightened rabbits, but adroit, acute, quick-minded men—a System—with infinite interests at stake, and is there any doubt that every effort will be made to obscure the trail, darken the day, and delay the pursuit?

That helps to make the sport interesting. First determine which way the fundamental has gone, and then see if you can run it to earth.

We think we've had some fundamental things in EVERYBODY'S. And some we used to think fundamentals we have discarded as mere manifestations of deeper causes—side-issues.

We think we have fundamentals in EVERYBODY'S now. And we're going to have more.

Are you playing the game with us?

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